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LAVENGRO.

LONDON:
GEORGE WOODFALL AND SON,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

LAVENGRO;

THE SCHOLAR—THE GYPSY—THE PRIEST.

BY GEORGE BORROW,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN SPAIN," AND "THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1851.

By the same Author,

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN; or, The JOURNEYS, ADVENTURES, and IMPRISONMENTS of an ENGLISHMAN in an attempt to circulate the SCRIPTURES in the PENINSULA. *Fourth Edition.* 3 vols. post 8vo. 27*s.*

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LAVENGRO.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREETING. — QUEER FIGURE. — CHEER UP. — THE CHEERFUL FIRE. — IT WILL DO. — THE SALLY FORTH. — TREPIDATION. — LET HIM COME IN.

"ONE-and-ninepence, sir, or the things which you have brought with you will be taken away from you!"

Such were the first words which greeted my ears, one damp misty morning in March, as I dismounted from the top of a coach in the yard of a London inn.

I turned round, for I felt that the words were addressed to myself. Plenty of people were in the yard — porters, passengers, coachmen, hostlers, and others, who appeared to be intent on anything but myself, with the exception of one individual, whose

business appeared to lie with me, and who now confronted me at the distance of about two yards.

I looked hard at the man—and a queer kind of individual he was to look at—a rakish figure, about thirty, and of the middle size, dressed in a coat smartly cut, but threadbare, very tight pantaloons of blue stuff, tied at the ancles, dirty white stockings and thin shoes, like those of a dancing-master; his features were not ugly, but rather haggard, and he appeared to owe his complexion less to nature than carmine; in fact, in every respect, a very queer figure.

"One-and-ninepence, sir, or your things will be taken away from you!" he said, in a kind of lisping tone, coming yet nearer to me.

I still remained staring fixedly at him, but never a word answered. Our eyes met; whereupon he suddenly lost the easy impudent air which he before wore. He glanced, for a moment, at my fist, which I had by this time clenched, and his features became yet more haggard; he faltered; a fresh "one-and-ninepence," which he was about to utter, died on his lips; he shrank back, disappeared behind a coach, and I saw no more of him.

"One-and-ninepence, or my things will be taken away from me!" said I to myself, musingly, as I followed the porter to whom I had delivered my scanty baggage; "am I to expect many of these greetings in the big world? Well, never mind! I think I know the counter-sign!" And I clenched my fist yet harder than before.

So I followed the porter, through the streets of London, to a lodging which had been prepared for me by an acquaintance. The morning, as I have before said, was gloomy, and the streets through which I passed were dank and filthy; the people, also, looked dank and filthy; and so, probably, did I, for the night had been rainy, and I had come upwards of a hundred miles on the top of a coach; my heart had sunk within me, by the time we reached a dark narrow street, in which was the lodging.

"Cheer up, young man," said the porter, "we shall have a fine afternoon!"

And presently I found myself in the lodging which had been prepared for me. It consisted of a small room, up two pair of stairs, in which I was to sit, and another still smaller above it, in

which I was to sleep. I remember that I sat down, and looked disconsolate about me—everything seemed so cold and dingy. Yet how little is required to make a situation—however cheerless at first sight — cheerful and comfortable. The people of the house, who looked kindly upon me, lighted a fire in the dingy grate; and, then, what a change!—the dingy room seemed dingy no more! Oh, the luxury of a cheerful fire after a chill night's journey! I drew near to the blazing grate, rubbed my hands, and felt glad.

And, when I had warmed myself, I turned to the table, on which, by this time, the people of the house had placed my breakfast; and I ate and I drank; and, as I ate and drank, I mused within myself, and my eyes were frequently directed to a small green box, which constituted part of my luggage, and which, with the rest of my things, stood in one corner of the room, till at last, leaving my breakfast unfinished, I rose, and, going to the box, unlocked it, and took out two or three bundles of papers tied with red tape, and, placing them on the table, I resumed my seat and my breakfast, my eyes intently fixed upon the bundles of papers all the time.

And when I had drained the last cup of tea out of a dingy teapot, and ate the last slice of the dingy loaf, I untied one of the bundles, and proceeded to look over the papers, which were closely written over in a singular hand, and I read for some time, till at last I said to myself, "It will do." And then I looked at the other bundle for some time without untying it; and at last I said, "It will do also." And then I turned to the fire, and, putting my feet against the sides of the grate, I leaned back on my chair, and, with my eyes upon the fire, fell into deep thought.

And there I continued in thought before the fire, until my eyes closed, and I fell asleep; which was not to be wondered at, after the fatigue and cold which I had lately undergone on the coach-top; and, in my sleep, I imagined myself still there, amidst darkness and rain, hurrying now over wild heaths, and now along roads overhung with thick and umbrageous trees, and sometimes methought I heard the horn of the guard, and sometimes the voice of the coachman, now chiding, now encouraging his horses, as they toiled through the deep and miry ways. At length a tremendous crack

of a whip saluted the tympanum of my ear, and I started up broad awake, nearly oversetting the chair on which I reclined—and, lo! I was in the dingy room before the fire, which was by this time half extinguished. In my dream I had confounded the noise of the street with those of my night-journey; the crack which had aroused me I soon found proceeded from the whip of a carter, who, with many oaths, was flogging his team below the window.

Looking at a clock which stood upon the mantel-piece, I perceived that it was past eleven; whereupon I said to myself, "I am wasting my time foolishly and unprofitably, forgetting that I am now in the big world, without anything to depend upon save my own exertions;" and then I adjusted my dress, and, locking up the bundle of papers which I had not read, I tied up the other, and, taking it under my arm, I went down stairs; and, after asking a question or two of the people of the house, I sallied forth into the street with a determined look, though at heart I felt somewhat timorous at the idea of venturing out alone into the mazes of the mighty city, of which I had heard much, but of which, of my own knowledge, I knew nothing.

I had, however, no great cause for anxiety in the present instance; I easily found my way to the place which I was in quest of—one of the many new squares on the northern side of the metropolis, and which was scarcely ten minutes' walk from the street in which I had taken up my abode. Arriving before the door of a tolerably large house which bore a certain number, I stood still for a moment in a kind of trepidation, looking anxiously at the door; I then slowly passed on till I came to the end of the square, where I stood still, and pondered for awhile. Suddenly, however, like one who has formed a resolution, I clenched my right hand, flinging my hat somewhat on one side, and, turning back with haste to the door before which I had stopped, I sprang up the steps, and gave a loud rap, ringing at the same time the bell of the area. After the lapse of a minute the door was opened by a maid-servant of no very cleanly or prepossessing appearance, of whom I demanded, in a tone of some hauteur, whether the master of the house was at home. Glancing for a moment at the white paper bundle beneath my arm, the hand-maid made no reply in words, but, with a kind of

toss of her head, flung the door open, standing on one side as if to let me enter. I did enter; and the handmaid, having opened another door on the right hand, went in, and said something which I could not hear: after a considerable pause, however, I heard the voice of a man say, "Let him come in;" whereupon the handmaid, coming out, motioned me to enter, and, on my obeying, instantly closed the door behind me.

CHAPTER II.

THE SINISTER GLANCE. — EXCELLENT CORRESPONDENT. — QUITE ORIGINAL. — MY SYSTEM. — A LOSING TRADE. — MERIT. — STARTING A REVIEW. — WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? — STOP! — DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER. — OXFORD PRINCIPLES. — MORE CONVERSATION. — HOW IS THIS?

THERE were two individuals in the room in which I now found myself; it was a small study, surrounded with bookcases, the window looking out upon the square. Of these individuals he who appeared to be the principal stood with his back to the fireplace. He was a tall stout man, about sixty, dressed in a loose morning gown. The expression of his countenance would have been bluff but for a certain sinister glance, and his complexion might have been called rubicund but for a considerable tinge of bilious yellow. He eyed me askance as I entered. The other, a pale, shrivelled-looking person, sat at a table apparently engaged with an account-book; he took no manner of notice of me, never once lifting his eyes from the page before him.

"Well, sir, what is your pleasure?" said the big man, in a rough tone, as I stood there, looking at him wistfully—as well I might—for upon that man, at the time of which I am speaking, my principal, I may say my only hopes, rested.

"Sir," said I, "my name is so-and-so, and I am the bearer of a letter to you from Mr. so-and-so, an old friend and correspondent of yours."

The countenance of the big man instantly lost the suspicious and lowering expression which it had hitherto exhibited; he strode forward, and, seizing me by the hand, gave me a violent squeeze.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am rejoiced to see you in London. I have been long anxious for the pleasure—we are old friends, though we have never before met. Taggart," said he to the man who sat at the desk, "this is our excellent correspondent, the friend and pupil of our other excellent correspondent."

The pale, shrivelled-looking man slowly and deliberately raised his head from the account-book, and surveyed me for a moment or two; not the slightest emotion was observable in his countenance. It appeared to me, however, that I could detect a

droll twinkle in his eye: his curiosity, if he had any, was soon gratified; he made me a kind of bow, pulled out a snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff, and again bent his head over the page.

"And now, my dear sir," said the big man, "pray sit down, and tell me the cause of your visit. I hope you intend to remain here a day or two."

"More than that," said I, "I am come to take up my abode in London."

"Glad to hear it; and what have you been about of late? got anything which will suit me? Sir, I admire your style of writing, and your manner of thinking; and I am much obliged to my good friend and correspondent for sending me some of your productions. I inserted them all, and wished there had been more of them—quite original, sir, quite: took with the public, especially the essay about the non-existence of anything. I don't exactly agree with you though; I have my own peculiar ideas about matter—as you know, of course, from the book I have published. Nevertheless, a very pretty piece of speculative philosophy—no such thing as matter—impossible that there should

be—*ex nihilo*—what is the Greek? I have forgot —very pretty indeed; very original."

"I am afraid, sir, it was very wrong to write such trash, and yet more to allow it to be published."

"Trash! not at all; a very pretty piece of speculative philosophy; of course you were wrong in saying there is no world. The world must exist, to have the shape of a pear; and that the world is shaped like a pear, and not like an apple, as the fools of Oxford say, I have satisfactorily proved in my book. Now, if there were no world, what would become of my system? But what do you propose to do in London?"

"Here is the letter, sir," said I, "of our good friend, which I have not yet given to you; I believe it will explain to you the circumstances under which I come."

He took the letter, and perused it with attention. "Hem!" said he, with a somewhat altered manner, "my friend tells me that you are come up to London with the view of turning your literary talents to account, and desires me to assist you in my capacity of publisher in bringing forth two or three

works which you have prepared. My good friend is perhaps not aware that for some time past I have given up publishing—was obliged to do so—had many severe losses—do nothing at present in that line, save sending out the Magazine once a month; and, between ourselves, am thinking of disposing of that—wish to retire—high time at my age—so you see . . . . ."

"I am very sorry, sir, to hear that you cannot assist me" (and I remember that I felt very nervous); "I had hoped . . . . ."

"A losing trade, I assure you, sir; literature is a drug. Taggart, what o'clock is it?"

"Well, sir!" said I, rising, "as you cannot assist me, I will now take my leave; I thank you sincerely for your kind reception, and will trouble you no longer."

"Oh, don't go. I wish to have some farther conversation with you; and perhaps I may hit upon some plan to benefit you. I honour merit, and always make a point to encourage it when I can; but, ... Taggart, go to the bank, and tell them to dishonour the bill twelve months after date for

thirty pounds which becomes due to-morrow. I am dissatisfied with that fellow who wrote the fairy tales, and intend to give him all the trouble in my power. Make haste."

Taggart did not appear to be in any particular haste. First of all, he took a pinch of snuff, then, rising from his chair, slowly and deliberately drew his wig, for he wore a wig of a brown colour, rather more over his forehead than it had previously been, buttoned his coat, and, taking his hat, and an umbrella which stood in a corner, made me a low bow, and quitted the room.

"Well, sir, where were we? Oh, I remember, we were talking about merit. Sir, I always wish to encourage merit, especially when it comes so highly recommended as in the present instance. Sir, my good friend and correspondent speaks of you in the highest terms. Sir, I honour my good friend, and have the highest respect for his opinion in all matters connected with literature—rather eccentric though. Sir, my good friend has done my periodical more good and more harm than all the rest of my correspondents. Sir, I shall never forget the sensa-

tion caused by the appearance of his article about a certain personage whom he proved—and I think satisfactorily—to have been a legionary soldier—rather startling, was it not? The S . . . . of the world a common soldier, in a marching regiment—original, but startling; sir, I honour my good friend."

"So you have renounced publishing, sir," said I, "with the exception of the Magazine?"

"Why, yes; except now and then, under the rose; the old coachman, you know, likes to hear the whip. Indeed, at the present moment, I am thinking of starting a Review on an entirely new and original principle; and it just struck me that you might be of high utility in the undertaking—what do you think of the matter?"

"I should be happy, sir, to render you any assistance, but I am afraid the employment you propose requires other qualifications than I possess; however, I can make the essay. My chief intention in coming to London was to lay before the world what I had prepared; and I had hoped by your assistance . . . . ."

"Ah! I see, ambition! Ambition is a very pretty thing; but, sir, we must walk before we run, accord-

ing to the old saying—what is that you have got under your arm ?"

" One of the works to which I was alluding; the one, indeed, which I am most anxious to lay before the world, as I hope to derive from it both profit and reputation."

" Indeed! what do you call it ?"

" Ancient songs of Denmark, heroic and romantic, translated by myself; with notes philological, critical, and historical."

" Then, sir, I assure you that your time and labour have been entirely flung away; nobody would read your ballads, if you were to give them to the world to-morrow."

" I am sure, sir, that you would say otherwise if you would permit me to read one to you;" and, without waiting for the answer of the big man, nor indeed so much as looking at him, to see whether he was inclined or not to hear me, I undid my manuscript, and, with a voice trembling with eagerness, I read to the following effect:—

Buckshank bold and Elfinstone,
And more than I can mention here,
They caused to be built so stout a ship,
And unto Iceland they would steer.

They launched the ship upon the main,
Which bellowed like a wrathful bear;
Down to the bottom the vessel sank,
A laidly Trold has dragged it there.

Down to the bottom sank young Roland,
And round about he groped awhile;
Until he found the path which led
Unto the bower of Ellenlyle.

"Stop!" said the publisher; "very pretty indeed, and very original; beats Scott hollow, and Percy too: but, sir, the day for these things is gone by; nobody at present cares for Percy, nor for Scott, either, save as a novelist; sorry to discourage merit, sir, but what can I do! What else have you got?"

"The songs of Ab Gwilym, the Welsh bard, also translated by myself, with notes critical, philological, and historical."

"Pass on—what else?"

"Nothing else," said I, folding up my manuscript with a sigh, "unless it be a romance in the German style; on which, I confess, I set very little value."

"Wild?"

"Yes, sir, very wild."

"Like the Miller of the Black Valley?"

"Yes, sir, very much like the Miller of the Black Valley."

"Well, that's better," said the publisher; "and yet, I don't know, I question whether any one at present cares for the miller himself. No, sir, the time for those things is also gone by; German, at present, is a drug; and, between ourselves, nobody has contributed to make it so more than my good friend and correspondent;—but, sir, I see you are a young gentleman of infinite merit, and I always wish to encourage merit. Don't you think you could write a series of evangelical tales?"

"Evangelical tales, sir?"

"Yes, sir, evangelical novels."

"Something in the style of Herder?"

"Herder is a drug, sir; nobody cares for Herder—thanks to my good friend. Sir, I have in yon drawer a hundred pages about Herder, which I dare not insert in my periodical; it would sink it, sir. No, sir, something in the style of the 'Dairyman's Daughter.'"

"I never heard of the work till the present moment."

"Then, sir, procure it by all means. Sir, I could afford as much as ten pounds for a well-written tale in the style of the 'Dairyman's Daughter;' that is the

kind of literature, sir, that sells at the present day! It is not the Miller of the Black Valley—no, sir, nor Herder either, that will suit the present taste; the evangelical body is becoming very strong, sir; the canting scoundrels . . . ."

"But sir, surely you would not pander to a scoundrelly taste?"

"Then, sir, I must give up business altogether. Sir, I have a great respect for the goddess Reason—an infinite respect, sir; indeed, in my time, I have made a great many sacrifices for her; but, sir, I cannot altogether ruin myself for the goddess Reason. Sir, I am a friend to Liberty, as is well known; but I must also be a friend to my own family. It is with the view of providing for a son of mine that I am about to start the review of which I was speaking. He has taken into his head to marry, sir, and I must do something for him, for he can do but little for himself. Well, sir, I am a friend to Liberty, as I said before, and likewise a friend to Reason; but I tell you frankly that the Review which I intend to get up under the rose, and present him with when it is established, will be conducted on Oxford principles."

"Orthodox principles, I suppose you mean, sir?"

"I do, sir; I am no linguist, but I believe the words are synonymous."

Much more conversation passed between us, and it was agreed that I should become a contributor to the Oxford Review. I stipulated, however, that, as I knew little of politics, and cared less, no other articles should be required from me than such as were connected with belles-lettres and philology; to this the big man readily assented. "Nothing will be required from you," said he, "but what you mention; and now and then, perhaps, a paper on metaphysics. You understand German, and perhaps it would be desirable that you should review Kant; and in a review of Kant, sir, you could introduce to advantage your peculiar notions about *ex nihilo*." He then reverted to the subject of the "Dairyman's Daughter," which I promised to take into consideration. As I was going away, he invited me to dine with him on the ensuing Sunday.

"That's a strange man!" said I to myself, after I had left the house, "he is evidently very clever; but I cannot say that I like him much, with his Oxford Reviews and Dairyman's Daughters. But what can I do; I am almost without a friend

in the world. I wish I could find some one who would publish my ballads, or my songs of Ab Gwilym. In spite of what the big man says, I am convinced that, once published, they would bring me much fame and profit. But how is this?—what a beautiful sun!—the porter was right in saying that the day would clear up—I will now go to my dingy lodging, lock up my manuscripts, and then take a stroll about the big city."

CHAPTER III.

THE WALK.—LONDON'S CHEAPE.—STREET OF THE LOMBARDS.—STRANGE BRIDGE.—MAIN ARCH.—THE ROARING GULF.—THE BOAT.—CLY-FAKING.—A COMFORT.—THE BOOK.—THE BLESSED WOMAN.—NO TRAP.

So I set out on my walk to see the wonders of the big city, and, as chance would have it, I directed my course to the east. The day, as I have already said, had become very fine, so that I saw the great city to advantage, and the wonders thereof: and much I admired all I saw; and, amongst other things, the huge cathedral, standing so proudly on the most commanding ground in the big city; and I looked up to the mighty dome, surmounted by a golden cross, and I said within myself, "That dome must needs be the finest in the world;" and I gazed upon it till my eyes reeled, and my brain became dizzy, and I thought that the dome would fall and crush me; and I shrank within myself, and struck yet deeper into the heart of the big city.

"O Cheapside! Cheapside!" said I, as I advanced up that mighty thoroughfare, "truly thou art a wonderful place for hurry, noise, and riches! Men talk of the bazaars of the East—I have never seen them—but I dare say that, compared with thee, they are poor places, silent places, abounding with empty boxes, O thou pride of London's east! —mighty mart of old renown!—for thou art not a place of yesterday:—long before the Roses red and white battled in fair England, thou didst exist—a place of throng and bustle—a place of gold and silver, perfumes and fine linen. Centuries ago thou couldst extort the praises even of the fiercest foes of England. Fierce bards of Wales, sworn foes of England, sang thy praises centuries ago; and even the fiercest of them all, Red Julius himself, wild Glendower's bard, had a word of praise for London's "Cheape," for so the bards of Wales styled thee in their flowing odes. Then, if those who were not English, and hated England, and all connected therewith, had yet much to say in thy praise, when thou wast far inferior to what thou art now, why should true-born Englishmen, or those who call themselves so, turn up their noses at thee, and scoff

thee at the present day, as I believe they do? But, let others do as they will, I, at least, who am not only an Englishman, but an East Englishman, will not turn up my nose at thee, but will praise and extol thee, calling thee mart of the world—a place of wonder and astonishment!—and, were it right and fitting to wish that anything should endure for ever, I would say prosperity to Cheapside, throughout all ages—may it be the world's resort for merchandise, world without end.

And when I had passed through the Cheape I entered another street, which led up a kind of ascent, and which proved to be the street of the Lombards, called so from the name of its first founders; and I walked rapidly up the street of the Lombards, neither looking to the right nor left, for it had no interest for me, though I had a kind of consciousness that mighty things were being transacted behind its walls; but it wanted the throng, bustle, and outward magnificence of the Cheape, and it had never been spoken of by "ruddy bards!" And, when I had got to the end of the street of the Lombards, I stood still for some time, deliberating within myself whether I should turn to the right or

the left, or go straight forward, and at last I turned to the right, down a street of rapid descent, and presently found myself upon a bridge which traversed the river which runs by the big city.

A strange kind of bridge it was; huge and massive, and seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back, like that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at intervals, were stone bowers bulking over the river, but open on the other side, and furnished with a semicircular bench. Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was all too narrow for the concourse upon it. Thousands of human beings were pouring over the bridge. But what chiefly struck my attention was a double row of carts and wagons, the generality drawn by horses as large as elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction, and not unfrequently brought to a stand-still. Oh the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the carters, and the grating of wheels upon the enormous stones that formed the pavement! In fact, there was a wild hurly-burly upon the bridge, which nearly deafened me. But, if upon the bridge there was a confusion, below it there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide, which

was fast ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of several feet, forming in the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters, and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth, foaming and frothing from their horrid wombs. Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there I stood still, close beside one of the stone bowers, in which, beside a fruit-stall, sat an old woman, with a pan of charcoal at her feet, and a book in her hand, in which she appeared to be reading intently. There I stood, just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene! Towards the left bank of the river, a forest of masts, thick and close, as far as the eye could reach; spacious wharfs, surmounted with gigantic edifices; and, far away, Cæsar's Castle, with its White Tower. To the right, another forest of masts, and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up to the sky chimneys taller than Cleopatra's Needle, vomiting forth huge wreaths of

that black smoke which forms the canopy—occasionally a gorgeous one—of the more than Babel city. Stretching before me, the troubled breast of the mighty river, and, immediately below, the main whirlpool of the Thames—the Maëlstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grisly pool, which, with its superabundance of horror, fascinated me. Who knows but I should have leapt into its depths? —I have heard of such things—but for a rather startling occurrence which broke the spell. As I stood upon the bridge, gazing into the jaws of the pool, a small boat shot suddenly through the arch beneath my feet. There were three persons in it; an oarsman in the middle, whilst a man and woman sat at the stern. I shall never forget the thrill of horror which went through me at this sudden apparition. What!—a boat—a small boat—passing beneath that arch into yonder roaring gulf! Yes, yes, down through that awful water-way, with more than the swiftness of an arrow, shot the boat, or skiff, right into the jaws of the pool. A monstrous breaker curls over the prow—there is no hope; the boat is swamped, and all drowned in that

strangling vortex. No! the boat, which appeared to have the buoyancy of a feather, skipped over the threatening horror, and, the next moment, was out of danger, the boatman—a true boatman of Cockaigne that—elevating one of his sculls in sign of triumph, the man hallooing, and the woman, a true Englishwoman that—of a certain class—waving her shawl. Whether any one observed them save myself, or whether the feat was a common one, I know not; but nobody appeared to take any notice of them. As for myself, I was so excited, that I strove to clamber up the balustrade of the bridge, in order to obtain a better view of the daring adventurers. Before I could accomplish my design, however, I felt myself seized by the body, and, turning my head, perceived the old fruit-woman, who was clinging to me.

"Nay, dear! don't—don't!" said she. "Don't fling yourself over—perhaps you may have better luck next time!"

"I was not going to fling myself over," said I, dropping from the balustrade; "how came you to think of such a thing?"

"Why, seeing you clamber up so fiercely, I thought you might have had ill luck, and that you wished to make away with yourself."

"Ill luck," said I, going into the stone bower, and sitting down. "What do you mean? ill luck in what?"

"Why, no great harm, dear! cly-faking perhaps."

"Are you coming over me with dialects," said I, "speaking unto me in fashions I wot nothing of?"

"Nay, dear! don't look so strange with those eyes of your'n, nor talk so strangely; I don't understand you."

"Nor I you; what do you mean by cly-faking?"

"Lor, dear! no harm; only taking a handkerchief now and then."

"Do you take me for a thief?"

"Nay, dear! don't make use of bad language; we never calls them thieves here, but prigs and fakers: to tell you the truth, dear, seeing you spring at that railing put me in mind of my own dear son, who is now at Bot'ny: when he had bad luck, he always used to talk of flinging himself over the bridge; and, sure enough, when the traps were

after him, he did fling himself into the river, but that was off the bank; nevertheless, the traps pulled him out, and he is now suffering his sentence; so you see you may speak out, if you have done anything in the harmless line, for I am my son's own mother, I assure you."

"So you think there's no harm in stealing?"

"No harm in the world, dear! Do you think my own child would have been transported for it, if there had been any harm in it? and, what's more, would the blessed woman in the book here have written her life as she has done, and given it to the world, if there had been any harm in faking? She, too, was what they call a thief and a cut-purse; ay, and was transported for it, like my dear son; and do you think she would have told the world so, if there had been any harm in the thing? Oh, it is a comfort to me that the blessed woman was transported, and came back—for come back she did, and rich too—for it is an assurance to me that my dear son, who was transported too, will come back like her."

"What was her name?"

"Her name, blessed Mary Flanders."

"Will you let me look at the book?"

"Yes, dear, that I will, if you promise me not to run away with it."

I took the book from her hand; a short thick volume, at least a century old, bound with greasy black leather. I turned the yellow and dog's-eared pages, reading here and there a sentence. Yes, and no mistake! *His* pen, his style, his spirit might be observed in every line of the uncouth-looking old volume—the air, the style, the spirit of the writer of the book which first taught me to read. I covered my face with my hand, and thought of my childhood . . . .

"This is a singular book," said I at last; "but it does not appear to have been written to prove that thieving is no harm, but rather to show the terrible consequences of crime: it contains a deep moral."

"A deep what, dear?"

"A . . . but no matter, I will give you a crown for this volume."

"No, dear, I will not sell the volume for a crown."

"I am poor," said I; "but I will give you two silver crowns for your volume."

"No, dear, I will not sell my volume for two silver crowns; no, nor for the golden one in the king's tower down there; without my book I should mope and pine, and perhaps fling myself into the river; but I am glad you like it, which shows that I was right about you, after all; you are one of our party, and you have a flash about that eye of yours which puts me just in mind of my dear son. No, dear, I won't sell you my book; but, if you like, you may have a peep into it whenever you come this way. I shall be glad to see you; you are one of the right sort, for, if you had been a common one, you would have run away with the thing; but you scorn such behaviour, and, as you are so flash of your money, though you say you are poor, you may give me a tanner to buy a little baccy with; I love baccy, dear, more by token that it comes from the plantations to which the blessed woman was sent."

"What's a tanner?" said I.

"Lor! don't you know, dear? Why, a tanner is

sixpence; and, as you were talking just now about crowns, it will be as well to tell you that those of our trade never calls them crowns, but bulls; but I am talking nonsense, just as if you did not know all that already, as well as myself; you are only shamming—I'm no trap, dear, nor more was the blessed woman in the book. Thank you, dear—thank you for the tanner; if I don't spend it, I'll keep it in remembrance of your sweet face. What, you are going?—well, first let me whisper a word to you. If you have any clies to sell at any time, I'll buy them of you; all safe with me; I never 'peach, and scorns a trap; so now, dear, God bless you! and give you good luck. Thank you for your pleasant company, and thank you for the tanner."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TANNER.—THE HOTEL.—DRINKING CLARET.—LONDON JOURNAL.—NEW FIELD.—COMMON-PLACENESS.—THE THREE INDIVIDUALS.—BOTHERATION.—FRANK AND ARDENT.

"TANNER!" said I musingly, as I left the bridge; "Tanner! what can the man who cures raw skins by means of a preparation of oak bark and other materials have to do with the name which these fakers, as they call themselves, bestow on the smallest silver coin in these dominions? Tanner! I can't trace the connection between the man of bark and the silver coin, unless journeymen tanners are in the habit of working for sixpence a day. But I have it," I continued, flourishing my hat over my head, "tanner, in this instance, is not an English word." Is it not surprising that the language of Mr. Petulengro and of Tawno Chikno, is continually coming to my assistance whenever I appear to be at a nonplus with respect to the derivation of crabbed words. I have made out

crabbed words in Æschylus by means of the speech of Chikno and Petulengro, and even in my Biblical researches I have derived no slight assistance from it. It appears to be a kind of picklock, an open sesame, Tanner—Tawno! the one is but a modification of the other; they were originally identical, and have still much the same signification. Tanner, in the language of the apple-woman, meaneth the smallest of English silver coins; and Tawno, in the language of the Petulengres, though bestowed upon the biggest of the Romans, according to strict interpretation, signifieth a little child.

So I left the bridge, retracing my steps for a considerable way, as I thought I had seen enough in the direction in which I had hitherto been wandering; I should say that I scarcely walked less than thirty miles about the big city on the day of my first arrival. Night came on, but still I was walking about, my eyes wide open, and admiring everything that presented itself to them. Everything was new to me, for everything is different in London from what it is elsewhere—the people, their language, the horses, the *tout ensemble*—even the stones of London are different from others—at

least it appeared to me that I had never walked with the same ease and facility on the flagstones of a country town as on those of London; so I continued roving about till night came on, and then the splendour of some of the shops particularly struck me. "A regular Arabian nights' entertainment!" said I, as I looked into one on Cornhill, gorgeous with precious merchandise, and lighted up with lustres, the rays of which were reflected from a hundred mirrors.

But, notwithstanding the excellence of the London pavement, I began about nine o'clock to feel myself thoroughly tired; painfully and slowly did I drag my feet along. I also felt very much in want of some refreshment, and I remembered that since breakfast I had taken nothing. I was now in the Strand, and, glancing about, I perceived that I was close by an hotel, which bore over the door the somewhat remarkable name of Holy Lands. Without a moment's hesitation I entered a well-lighted passage, and, turning to the left, I found myself in a well-lighted coffee-room, with a well-dressed and frizzled waiter before me. "Bring me some claret," said I, for I was rather faint than hungry, and

I felt ashamed to give a humbler order to so well-dressed an individual. The waiter looked at me for a moment; then, making a low bow, he bustled off, and I sat myself down in the box nearest to the window. Presently the waiter returned, bearing beneath his left arm a long bottle, and between the fingers of his right hand two large purple glasses; placing the latter on the table, he produced a corkscrew, drew the cork in a twinkling, set the bottle down before me with a bang, and then, standing still, appeared to watch my movements. You think I don't know how to drink a glass of claret, thought I to myself. I'll soon show you how we drink claret where I come from; and, filling one of the glasses to the brim, I flickered it for a moment between my eyes and the lustre, and then held it to my nose; having given that organ full time to test the bouquet of the wine, I applied the glass to my lips, taking a large mouthful of the wine, which I swallowed slowly and by degrees, that the palate might likewise have an opportunity of performing its functions. A second mouthful I disposed of more summarily; then, placing the empty glass upon the table, I fixed my eyes upon the bottle, and said

—nothing; whereupon the waiter, who had been observing the whole process with considerable attention, made me a bow yet more low than before, and, turning on his heel, retired with a smart chuck of his head, as much as to say, It is all right; the young man is used to claret.

And when the waiter had retired I took a second glass of the wine, which I found excellent; and, observing a newspaper lying near me, I took it up and began perusing it. It has been observed somewhere that people who are in the habit of reading newspapers every day are not unfrequently struck with the excellence of style and general talent which they display. Now, if that be the case, how must I have been surprised, who was reading a newspaper for the first time, and that one of the best of the London journals! Yes, strange as it may seem, it was nevertheless true that, up to the moment of which I am speaking, I had never read a newspaper of any description. I of course had frequently seen journals, and even handled them; but, as for reading them, what were they to me?—I cared not for news. But here I was now with my claret before me, perusing, perhaps, the best of all the London journals—it was not the . . . . .—and I was

astonished: an entirely new field of literature appeared to be opened to my view. It was a discovery, but I confess rather an unpleasant one; for I said to myself, if literary talent is so very common in London, that the journals, things which, as their very name denotes, are ephemeral, are written in a style like the article I have been perusing, how can I hope to distinguish myself in this big town, when, for the life of me, I don't think I could write anything half so clever as what I have been reading. And then I laid down the paper, and fell into deep musing; rousing myself from which, I took a glass of wine, and, pouring out another, began musing again. What I have been reading, thought I, is certainly very clever and very talented; but talent and cleverness I think I have heard some one say are very common-place things, only fitted for every-day occasions. I question whether the man who wrote the book I saw this day on the bridge was a clever man; but, after all, was he not something much better? I don't think he could have written this article, but then he wrote the book which I saw on the bridge. Then, if he could not have written the article on which I now hold my forefinger—and I do not

believe he could—why should I feel discouraged at the consciousness that I, too, could not write it? I certainly could no more have written the article than he could; but then, like him, though I would not compare myself to the man who wrote the book I saw upon the bridge, I think I could—and here I emptied the glass of claret—write something better.

Thereupon I resumed the newspaper; and, as I was before struck with the fluency of style and the general talent which it displayed, I was now equally so with its common-placeness and want of originality on every subject; and it was evident to me that, whatever advantage these newspaper-writers might have over me in some points, they had never studied the Welsh bards, translated Kæmpe Viser, or been under the pupilage of Mr. Petulengro and Tawno Chikno.

And as I sat conning the newspaper three individuals entered the room, and seated themselves in the box at the farther end of which I was. They were all three very well dressed; two of them elderly gentlemen, the third a young man about my own age, or perhaps a year or two older: they called for coffee; and, after two or three observations, the two

eldest commenced a conversation in French, which, however, though they spoke it fluently enough, I perceived at once was not their native language; the young man, however, took no part in their conversation, and when they addressed a portion to him, which indeed was but rarely, merely replied by a monosyllable. I have never been a listener, and I paid but little heed to their discourse, nor indeed to themselves; as I occasionally looked up, however, I could perceive that the features of the young man, who chanced to be seated exactly opposite to me, wore an air of constraint and vexation. This circumstance caused me to observe him more particularly than I otherwise should have done: his features were handsome and prepossessing; he had dark brown hair and a high-arched forehead. After the lapse of half an hour, the two elder individuals, having finished their coffee, called for the waiter, and then rose as if to depart, the young man, however, still remaining seated in the box. The others, having reached the door, turned round, and, finding that the youth did not follow them, one of them called to him with a tone of some authority; whereupon the young man rose, and, pronouncing half

audibly the word "botheration," rose and followed them. I now observed that he was remarkably tall. All three left the house. In about ten minutes, finding nothing more worth reading in the newspaper, I laid it down, and though the claret was not yet exhausted, I was thinking of betaking myself to my lodgings, and was about to call the waiter, when I heard a step in the passage, and in another moment the tall young man entered the room, advanced to the same box, and, sitting down nearly opposite to me, again pronounced to himself, but more audibly than before, the same word.

"A troublesome world this, sir," said I, looking at him.

"Yes," said the young man, looking fixedly at me; "but I am afraid we bring most of our troubles on our own heads—at least I can say so of myself," he added, laughing. Then, after a pause, "I beg pardon," he said, "but am I not addressing one of my own country?"

"Of what country are you?" said I.

"Ireland."

"I am not of your country, sir; but I have an infinite veneration for your country, as Strap said

to the French soldier. Will you take a glass of wine!"

"Ah, de tout mon cœur, as the parasite said to Gil Blas," cried the young man, laughing. "Here's to our better acquaintance!"

And better acquainted we soon became; and I found that, in making the acquaintance of the young man, I had, indeed, made a valuable acquisition; he was accomplished, highly connected, and bore the name of Francis Ardry. Frank and ardent he was, and in a very little time had told me much that related to himself, and in return I communicated a general outline of my own history; he listened with profound attention, but laughed heartily when I told him some particulars of my visit in the morning to the publisher, whom he had frequently heard of. . .

We left the house together.

"We shall soon see each other again," said he, as we separated at the door of my lodging.

CHAPTER V.

DINE WITH THE PUBLISHER.—RELIGIONS.—NO ANIMAL FOOD.—UNPROFITABLE DISCUSSIONS.—PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM.—THE BOOK MARKET.—NEWGATE LIVES.—GOETHE A DRUG.—GERMAN ACQUIREMENTS.—MORAL DIGNITY.

On the Sunday I was punctual to my appointment to dine with the publisher. As I hurried along the square in which his house stood, my thoughts were fixed so intently on the great man, that I passed by him without seeing him. He had observed me, however, and joined me just as I was about to knock at the door. "Let us take a turn in the square," said he, "we shall not dine for half an hour."

"Well," said he, as we were walking in the square, "what have you been doing since I last saw you?"

"I have been looking about London," said I, "and I have bought the 'Dairyman's Daughter;' here it is."

"Pray put it up," said the publisher; "I don't

want to look at such trash. Well, do you think you could write anything like it?"

"I do not," said I.

"How is that?" said the publisher, looking at me.

"Because," said I, "the man who wrote it seems to be perfectly well acquainted with his subject; and, moreover, to write from the heart."

"By the subject you mean . . . . ."

"Religion."

"And a'n't you acquainted with religion?"

"Very little."

"I am sorry for that," said the publisher seriously, "for he who sets up for an author ought to be acquainted not only with religion, but religions, and indeed with all subjects, like my good friend in the country. It is well that I have changed my mind about the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' or I really don't know whom I could apply to on the subject at the present moment, unless to himself; and after all I question whether his style is exactly suited for an evangelical novel."

"Then you do not wish for an imitation of the 'Dairyman's Daughter?'"

"I do not, sir; I have changed my mind, as I

told you before; I wish to employ you in another line, but will communicate to you my intentions after dinner."

At dinner, beside the publisher and myself, were present his wife and son, with his newly married bride; the wife appeared a quiet respectable woman, and the young people looked very happy and good-natured; not so the publisher, who occasionally eyed both with contempt and dislike. Connected with this dinner there was one thing remarkable; the publisher took no animal food, but contented himself with feeding voraciously on rice and vegetables prepared in various ways.

"You eat no animal food, sir?" said I.

"I do not, sir," said he; "I have forsworn it upwards of twenty years. In one respect, sir, I am a Brahmin. I abhor taking away life—the brutes have as much right to live as ourselves."

"But," said I, "if the brutes were not killed, there would be such a superabundance of them, that the land would be overrun with them."

"I do not think so, sir; few are killed in India, and yet there is plenty of room."

"But," said I, "Nature intended that they

should be destroyed, and the brutes themselves prey upon one another, and it is well for themselves and the world that they do so. What would be the state of things if every insect, bird, and worm were left to perish of old age?"

"We will change the subject," said the publisher; "I have never been a friend of unprofitable discussions."

I looked at the publisher with some surprise, I had not been accustomed to be spoken to so magisterially; his countenance was dressed in a portentous frown, and his eye looked more sinister than ever; at that moment he put me in mind of some of those despots of whom I had read in the history of Morocco, whose word was law. He merely wants power, thought I to myself, to be a regular Muley Mehemet; and then I sighed, for I remembered how very much I was in the power of that man.

The dinner over, the publisher nodded to his wife, who departed, followed by her daughter-in-law. The son looked as if he would willingly have attended them; he, however, remained seated; and, a small decanter of wine being placed on the table,

the publisher filled two glasses, one of which he handed to myself, and the other to his son; saying, "Suppose you two drink to the success of the Review, I would join you," said he, addressing himself to me, "but I drink no wine; if I am a Brahmin with respect to meat, I am a Mahometan with respect to wine."

So the son and I drank success to the Review, and then the young man asked me various questions; for example—How I liked London?—Whether I did not think it a very fine place?—Whether I was at the play the night before?—and whether I was in the park that afternoon? He seemed preparing to ask me some more questions; but, receiving a furious look from his father, he became silent, filled himself a glass of wine, drank it off, looked at the table for about a minute, then got up, pushed back his chair, made me a bow, and left the room.

"Is that young gentleman, sir," said I, "well versed in the principles of criticism?"

"He is not, sir," said the publisher; "and, if I place him at the head of the Review ostensibly, I do it merely in the hope of procuring him a main-

tenance; of the principle of a thing he knows nothing, except that the principle of bread is wheat, and that the principle of that wine is grape. Will you take another glass?"

I looked at the decanter; but, not feeling altogether so sure as the publisher's son with respect to the principle of what it contained, I declined taking any more.

"No, sir," said the publisher, adjusting himself in his chair, "he knows nothing about criticism, and will have nothing more to do with the reviewals than carrying about the books to those who have to review them; the real conductor of the Review will be a widely different person, to whom I will, when convenient, introduce you. And now we will talk of the matter which we touched upon before dinner: I told you then that I had changed my mind with respect to you; I have been considering the state of the market, sir, the book market, and I have come to the conclusion that, though you might be profitably employed upon evangelical novels, you could earn more money for me, sir, and consequently for yourself, by a compilation of Newgate lives and trials."

"Newgate lives and trials!"

"Yes, sir," said the publisher, "Newgate lives and trials; and now, sir, I will briefly state to you the services which I expect you to perform, and the terms which I am willing to grant. I expect you, sir, to compile six volumes of Newgate lives and trials, each volume to contain by no manner of means less than one thousand pages; the remuneration which you will receive when the work is completed will be fifty pounds, which is likewise intended to cover any expenses you may incur in procuring books, papers, and manuscripts necessary for the compilation. Such will be one of your employments, sir,—such the terms. In the second place, you will be expected to make yourself useful in the Review—generally useful, sir—doing whatever is required of you; for it is not customary, at least with me, to permit writers, especially young writers, to choose their subjects. In these two departments, sir, namely, compilation and reviewing, I had yesterday, after due consideration, determined upon employing you. I had intended to employ you no farther, sir—at least for the present; but, sir, this morning I received a letter from my valued

friend in the country, in which he speaks in terms of strong admiration (I don't overstate) of your German acquirements. Sir, he says that it would be a thousand pities if your knowledge of the German language should be lost to the world, or even permitted to sleep, and he entreats me to think of some plan by which it may be turned to account. Sir, I am at all times willing, if possible, to oblige my worthy friend, and likewise to encourage merit and talent; I have, therefore, determined to employ you in German."

"Sir," said I, rubbing my hands, "you are very kind, and so is our mutual friend; I shall be happy to make myself useful in German; and if you think a good translation from Goethe—his 'Sorrows' for example, or more particularly his 'Faust' . . . . ."

"Sir," said the publisher, "Goethe is a drug; his 'Sorrows' are a drug, so is his 'Faustus,' more especially the last, since that fool . . . . rendered him into English. No, sir, I do not want you to translate Goethe or anything belonging to him; nor do I want you to translate anything from the German; what I want you to do, is to translate

into German. I am willing to encourage merit, sir; and, as my good friend in his last letter has spoken very highly of your German acquirements, I have determined that you shall translate my book of philosophy into German."

"Your book of philosophy into German, sir?"

"Yes, sir; my book of philosophy into German. I am not a drug, sir, in Germany as Goethe is here, no more is my book. I intend to print the translation at Leipzig, sir; and if it turns out a profitable speculation, as I make no doubt it will, provided the translation be well executed, I will make you some remuneration. Sir, your remuneration will be determined by the success of your translation."

"But, sir . . . . ."

"Sir," said the publisher, interrupting me, "you have heard my intentions; I consider that you ought to feel yourself highly gratified by my intentions towards you; it is not frequently that I deal with a writer, especially a young writer, as I have done with you. And now, sir, permit me to inform you that I wish to be alone. This is

Sunday afternoon, sir; I never go to church, but I am in the habit of spending part of every Sunday afternoon alone—profitably I hope, sir—in musing on the magnificence of nature and the moral dignity of man."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO VOLUMES.—A YOUNG AUTHOR.—INTENDED EDITOR.—QUINTILIAN.—LOOSE MONEY.

"WHAT can't be cured must be endured," and "it is hard to kick against the pricks."

At the period to which I have brought my history, I bethought me of the proverbs with which I have headed this chapter, and determined to act up to their spirit. I determined not to fly in the face of the publisher, and to bear—what I could not cure—his arrogance and vanity. At present, at the conclusion of nearly a quarter of a century, I am glad that I came to that determination, which I did my best to carry into effect.

Two or three days after our last interview, the publisher made his appearance in my apartment; he bore two tattered volumes under his arm, which he placed on the table. "I have brought you two volumes of lives, sir," said he, "which I yesterday

found in my garret; you will find them of service for your compilation. As I always wish to behave liberally and encourage talent, especially youthful talent, I shall make no charge for them, though I should be justified in so doing, as you are aware that, by our agreement, you are to provide any books and materials which may be necessary. Have you been in quest of any?"

"No," said I, "not yet."

"Then, sir, I would advise you to lose no time in doing so; you must visit all the bookstalls, sir, especially those in the by-streets and blind alleys. It is in such places that you will find the description of literature you are in want of. You must be up and doing, sir; it will not do for an author, especially a young author, to be idle in this town. To-night you will receive my book of philosophy, and likewise books for the Review. And, by-the-by, sir, it will be as well for you to review my book of philosophy for the Review; the other reviews not having noticed it. Sir, before translating it, I wish you to review my book of philosophy for the Review."

"I shall be happy to do my best, sir."

"Very good, sir; I should be unreasonable to expect anything beyond a person's best. And now, sir, if you please, I will conduct you to the future editor of the Review. As you are to co-operate, sir, I deem it right to make you acquainted."

The intended editor was a little old man, who sat in a kind of wooden pavilion in a small garden behind a house in one of the purlieus of the city, composing tunes upon a piano. The walls of the pavilion were covered with fiddles of various sizes and appearances, and a considerable portion of the floor occupied by a pile of books all of one size. The publisher introduced him to me as a gentleman scarcely less eminent in literature than in music, and me to him as an aspirant critic—a young gentleman scarcely less eminent in philosophy than in philology. The conversation consisted entirely of compliments till just before we separated, when the future editor inquired of me whether I had ever read Quintilian; and, on my replying in the negative, expressed his surprise that any gentleman should aspire to become a critic who had never read Quintilian, with the comfortable information, however, that he could supply me with a Quintilian

at half-price, that is, a translation made by himself some years previously, of which he had, pointing to the heap on the floor, still a few copies remaining unsold. For some reason or other, perhaps a poor one, I did not purchase the editor's translation of Quintilian.

"Sir," said the publisher, as we were returning from our visit to the editor, "you did right in not purchasing a drug. I am not prepared, sir, to say that Quintilian is a drug, never having seen him; but I am prepared to say that man's translation is a drug, judging from the heap of rubbish on the floor; besides, sir, you will want any loose money you may have to purchase the description of literature which is required for your compilation."

The publisher presently paused before the entrance of a very forlorn-looking street. "Sir," said he, after looking down it with attention, "I should not wonder if in that street you find works connected with the description of literature which is required for your compilation. It is in streets of this description, sir, and blind alleys, where such

works are to be found. You had better search that street, sir, whilst I continue my way."

I searched the street to which the publisher had pointed, and, in the course of the three succeeding days, many others of a similar kind. I did not find the description of literature alluded to by the publisher to be a drug, but, on the contrary, both scarce and dear. I had expended much more than my loose money long before I could procure materials even for the first volume of my compilation.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCIS ARDRY.—CERTAIN SHARPERS.—BRAVE AND ELOQUENT.—OPPOSITES.—FLINGING THE BONES.—STRANGE PLACES.—DOG-FIGHTING.—LEARNING AND LETTERS.—BATCH OF DOGS.—REDOUBLED APPLICATION.

One evening I was visited by the tall young gentleman, Francis Ardry, whose acquaintance I had formed at the coffee-house. As it is necessary that the reader should know something more about this young man, who will frequently appear in the course of these pages, I will state in a few words who and what he was. He was born of an ancient Roman Catholic family in Ireland; his parents, whose only child he was, had long been dead. His father, who had survived his mother several years, had been a spendthrift, and at his death had left the family property considerably embarrassed. Happily, however, the son and the estate fell into the hands of careful guardians, near relations of the family, by whom the property was managed to the best advantage, and every means taken to edu-

cate the young man in a manner suitable to his expectations. At the age of sixteen he was taken from a celebrated school in England at which he had been placed, and sent to a small French university, in order that he might form an intimate and accurate acquaintance with the grand language of the continent. There he continued three years, at the end of which he went under the care of a French abbé to Germany and Italy. It was in this latter country that he first began to cause his guardians serious uneasiness. He was in the heyday of youth when he visited Italy, and he entered wildly into the various delights of that fascinating region, and, what was worse, falling into the hands of certain sharpers, not Italian, but English, he was fleeced of considerable sums of money. The abbé, who, it seems, was an excellent individual of the old French school, remonstrated with his pupil on his dissipation and extravagance; but, finding his remonstrances vain, very properly informed the guardians of the manner of life of his charge. They were not slow in commanding Francis Ardry home; and, as he was entirely in their power, he was forced to comply. He had been about three

months in London when I met him in the coffee-room, and the two elderly gentlemen in his company were his guardians. At this time they were very solicitous that he should choose for himself a profession, offering to his choice either the army or law—he was calculated to shine in either of these professions—for, like many others of his countrymen, he was brave and eloquent; but he did not wish to shackle himself with a profession. As, however, his minority did not terminate till he was three-and-twenty, of which age he wanted nearly two years, during which he would be entirely dependent on his guardians, he deemed it expedient to conceal, to a certain degree, his sentiments, temporising with the old gentlemen, with whom, notwithstanding his many irregularities, he was a great favourite, and at whose death he expected to come into a yet greater property than that which he inherited from his parents.

Such is a brief account of Francis Ardry—of my friend Francis Ardry; for the acquaintance, commenced in the singular manner with which the reader is acquainted, speedily ripened into a friendship which endured through many long years of

separation, and which still endures certainly on my part, and on his—if he lives; but it is many years since I have heard from Francis Ardry.

And yet many people would have thought it impossible for our friendship to have lasted a week—for in many respects no two people could be more dissimilar. He was an Irishman—I, an Englishman;—he, fiery, enthusiastic, and open-hearted;—I, neither fiery, enthusiastic, nor open-hearted;—he, fond of pleasure and dissipation;—I, of study and reflection. Yet it is of such dissimilar elements that the most lasting friendships are formed: we do not like counterparts of ourselves. "Two great talkers will not travel far together," is a Spanish saying; I will add, "Nor two silent people;" we naturally love our opposites.

So Francis Ardry came to see me, and right glad I was to see him, for I had just flung my books and papers aside, and was wishing for a little social converse; and when we had conversed for some little time together, Francis Ardry proposed that we should go to the play to see Kean; so we went to the play, and saw—not Kean, who at that time was ashamed to show himself, but—a man who was

not ashamed to show himself, and who people said was a much better man than Kean—as I have no doubt he was—though whether he was a better actor I cannot say, for I never saw Kean.

Two or three evenings after Francis Ardry came to see me again, and again we went out together, and Francis Ardry took me to—shall I say?—why not?—a gaming house, where I saw people playing, and where I saw Francis Ardry play and lose five guineas, and where I lost nothing, because I did not play, though I felt somewhat inclined; for a man with a white hat and a sparkling eye held up a box which contained something which rattled, and asked me to fling the bones. "There is nothing like flinging the bones!" said he, and then I thought I should like to know what kind of thing flinging the bones was; I, however, restrained myself. "There is nothing like flinging the bones!" shouted the man, as my friend and myself left the room.

Long life and prosperity to Francis Ardry! but for him I should not have obtained knowledge which I did of the strange and eccentric places of

London. Some of the places to which he took me were very strange places indeed; but, however strange the places were, I observed that the inhabitants thought there were no places like their several places, and no occupations like their several occupations; and among other strange places to which Francis Ardry conducted me, was a place not far from the abbey church of Westminster.

Before we entered this place our ears were greeted by a confused hubbub of human voices, squealing of rats, barking of dogs, and the cries of various other animals. Here we beheld a kind of cock-pit, around which a great many people, seeming of all ranks, but chiefly of the lower, were gathered, and in it we saw a dog destroy a great many rats in a very small period; and when the dog had destroyed the rats, we saw a fight between a dog and a bear, then a fight between two dogs, then . . . . .

After the diversions of the day were over, my friend introduced me to the genius of the place, a small man of about five feet high, with a very sharp countenance, and dressed in a brown jockey coat, and top boots. "Joey," said he, "this is a friend

of mine." Joey nodded to me with a patronising air. "Glad to see you, sir!—want a dog?"

"No," said I.

"You have got one, then—want to match him?"

"We have a dog at home," said I, "in the country; but I can't say I should like to match him. Indeed, I do not like dog-fighting."

"Not like dog-fighting!" said the man, staring.

"The truth is, Joe, that he is just come to town."

"So I should think; he looks rather green—not like dog-fighting!"

"Nothing like it, is there, Joey?"

"I should think not; what is like it? A time will come, and that speedily, when folks will give up everything else, and follow dog-fighting."

"Do you think so?" said I.

"Think so? Let me ask what there is that a man wouldn't give up for it?"

"Why," said I, modestly, "there's religion."

"Religion! How you talk. Why there's myself, bred and born an Independent, and intended to

be a preacher, didn't I give up religion for dog-fighting? Religion, indeed! If it were not for the rascally law, my pit would fill better on Sundays than any other time. Who would go to church when they could come to my pit? Religion! why the parsons themselves come to my pit; and I have now a letter in my pocket from one of them, asking me to send him a dog."

"Well, then, politics," said I.

"Politics! Why the gemmen in the House would leave Pitt himself, if he were alive, to come to my pit. There were three of the best of them here to-night, all great horators.—Get on with you, what comes next?"

"Why, there's learning and letters."

"Pretty things, truly, to keep people from dog-fighting. Why there's the young gentlemen from the Abbey School comes here in shoals, leaving books, and letters, and masters too. To tell you the truth, I rather wish they would mind their letters, for a more precious set of young blackguards I never seed. It was only the other day I was thinking of calling in a constable for my own pro-

tection, for I thought my pit would have been torn down by them."

Scarcely knowing what to say, I made an observation at random. "You show, by your own conduct," said I, "that there are other things worth following besides dog-fighting. You practise rat-catching and badger-baiting as well."

The dog-fancier eyed me with supreme contempt.

"Your friend here," said he, "might well call you a new one. When I talks of dog-fighting, I of course means rat-catching, and badger-baiting, ay, and bull-baiting too, just as when I speaks religiously, when I says one I means not one but three. And talking of religion puts me in mind that I have something else to do besides chaffing here, having a batch of dogs to send off by this night's packet to the Pope of Rome."

But at last I had seen enough of what London had to show, whether strange or commonplace, so at least I thought, and I ceased to accompany my friend in his rambles about town, and to partake of his adventures. Our friendship, however, still continued unabated, though I saw, in consequence, less of him. I reflected that time was passing on—that

the little money I had brought to town was fast consuming, and that I had nothing to depend upon but my own exertions for a fresh supply; and I returned with redoubled application to my pursuits.

CHAPTER VIII.

OCCUPATIONS.—TRADUTTORE TRADITORE.—ODE TO THE MIST.—APPLE AND PEAR.—REVIEWING.—CURRENT LITERATURE.—OXFORD-LIKE MANNER.—A PLAIN STORY.—ILL-REGULATED MIND.—UNSNUFFED CANDLE.—STRANGE DREAMS.

I COMPILED the Chronicles of Newgate; I reviewed books for the Review established on an entirely new principle; and I occasionally tried my best to translate into German portions of the publisher's philosophy. In this last task I experienced more than one difficulty. I was a tolerable German scholar, it is true, and I had long been able to translate from German into English with considerable facility; but to translate from a foreign language into your own, is a widely different thing from translating from your own into a foreign language; and, in my first attempt to render the publisher into German, I was conscious of making miserable failures, from pure ignorance of German grammar; however, by the assistance of grammars and dictionaries, and by extreme perseverance, I at length overcame all the difficulties connected with the

German language. But, alas! another difficulty remained, far greater than any connected with German—a difficulty connected with the language of the publisher—the language which the great man employed in his writings was very hard to understand; I say in his writings—for his colloquial English was plain enough. Though not professing to be a scholar, he was much addicted, when writing, to the use of Greek and Latin terms, not as other people used them, but in a manner of his own, which set the authority of dictionaries at defiance; the consequence was, that I was sometimes utterly at a loss to understand the meaning of the publisher. Many a quarter of an hour did I pass at this period, staring at periods of the publisher, and wondering what he could mean, but in vain, till at last, with a shake of the head, I would snatch up the pen, and render the publisher literally into German. Sometimes I was almost tempted to substitute something of my own for what the publisher had written, but my conscience interposed; the awful words, Traduttore traditore, commenced ringing in my ears, and I asked myself whether I should be acting honourably towards the

publisher, who had committed to me the delicate task of translating him into German; should I be acting honourably towards him, in making him speak in German in a manner different from that in which he expressed himself in English? No, I could not reconcile such conduct with any principle of honour; by substituting something of my own in lieu of these mysterious passages of the publisher, I might be giving a fatal blow to his whole system of philosophy. Besides, when translating into English, had I treated foreign authors in this manner? Had I treated the minstrels of the Kiæmpe Viser in this manner?—No. Had I treated Ab Gwilym in this manner? Even when translating his Ode to the Mist, in which he is misty enough, had I attempted to make Ab Gwilym less misty? No; on referring to my translation, I found that Ab Gwilym in my hands was quite as misty as in his own. Then, seeing that I had not ventured to take liberties with people who had never put themselves into my hands for the purpose of being rendered, how could I venture to substitute my own thoughts and ideas for the publisher's, who had put himself into my hands for that purpose? Forbid it every

proper feeling!—so I told the Germans in the publisher's own way, the publisher's tale of an apple and a pear.

I at first felt much inclined to be of the publisher's opinion with respect to the theory of the pear. After all, why should the earth be shaped like an apple, and not like a pear?—it would certainly gain in appearance by being shaped like a pear. A pear being a handsomer fruit than an apple, the publisher is probably right, thought I, and I will say that he is right on this point in the notice which I am about to write of his publication for the Review. And yet I don't know—said I, after a long fit of musing—I don't know but what there is more to be said for the Oxford theory. The world may be shaped like a pear, but I don't know that it is; but one thing I know, which is, that it does not taste like a pear; I have always liked pears, but I don't like the world. The world to me tastes much more like an apple, and I have never liked apples. I will uphold the Oxford theory—besides, I am writing in an Oxford Review, and am in duty bound to uphold the Oxford theory. So in my notice I asserted that the world was round; I

quoted Scripture, and endeavoured to prove that the world was typified by the apple in Scripture, both as to shape and properties. "An apple is round," said I, "and the world is round—the apple is a sour, disagreeable fruit; and who has tasted much of the world without having his teeth set on edge?" I, however, treated the publisher, upon the whole, in the most urbane and Oxford-like manner; complimenting him upon his style, acknowledging the general soundness of his views, and only differing with him in the affair of the apple and pear.

I did not like reviewing at all—it was not to my taste; it was not in my way; I liked it far less than translating the publisher's philosophy, for that was something in the line of one whom a competent judge had surnamed Lavengro. I never could understand why reviews were instituted; works of merit do not require to be reviewed, they can speak for themselves, and require no praising; works of no merit at all will die of themselves, they require no killing. The review to which I was attached was, as has been already intimated, established on an entirely new plan; it professed to review all new publications, which certainly no review had ever

professed to do before, other reviews never pretending to review more than one-tenth of the current literature of the day. When I say it professed to review all new publications, I should add, which should be sent to it; for, of course, the review would not acknowledge the existence of publications, the authors of which did not acknowledge the existence of the review. I don't think, however, that the review had much cause to complain of being neglected; I have reason to believe that at least nine-tenths of the publications of the day were sent to the review, and in due time reviewed. I had good opportunity of judging—I was connected with several departments of the review, though more particularly with the poetical and philosophic ones. An English translation of Kant's philosophy made its appearance on my table the day before its publication. In my notice of this work, I said that the English shortly hoped to give the Germans a *quid pro quo*. I believe at that time authors were much in the habit of publishing at their own expense. All the poetry which I reviewed appeared to be published at the expense of the authors. If I am asked how I comported

myself, under all circumstances, as a reviewer—I answer,—I did not forget that I was connected with a review established on Oxford principles, the editor of which had translated Quintilian. All the publications which fell under my notice I treated in a gentlemanly and Oxford-like manner, no personalities—no vituperation—no shabby insinuations; decorum, decorum was the order of the day. Occasionally a word of admonition, but gently expressed, as an Oxford under-graduate might have expressed it, or master of arts. How the authors whose publications were consigned to my colleagues were treated by them I know not; I suppose they were treated in an urbane and Oxford-like manner, but I cannot say; I did not read the reviewals of my colleagues, I did not read my own after they were printed. I did not like reviewing.

Of all my occupations at this period I am free to confess I liked that of compiling the "Newgate Lives and Trials" the best; that is, after I had surmounted a kind of prejudice which I originally entertained. The trials were entertaining enough; but the lives—how full were they of wild and racy adventures, and in what racy, genuine language

were they told. What struck me most with respect to these lives was the art which the writers, whoever they were, possessed of telling a plain story. It is no easy thing to tell a story plainly and distinctly by mouth; but to tell one on paper is difficult indeed, so many snares lie in the way. People are afraid to put down what is common on paper, they seek to embellish their narratives, as they think, by philosophic speculations and reflections; they are anxious to shine, and people who are anxious to shine can never tell a plain story. "So I went with them to a music booth, where they made me almost drunk with 'gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand," says, or is made to say, Henry Simms, executed at Tyburn some seventy years before the time of which I am speaking. I have always looked upon this sentence as a master-piece of the narrative style, it is so concise and yet so very clear. As I gazed on passages like this, and there were many nearly as good in the Newgate lives, I often sighed that it was not my fortune to have to render these lives into German rather than the publisher's philosophy—his tale of an apple and pear.

Mine was an ill-regulated mind at this period. As I read over the lives of these robbers and pickpockets, strange doubts began to arise in my mind about virtue and crime. Years before, when quite a boy, as in one of the early chapters I have hinted, I had been a necessitarian; I had even written an essay on crime (I have it now before me, penned in a round boyish hand), in which I attempted to prove that there is no such thing as crime or virtue, all our actions being the result of circumstances or necessity. These doubts were now again reviving in my mind; I could not, for the life of me, imagine how, taking all circumstances into consideration, these highwaymen, these pickpockets, should have been anything else than highwaymen and pickpockets; any more than how, taking all circumstances into consideration, Bishop Latimer (the reader is aware that I had read "Fox's Book of Martyrs") should have been anything else than Bishop Latimer. I had a very ill-regulated mind at that period.

My own peculiar ideas with respect to everything being a lying dream began also to revive. Sometimes at midnight, after having toiled for

hours at my occupations, I would fling myself back on my chair, look about the poor apartment, dimly lighted by an unsnuffed candle, or upon the heaps of books and papers before me, and exclaim,—"Do I exist? Do these things, which I think I see about me, exist, or do they not? Is not every thing a dream—a deceitful dream? Is not this apartment a dream—the furniture a dream? The publisher a dream—his philosophy a dream? Am I not myself a dream—dreaming about translating a dream? I can't see why all should not be a dream; what's the use of the reality?" And then I would pinch myself, and snuff the burdened smoky light. "I can't see, for the life of me, the use of all this; therefore why should I think that it exists? If there was a chance, a probability of all this tending to anything, I might believe; but . . ." and then I would stare and think, and after some time shake my head and return again to my occupations for an hour or two; and then I would perhaps shake, and shiver, and yawn, and look wistfully in the direction of my sleeping apartment; and then, but not wistfully, at the papers and books before me; and sometimes I would return to my

papers and books; but oftener I would arise, and, after another yawn and shiver, take my light, and proceed to my sleeping chamber.

They say that light fare begets light dreams; my fare at that time was light enough; but I had anything but light dreams, for at that period I had all kind of strange and extravagant dreams, and amongst other things I dreamt that the whole world had taken to dog-fighting; and that I, myself, had taken to dog-fighting, and that in a vast circus I backed an English bulldog against the bloodhound of the Pope of Rome.

CHAPTER IX.

MY BROTHER.—FITS OF CRYING.—MAYOR ELECT.—THE COMMITTEE.—THE NORMAN ARCH.—A WORD OF GREEK.—CHURCH AND STATE.—AT MY OWN EXPENSE.—IF YOU PLEASE.

One morning I arose somewhat later than usual, having been occupied during the greater part of the night with my literary toil. On descending from my chamber into the sitting room I found a person seated by the fire, whose glance was directed sideways to the table, on which were the usual preparations for my morning's meal. Forthwith I gave a cry, and sprang forward to embrace the person; for the person by the fire, whose glance was directed to the table, was no one else than my brother.

"And how are things going on at home?" said I to my brother, after we had kissed and embraced. "How is my mother, and how is the dog?"

"My mother, thank God, is tolerably well," said my brother, "but very much given to fits of crying.

As for the dog, he is not so well; but we will talk more of these matters anon," said my brother, again glancing at the breakfast things: "I am very hungry, as you may suppose, after having travelled all night."

Thereupon I exerted myself to the best of my ability to perform the duties of hospitality, and I made my brother welcome—I may say more than welcome; and, when the rage of my brother's hunger was somewhat abated, we recommenced talking about the matters of our little family, and my brother told me much about my mother; he spoke of her fits of crying, but said that of late the said fits of crying had much diminished, and she appeared to be taking comfort; and, if I am not much mistaken, my brother told me that my mother had of late the prayer book frequently in her hand, and yet oftener the Bible.

We were silent for a time—at last I opened my mouth and mentioned the dog.

"The dog," said my brother, "is, I am afraid, in a very poor way; ever since the death he has done nothing but pine and take on. A few months ago, you remember, he was as plump and fine as any

dog in the town; but at present he is little more than skin and bone. Once we lost him for two days, and never expected to see him again, imagining that some mischance had befallen him; at length I found him — where do you think? Chancing to pass by the churchyard, I found him seated on the grave!"

"Very strange," said I; "but let us talk of something else. It was very kind of you to come and see me."

"Oh, as for that matter, I did not come up to see you, though of course I am very glad to see you, having been rather anxious about you, like my mother, who has received only one letter from you since your departure. No, I did not come up on purpose to see you; but on a quite different account. You must know that the corporation of our town have lately elected a new mayor, a person of many qualifications—big and portly, with a voice like Boanerges; a religious man, the possessor of an immense pew; loyal, so much so that I once heard him say that he would at any time go three miles to hear any one sing 'God save the King;' moreover, a giver of excellent dinners. Such is

our present mayor; who, owing to his loyalty, his religion, and a little, perhaps, to his dinners, is a mighty favourite; so much so that the town is anxious to have his portrait painted in a superior style, so that remote posterity may know what kind of man he was, the colour of his hair, his air and gait. So a committee was formed some time ago, which is still sitting; that is, they dine with the mayor every day to talk over the subject. A few days since, to my great surprise, they made their appearance in my poor studio, and desired to be favoured with a sight of some of my paintings; well, I showed them some, and, after looking at them with great attention, they went aside and whispered. 'He 'll do,' I heard one say; 'Yes, he 'll do,' said another; and then they came to me, and one of them, a little man with a hump on his back, who is a watchmaker, assumed the office of spokesman, and made a long speech—(the old town has been always celebrated for orators)—in which he told me how much they had been pleased with my productions—(the old town has been always celebrated for its artistic taste)—and, what do you think? offered me the painting of the

mayor's portrait, and a hundred pounds for my trouble. Well, of course I was much surprised, and for a minute or two could scarcely speak; recovering myself, however, I made a speech, not so eloquent as that of the watchmaker of course, being not so accustomed to speaking; but not so bad either, taking everything into consideration, telling them how flattered I felt by the honour which they had conferred in proposing to me such an undertaking; expressing, however, my fears that I was not competent to the task, and concluding by saying what a pity it was that Crome was dead. 'Crome,' said the little man, 'Crome; yes, he was a clever man, a very clever man in his way; he was good at painting landscapes and farm-houses, but he would not do in the present instance were he alive. He had no conception of the heroic, sir. We want some person capable of representing our mayor striding under the Norman arch out of the cathedral.' At the mention of the heroic an idea came at once into my head. 'Oh,' said I, 'if you are in quest of the heroic, I am glad that you came to me; don't mistake me,' I continued, 'I do not mean to say that I could do

justice to your subject, though I am fond of the heroic; but I can introduce you to a great master of the heroic, fully competent to do justice to your mayor. Not to me, therefore, be the painting of the picture given, but to a friend of mine, the great master of the heroic, to the best, the strongest, τῷ κρατιστῳ,' I added, for, being amongst orators, I thought a word of Greek would tell."

"Well," said I, "and what did the orators say?"

"They gazed dubiously at me and at one another," said my brother; "at last the watchmaker asked me who this Mr. Christo was; adding, that he had never heard of such a person; that, from my recommendation of him, he had no doubt that he was a very clever man; but that they should like to know something more about him before giving the commission to him. That he had heard of Christie the great auctioneer, who was considered to be an excellent judge of pictures; but he supposed that I scarcely . . . . Whereupon, interrupting the watchmaker, I told him that I alluded neither to Christo nor to Christie; but to the painter of Lazarus rising from the grave, a painter under whom I had myself studied during some months that I had

spent in London, and to whom I was indebted for much connected with the heroic."

"I have heard of him," said the watchmaker, "and his paintings too; but I am afraid that he is not exactly the gentleman by whom our mayor would wish to be painted. I have heard say that he is not a very good friend to Church and State. Come young man," he added, "it appears to me that you are too modest; I like your style of painting, so do we all, and—why should I mince the matter?—the money is to be collected in the town, why should it go into a stranger's pocket, and be spent in London?"

"Thereupon I made them a speech, in which I said that art had nothing to do with Church and State, at least with English Church and State, which had never encouraged it; and that, though Church and State were doubtless very fine things, a man might be a very good artist who cared not a straw for either. I then made use of some more Greek words, and told them how painting was one of the Nine Muses, and one of the most independent creatures alive, inspiring whom she pleased, and asking leave of nobody; that I should be quite unworthy

of the favours of the Muse if, on the present occasion, I did not recommend them a man whom I considered to be a much greater master of the heroic than myself; and that, with regard to the money being spent in the city, I had no doubt that they would not weigh for a moment such a consideration against the chance of getting a true heroic picture for the city. I never talked so well in my life, and said so many flattering things to the hunchback and his friends, that at last they said that I should have my own way; and that if I pleased to go up to London, and bring down the painter of Lazarus to paint the mayor, I might; so they then bade me farewell, and I have come up to London."

"To put a hundred pounds into the hands of . . . . ."

"A better man than myself," said my brother, "of course."

"And have you come up at your own expense?"

"Yes," said my brother, "I have come up at my own expense."

I made no answer, but looked in my brother's face. We then returned to the former subjects of

conversation, talking of the dead, my mother, and the dog.

After some time, my brother said, "I will now go to the painter, and communicate to him the business which has brought me to town; and, if you please, I will take you with me and introduce you to him." Having expressed my willingness, we descended into the street.

CHAPTER X.

PAINTER OF THE HEROIC.—I'LL GO!—A MODEST PEEP.—WHO IS THIS?—A CAPITAL PHARAOH.—DISPROPORTIONABLY SHORT.—IMAGINARY PICTURE.—ENGLISH FIGURES.

THE painter of the heroic resided a great way off, at the western end of the town. We had some difficulty in obtaining admission to him; a maid-servant, who opened the door, eyeing us somewhat suspiciously: it was not until my brother had said that he was a friend of the painter that we were permitted to pass the threshold. At length we were shown into the studio, where we found the painter, with an easel and brush, standing before a huge piece of canvas, on which he had lately commenced painting a heroic picture. The painter might be about thirty-five years old; he had a clever, intelligent countenance, with a sharp grey eye—his hair was dark brown, and cut à-la-Rafael, as I was subsequently told, that is, there was little

before and much behind—he did not wear a neck-cloth; but, in its stead, a black riband, so that his neck, which was rather fine, was somewhat exposed—he had a broad muscular breast, and I make no doubt that he would have been a very fine figure, but unfortunately his legs and thighs were somewhat short. He recognised my brother, and appeared glad to see him.

"What brings you to London?" said he.

Whereupon my brother gave him a brief account of his commission. At the mention of the hundred pounds, I observed the eyes of the painter glisten. "Really," said he, when my brother had concluded, "it was very kind to think of me. I am not very fond of painting portraits; but a mayor is a mayor, and there is something grand in that idea of the Norman arch. I'll go; moreover, I am just at this moment confoundedly in need of money, and when you knocked at the door, I don't mind telling you, I thought it was some dun. I don't know how it is, but in the capital they have no taste for the heroic, they will scarce look at a heroic picture; I am glad to hear that they have better taste in the provinces. I'll go; when shall we set off?"

Thereupon it was arranged between the painter and my brother that they should depart the next day but one; they then began to talk of art. "I 'll stick to the heroic," said the painter; "I now and then dabble in the comic, but what I do gives me no pleasure, the comic is so low; there is nothing like the heroic. I am engaged here on a heroic picture," said he, pointing to the canvas; "the subject is 'Pharaoh dismissing Moses from Egypt,' after the last plague—the death of the first-born;—it is not far advanced—that finished figure is Moses:" they both looked at the canvas, and I, standing behind, took a modest peep. The picture, as the painter said, was not far advanced, the Pharaoh was merely in outline; my eye was, of course. attracted by the finished figure, or rather what the painter had called the finished figure; but, as I gazed upon it, it appeared to me that there was something defective—something unsatisfactory in the figure. I concluded, however, that the painter, notwithstanding what he had said, had omitted to give it the finishing touch. "I intend this to be my best picture," said the painter; "what I

want now is a face for Pharaoh; I have long been meditating on a face for Pharaoh." Here, chancing to cast his eye upon my countenance, of whom he had scarcely taken any manner of notice, he remained with his mouth open for some time. "Who is this?" said he at last. "Oh, this is my brother, I forgot to introduce him . . . . ."

We presently afterwards departed; my brother talked much about the painter. "He is a noble fellow," said my brother; "but, like many other noble fellows, has a great many enemies; he is hated by his brethren of the brush—all the land and waterscape painters hatè him—but, above all, the race of portrait painters, who are ten times more numerous than the other two sorts, detest him for his heroic tendencies. It will be a kind of triumph to the last, I fear, when they hear he has condescended to paint a portrait; however, that Norman arch will enable him to escape from their malice—that is a capital idea of the watchmaker, that Norman arch."

I spent a happy day with my brother. On the morrow he went again to the painter, with whom he

dined; I did not go with him. On his return he said, "The painter has been asking a great many questions about you, and expressed a wish that you would sit to him as Pharaoh; he thinks you would make a capital Pharaoh." "I have no wish to appear on canvas," said I; "moreover he can find much better Pharaohs than myself; and, if he wants a real Pharaoh, there is a certain Mr. Petulengro." "Petulengro?" said my brother; "a strange kind of fellow came up to me some time ago in our town, and asked me about you; when I inquired his name, he told me Petulengro. No, he will not do, he is too short; by the by, do you not think that figure of Moses is somewhat short?" And then it appeared to me that I had thought the figure of Moses somewhat short, and I told my brother so. "Ah!" said my brother.

On the morrow my brother departed with the painter for the old town, and there the painter painted the mayor. I did not see the picture for a great many years, when, chancing to be at the old town, I beheld it.

The original mayor was a mighty, portly man,

with a bull's head, black hair, body like that of a dray horse, and legs and thighs corresponding; a man six foot high at the least. To his bull's head, black hair, and body the painter had done justice; there was one point, however, in which the portrait did not correspond with the original—the legs were disproportionably short, the painter having substituted his own legs for those of the mayor, which when I perceived I rejoiced that I had not consented to be painted as Pharaoh, for, if I had, the chances are that he would have served me in exactly a similar way as he had served Moses and the mayor.

Short legs in a heroic picture will never do; and, upon the whole, I think the painter's attempt at the heroic in painting the mayor of the old town a decided failure. If I am now asked whether the picture would have been a heroic one provided the painter had not substituted his own legs for those of the mayor—I must say, I am afraid not. I have no idea of making heroic pictures out of English mayors, even with the assistance of Norman arches; yet I am sure that capital pictures

might be made out of English mayors, not issuing from Norman arches, but rather from the door of the "Checquers" or the "Brewers Three." The painter in question had great comic power, which he scarcely ever cultivated; he would fain be a Rafael, which he never could be, when he might have been something quite as good—another Hogarth; the only comic piece which he ever presented to the world being something little inferior to the best of that illustrious master. I have often thought what a capital picture might have been made by my brother's friend, if, instead of making the mayor issue out of the Norman arch, he had painted him moving under the sign of the "Checquers," or the "Three Brewers," with mace—yes, with mace,—the mace appears in the picture issuing out of the Norman arch behind the mayor,—but likewise with Snap, and with whiffler, quart pot, and frying pan, Billy Blind, and Owlenglass, Mr. Petulengro, and Pakomovna;—then, had he clapped his own legs upon the mayor, or any one else in the concourse, what matter? But I repeat that I have no hope of making heroic pictures out of English

mayors, or, indeed, out of English figures in general. England may be a land of heroic hearts, but it is not, properly, a land of heroic figures, or heroic posture-making.—Italy . . . . . what was I going to say about Italy?

CHAPTER XI.

NO AUTHORITY WHATEVER.—INTERFERENCE.—WONDROUS FARRAGO.—BRANDT AND STRUENSEE.—WHAT A LIFE!—THE HEARSE.—MORTAL RELICS.—GREAT POET.—FASHION AND FAME.—WHAT A DIFFERENCE.—OH, BEAUTIFUL.—GOOD FOR NOTHING.

And now once more to my pursuits, to my Lives and Trials. However partial at first I might be to these lives and trials, it was not long before they became regular trials to me, owing to the whims and caprices of the publisher. I had not been long connected with him before I discovered that he was wonderfully fond of interfering with other people's business—at least with the business of those who were under his control. What a life did his unfortunate authors lead! He had many in his employ toiling at all kinds of subjects—I call them authors because there is something respectable in the term author, though they had little authorship in, and no authority whatever over, the works on which they were engaged. It is true the publisher interfered

with some colour of reason, the plan of all and every of the works alluded to having originated with himself; and, be it observed, many of his plans were highly clever and promising, for, as I have already had occasion to say, the publisher in many points was a highly clever and sagacious person; but he ought to have been contented with planning the works originally, and have left to other people the task of executing them, instead of which he marred everything by his rage for interference. If a book of fairy tales was being compiled, he was sure to introduce some of his philosophy, explaining the fairy tale by some theory of his own. Was a book of anecdotes on hand, it was sure to be half filled with sayings and doings of himself during the time that he was common councilman of the City of London. Now, however fond the public might be of fairy tales, it by no means relished them in conjunction with the publisher's philosophy; and however fond of anecdotes in general, or even of the publisher in particular—for indeed there were a great many anecdotes in circulation about him which the public both read and listened to very readily—it took no pleasure in such anecdotes as he was disposed to relate about

himself. In the compilation of my Lives and Trials, I was exposed to incredible mortification, and ceaseless trouble, from this same rage for interference. It is true he could not introduce his philosophy into the work, nor was it possible for him to introduce anecdotes of himself, having never had the good or evil fortune to be tried at the bar; but he was continually introducing—what, under a less apathetic government than the one then being, would have infallibly subjected him, and perhaps myself, to a trial,—his politics; not his Oxford or pseudo politics, but the politics which he really entertained, and which were of the most republican and violent kind. But this was not all; when about a moiety of the first volume had been printed, he materially altered the plan of the work; it was no longer to be a collection of mere Newgate lives and trials, but of lives and trials of criminals in general, foreign as well as domestic. In a little time the work became a wondrous farrago, in which Königsmark the robber figured by the side of Sam Lynn, and the Marchioness de Brinvilliers was placed in contact with a Chinese outlaw. What gave me the most trouble and annoyance, was the publisher's re-

membering some life or trial, foreign or domestic, which he wished to be inserted, and which I was forthwith to go in quest of and purchase at my own expense: some of those lives and trials were by no means easy to find. "Where is Brandt and Struensee?" cries the publisher; "I am sure I don't know," I replied; whereupon the publisher falls to squealing like one of Joey's rats. "Find me up Brandt and Struensee by next morning, or . . . . . "Have you found Brandt and Struensee?" cried the publisher, on my appearing before him next morning. "No," I reply, "I can hear nothing about them;" whereupon the publisher falls to bellowing like Joey's bull. By dint of incredible diligence, I at length discover the dingy volume containing the lives and trials of the celebrated two who had brooded treason dangerous to the state of Denmark. I purchase the dingy volume, and bring it in triumph to the publisher, the perspiration running down my brow. The publisher takes the dingy volume in his hand, he examines it attentively, then puts it down; his countenance is calm for a moment, almost benign. Another moment and there is a gleam in the publisher's sinister eye; he snatches up the paper

containing the names of the worthies which I have intended shall figure in the forthcoming volumes—he glances rapidly over it, and his countenance once more assumes a terrific expression. "How is this?" he exclaims; "I can scarcely believe my eyes—the most important life and trial omitted to be found in the whole criminal record—what gross, what utter negligence! Where's the life of Farmer Patch? where's the trial of Yeoman Patch?"

"What a life! what a dog's life!" I would frequently exclaim, after escaping from the presence of the publisher.

One day, after a scene with the publisher similar to that which I have described above, I found myself about noon at the bottom of Oxford Street, where it forms a right angle with the road which leads or did lead to Tottenham Court. Happening to cast my eyes around, it suddenly occurred to me that something uncommon was expected; people were standing in groups on the pavement—the upstair windows of the houses were thronged with faces, especially those of women, and many of the shops were partly, and not a few entirely closed.

What could be the reason of all this? All at once I bethought me that this street of Oxford was no other than the far-famed Tyburn way. Oh, oh, thought I, an execution; some handsome young robber is about to be executed at the farther end; just so, see how earnestly the women are peering; perhaps another Harry Symms—Gentleman Harry as they called him—is about to be carted along this street to Tyburn tree; but then I remembered that Tyburn tree had long since been cut down, and that criminals, whether young or old, good looking or ugly, were executed before the big stone gaol, which I had looked at with a kind of shudder during my short rambles in the city. What could be the matter? Just then I heard various voices cry "There it comes!" and all heads were turned up Oxford Street, down which a hearse was slowly coming: nearer and nearer it drew; presently it was just opposite the place where I was standing, when, turning to the left, it proceeded slowly along Tottenham Road; immediately behind the hearse were three or four mourning coaches, full of people, some of which, from the partial glimpse which I caught of

them, appeared to be foreigners; behind these came a very long train of splendid carriages, all of which, without one exception, were empty.

"Whose body is in that hearse?" said I to a dapper-looking individual, seemingly a shopkeeper, who stood beside me on the pavement, looking at the procession.

"The mortal relics of Lord Byron," said the dapper-looking individual, mouthing his words and smirking—the illustrious poet, which have been just brought from Greece, and are being conveyed to the family vault in . . . . . shire."

"An illustrious poet, was he?" said I.

"Beyond all criticism," said the dapper man; "all we of the rising generation are under incalculable obligation to Byron; I myself, in particular, have reason to say so; in all my correspondence my style is formed on the Byronic model."

I looked at the individual for a moment, who smiled and smirked to himself applause, and then I turned my eyes upon the hearse proceeding slowly up the almost endless street. This man, this Byron, had for many years past been the demigod of England, and his verses the daily food of those who read, from the peer to the draper's assistant; all were

admirers, or rather worshippers, of Byron, and all doated on his verses; and then I thought of those who, with genius as high as his, or higher, had lived and died neglected. I thought of Milton abandoned to poverty and blindness; of witty and ingenious Butler consigned to the tender mercies of bailiffs; and starving Otway: they had lived neglected and despised, and, when they died, a few poor mourners only had followed them to the grave; but this Byron had been made a half god of when living, and now that he was dead he was followed by worshipping crowds, and the very sun seemed to come out on purpose to grace his funeral. And, indeed, the sun, which for many days past had hidden its face in clouds, shone out that morn with wonderful brilliancy, flaming upon the black hearse and its tall ostrich plumes, the mourning coaches, and the long train of aristocratic carriages which followed behind.

"Great poet, sir," said the dapper-looking man, "great poet, but unhappy."

Unhappy? yes, I had heard that he had been unhappy; that he had roamed about a fevered, distempered man, taking pleasure in nothing—that I had heard; but was it true? was he really unhappy? was not this unhappiness as-

assumed, with the view of increasing the interest which the world took in him? and yet who could say? He might be unhappy, and with reason. Was he a real poet after all? might he not doubt himself? might he not have a lurking consciousness that he was undeserving of the homage which he was receiving? that it could not last? that he was rather at the top of fashion than of fame? He was a lordling, a glittering, gorgeous lordling: and he might have had a consciousness that he owed much of his celebrity to being so; he might have felt that he was rather at the top of fashion than of fame. Fashion soon changes, thought I, eagerly to myself—a time will come, and that speedily, when he will be no longer in the fashion; when this idiotic admirer of his, who is still grinning at my side, shall have ceased to mould his style on Byron's; and this aristocracy, squirearchy, and what not, who now send their empty carriages to pay respect to the fashionable corpse, shall have transferred their empty worship to some other animate or inanimate thing. Well, perhaps after all it was better to have been mighty Milton in his poverty and blindness—witty and ingenious Butler consigned to the tender mer-

cies of bailiffs, and starving Otway; they might enjoy more real pleasure than this lordling; they must have been aware that the world would one day do them justice—fame after death is better than the top of fashion in life. They have left a fame behind them which shall never die, whilst this lordling—a time will come when he will be out of fashion and forgotten. And yet I don't know; didn't he write Childe Harold and that ode? Yes, he wrote Childe Harold and that ode. Then a time will scarcely come when he will be forgotten. Lords, squires, and cockneys may pass away, but a time will scarcely come when Childe Harold and that ode will be forgotten. He was a poet, after all, and he must have known it; a real poet, equal to . . . to . . . . what a destiny! Rank, beauty, fashion, immortality,—he could not be unhappy; what a difference in the fate of men—I wish I could think he was unhappy . . . .

I turned away.

"Great poet, sir," said the dapper man, turning away too, "but unhappy—fate of genius, sir; I, too, am frequently unhappy."

Hurrying down a street to the right, I encountered Francis Ardry.

"What means the multitude yonder?" he demanded.

"They are looking after the hearse which is carrying the remains of Byron up Tottenham Road."

"I have seen the man," said my friend, as he turned back the way he had come, "so I can dispense with seeing the hearse—I saw the living man at Venice—ah, a great poet."

"Yes," said I, "a great poet, it must be so, everybody says so—what a destiny! What a difference in the fate of men; but 'tis said he was unhappy; you have seen him, how did he look?"

"Oh, beautiful!"

"But did he look happy?"

"Why, I can't say he looked very unhappy; I saw him with two . . . very fair ladies; but what is it to you whether the man was unhappy or not? Come, where shall we go—to Joey's? His hugest bear . . . . ."

"O, I have had enough of bears, I have just been worried by one."

"The publisher?"

"Yes."

"Then come to Joey's, three dogs are to be

launched at his bear: as they pin him, imagine him to be the publisher."

"No," said I, "I am good for nothing; I think I shall stroll to London Bridge."

"That 's too far for me—farewell."

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON BRIDGE.—WHY NOT?—EVERY HEART HAS ITS BITTERS.—WICKED BOYS.—GIVE ME MY BOOK.—SUCH A FRIGHT.—HONOUR BRIGHT.

So I went to London Bridge, and again took my station on the spot by the booth where I had stood on the former occasion. The booth, however, was empty; neither the apple-woman nor her stall were to be seen. I looked over the balustrade upon the river; the tide was now, as before, rolling beneath the arch with frightful impetuosity. As I gazed upon the eddies of the whirlpool, I thought within myself how soon human life would become extinct there; a plunge, a convulsive flounder, and all would be over. When I last stood over that abyss I had felt a kind of impulse—a fascination; I had resisted it—I did not plunge into it. At present I felt a kind of impulse to plunge; but the impulse was of a different kind; it proceeded from a loathing of life. I looked wistfully at the eddies—what had

I to live for?—what, indeed! I thought of Brandt and Struensee, and Yeoman Patch—should I yield to the impulse—why not? My eyes were fixed on the eddies. All of a sudden I shuddered; I thought I saw heads in the pool; human bodies wallowing confusedly; eyes turned up to heaven with hopeless horror; was that water, or . . . . . Where was the impulse now? I raised my eyes from the pool, I looked no more upon it—I looked forward, far down the stream in the far distance. "Ha! what is that? I thought I saw a kind of Fata Morgana, green meadows, waving groves, a rustic home; but in the far distance—I stared—I stared—a Fata Morgana—it was gone . . . . .

I left the balustrade and walked to the farther end of the bridge, where I stood for some time contemplating the crowd; I then passed over to the other side with an intention of returning home; just half way over the bridge, in a booth immediately opposite to the one in which I had formerly beheld her, sat my friend, the old apple-woman, huddled up behind her stall.

"Well, mother," said I, "how are you?" The old woman lifted her head with a startled look.

"Don't you know me?" said I.

"Yes, I think I do. Ah, yes," said she, as her features beamed with recollection, "I know you, dear; you are the young lad that gave me the tanner. Well, child, got anything to sell?"

"Nothing at all," said I.

"Bad luck?"

"Yes," said I, "bad enough, and ill usage."

"Ah, I suppose they caught ye; well, child, never mind, better luck next time; I am glad to see you."

"Thank you," said I, sitting down on the stone bench; "I thought you had left the bridge—why have you changed your side?"

The old woman shook.

"What is the matter with you," said I; "are you ill?"

"No child, no; only . . . . ."

"Only what? Any bad news of your son?"

"No, child, no; nothing about my son. Only low, child—every heart has its bitters."

"That's true," said I; "well, I don't want to know your sorrows; come, where's the book?"

The apple-woman shook more violently than

before, bent herself down, and drew her cloak more closely about her than before. "Book, child, what book?"

"Why, blessed Mary, to be sure."

"Oh, that; I ha'n't got it, child—I have lost it, have left it at home."

"Lost it," said I; "left it at home—what do you mean? Come, let me have it."

"I ha'n't got it, child."

"I believe you have got it under your cloak."

"Don't tell any one, dear; don't—don't," and the apple-woman burst into tears.

"What 's the matter with you?" said I, staring at her.

"You want to take my book from me?"

"Not I, I care nothing about it; keep it, if you like, only tell me what 's the matter?"

"Why, all about that book."

"The book?"

"Yes, they wanted to take it from me."

"Who did?"

"Why, some wicked boys. I 'll tell you all about it. Eight or ten days ago, I sat behind my stall, reading my book; all of a sudden I felt it snatched

from my hand, up I started, and see three rascals of boys grinning at me; one of them held the book in his hand. 'What book is this?' said he, grinning at it. 'What do you want with my book?' said I, clutching at it over my stall, "give me my book.' 'What do you want a book for?' said he, holding it back; 'I have a good mind to fling it into the Thames.' 'Give me my book,' I shrieked; and, snatching at it, I fell over my stall, and all my fruit was scattered about. Off ran the boys—off ran the rascal with my book. Oh dear, I thought I should have died; up I got, however, and ran after them as well as I could; I thought of my fruit, but I thought more of my book. I left my fruit and ran after my book. 'My book! my book!' I shrieked, 'murder! theft! robbery!' I was near being crushed under the wheels of a cart; but I didn't care—I followed the rascals. 'Stop them! stop them!' I ran nearly as fast as they—they couldn't run very fast on account of the crowd. At last some one stopped the rascal, whereupon he turned round, and flinging the book at me, it fell into the mud; well, I picked it up and kissed it, all muddy as it was. 'Has he robbed you?' said the

man. 'Robbed me, indeed; why he had got my book.' 'Oh, your book,' said the man, and laughed, and let the rascal go. Ah, he might laugh, but . . . . ."

"Well, go on."

"My heart beats so. Well, I went back to my booth and picked up my stall and my fruits, what I could find of them. I couldn't keep my stall for two days I got such a fright, and when I got round I couldn't bide the booth where the thing had happened, so I came over to the other side. Oh, the rascals, if I could but see them hanged."

"For what?"

"Why, for stealing my book."

"I thought you didn't dislike stealing,—that you were ready to buy things—there was your son, you know . . . . ."

"Yes, to be sure."

"He took things."

"To be sure he did."

"But you don't like a thing of yours to be taken."

"No, that's quite a different thing; what's stealing handkerchiefs, and that kind of thing, to

do with taking my book; there 's a wide difference—don't you see?"

"Yes, I see."

"Do you, dear? well, bless your heart, I 'm glad you do. Would you like to look at the book?"

"Well, I think I should."

"Honour bright?" said the apple-woman, looking me in the eyes.

"Honour bright," said I, looking the apple-woman in the eyes.

"Well then, dear, here it is," said she, taking it from under her cloak; "read it as long as you like, only get a little farther into the booth . . . . . Don't sit so near the edge . . . . you might . . . ."

I went deep into the booth, and the apple-woman, bringing her chair round, almost confronted me. I commenced reading the book, and was soon engrossed by it; hours passed away, once or twice I lifted up my eyes, the apple-woman was still confronting me: at last my eyes began to ache, whereupon I returned the book to the apple-woman, and, giving her another tanner, walked away.

CHAPTER XIII.

DECEASE OF THE REVIEW.—HOMER HIMSELF.—BREAD AND CHEESE.—FINGER AND THUMB.—IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND.—SOMETHING GRAND.—UNIVERSAL MIXTURE.—SOME OTHER PUBLISHER.

TIME passed away, and with it the review, which, contrary to the publisher's expectation, did not prove a successful speculation. About four months after the period of its birth it expired, as all reviews must for which there is no demand. Authors had ceased to send their publications to it, and, consequently, to purchase it; for I have already hinted that it was almost entirely supported by authors of a particular class, who expected to see their publications foredoomed to immortality in its pages. The behaviour of these authors towards this unfortunate publication I can attribute to no other cause than to a report which was industriously circulated, namely, that the review was low, and that to be reviewed in it was an infallible sign that one was a

low person, who could be reviewed nowhere else. So authors took fright; and no wonder, for it will never do for an author to be considered low. Homer himself has never yet entirely recovered from the injury he received by Lord Chesterfield's remark, that the speeches of his heroes were frequently exceedingly low.

So the review ceased, and the reviewing corps no longer existed as such; they forthwith returned to their proper avocations—the editor to compose tunes on his piano, and to the task of disposing of the remaining copies of his Quintilian—the inferior members to working for the publisher, being to a man dependents of his; one, to composing fairy tales; another, to collecting miracles of Popish saints; and a third, Newgate lives and trials. Owing to the bad success of the review, the publisher became more furious than ever. My money was growing short, and I one day asked him to pay me for my labours in the deceased publication.

"Sir," said the publisher, "what do you want the money for?"

"Merely to live on," I replied; "it is very difficult to live in this town without money."

"How much money did you bring with you to town?" demanded the publisher.

"Some twenty or thirty pounds," I replied.

"And you have spent it already?"

"No," said I, "not entirely; but it is fast disappearing."

"Sir," said the publisher, "I believe you to be extravagant; yes, sir, extravagant!"

"On what grounds do you suppose me to be so?"

"Sir," said the publisher, "you eat meat."

"Yes," said I, "I eat meat sometimes; what should I eat?"

"Bread, sir," said the publisher; "bread and cheese."

"So I do, sir, when I am disposed to indulge; but I cannot often afford it—it is very expensive to dine on bread and cheese, especially when one is fond of cheese, as I am. My last bread and cheese dinner cost me fourteen pence. There is drink, sir; with bread and cheese one must drink porter, sir."

"Then, sir, eat bread—bread alone. As good men as yourself have eaten bread alone; they have

been glad to get it, sir. If with bread and cheese you must drink porter, sir, with bread alone you can, perhaps, drink water, sir."

However, I got paid at last for my writings in the review, not, it is true, in the current coin of the realm, but in certain bills; there were two of them, one payable at twelve, and the other at eighteen months after date. It was a long time before I could turn these bills to any account; at last I found a person who, at a discount of only thirty per cent., consented to cash them; not, however, without sundry grimaces, and, what was still more galling, holding, more than once, the unfortunate papers high in air between his forefinger and thumb. So ill, indeed, did I like this last action, that I felt much inclined to snatch them away. I restrained myself, however, for I remembered that it was very difficult to live without money, and that, if the present person did not discount the bills, I should probably find no one else that would.

But if the treatment which I had experienced from the publisher, previous to making this demand upon him, was difficult to bear, that which I subsequently underwent was far more so; his great de-

light seemed to consist in causing me misery and mortification; if, on former occasions, he was continually sending me in quest of lives and trials difficult to find, he now was continually demanding lives and trials which it was impossible to find; the personages whom he mentioned never having lived, nor consequently been tried. Moreover, some of my best lives and trials which I had corrected and edited with particular care, and on which I prided myself no little, he caused to be cancelled after they had passed through the press. Amongst these was the life of "Gentleman Harry." "They are drugs, sir," said the publisher, "drugs; that life of Harry Simms has long been the greatest drug in the calendar—has it not, Taggart?"

Taggart made no answer save by taking a pinch of snuff. The reader has, I hope, not forgotten Taggart, whom I mentioned whilst giving an account of my first morning's visit to the publisher. I beg Taggart's pardon for having been so long silent about him; but he was a very silent man—yet there was much in Taggart—and Taggart had always been civil and kind to me in his peculiar way.

"Well, young gentleman," said Taggart to me one morning, when we chanced to be alone a few days after the affair of the cancelling, "how do you like authorship?"

"I scarcely call authorship the drudgery I am engaged in," said I.

"What do you call authorship?" said Taggart.

"I scarcely know," said I; "that is, I can scarcely express what I think it."

"Shall I help you out?" said Taggart, turning round his chair, and looking at me.

"If you like," said I.

"To write something grand," said Taggart, taking snuff; "to be stared at—lifted on people's shoulders . . . . ."

"Well," said I, "that is something like it."

Taggart took snuff. "Well," said he, "why don't you write something grand?"

"I have," said I.

"What?" said Taggart.

"Why," said I, "there are those ballads."

Taggart took snuff.

"And those wonderful versions from Ab Gwilym."

Taggart took snuff again.

"You seem to be very fond of snuff," said I; looking at him angrily.

Taggart tapped his box.

"Have you taken it long?"

"Three-and-twenty years."

"What snuff do you take?"

"Universal mixture."

"And you find it of use?"

Taggart tapped his box.

"In what respect?" said I.

"In many—there is nothing like it to get a man through; but for snuff I should scarcely be where I am now."

"Have you been long here?"

"Three-and-twenty years."

"Dear me," said I; "and snuff brought you through? Give me a pinch—pah, I don't like it," and I sneezed.

"Take another pinch," said Taggart.

"No," said I, "I don't like snuff."

"Then you will never do for authorship; at least for this kind."

"So I begin to think—what shall I do?"

Taggart took snuff.

"You were talking of a great work—what shall it be?"

Taggart took snuff.

"Do you think I could write one?"

Taggart uplifted his two forefingers as if to tap, he did not however.

"It would require time," said I, with a half sigh.

Taggart tapped his box.

"A great deal of time; I really think that my ballads . . . . ."

Taggart took snuff.

"If published, would do me credit. I'll make an effort, and offer them to some other publisher."

Taggart took a double quantity of snuff.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRANCIS ARDRY.—THAT WON'T DO, SIR.—OBSERVE MY GESTURES.—I THINK YOU IMPROVE.—BETTER THAN POLITICS.—DELIGHTFUL YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN.—A BURNING SHAME.—MAGNIFICENT IMPUDENCE.—PAUNCH.—VOLTAIRE.—LUMP OF SUGAR.

Occasionally I called on Francis Ardry. This young gentleman resided in handsome apartments in the neighbourhood of a fashionable square, kept a livery servant, and, upon the whole, lived in very good style. Going to see him one day, between one and two, I was informed by the servant that his master was engaged for the moment, but that, if I pleased to wait a few minutes, I should find him at liberty. Having told the man that I had no objection, he conducted me into a small apartment which served as antechamber to a drawing-room; the door of this last being half open, I could see Francis Ardry at the farther end, speechifying and gesticulating in a very impressive manner. The servant, in some confusion, was hastening to

close the door; but, ere he could effect his purpose, Francis Ardry, who had caught a glimpse of me, exclaimed, "Come in—come in by all means;" and then proceeded, as before, speechifying and gesticulating. Filled with some surprise, I obeyed his summons.

On entering the room I perceived another individual, to whom Francis Ardry appeared to be addressing himself; this other was a short spare man of about sixty; his hair was of badger grey, and his face was covered with wrinkles—without vouchsafing me a look, he kept his eye, which was black and lustrous, fixed full on Francis Ardry, as if paying the deepest attention to his discourse. All of a sudden, however, he cried with a sharp, cracked voice, "That won't do, sir; that won't do—more vehemence—your argument is at present particularly weak; therefore, more vehemence — you must confuse them, stun them, stultify them, sir;" and, at each of these injunctions, he struck the back of his right hand sharply against the palm of the left. "Good, sir—good!" he occasionally uttered, in the same sharp, cracked tone, as the voice of Francis Ardry became more and more vehement.

"Infinitely good!" he exclaimed, as Francis Ardry raised his voice to the highest pitch; "and now, sir, abate; let the tempest of vehemence decline—gradually, sir; not too fast. Good, sir—very good!" as the voice of Francis Ardry declined gradually in vehemence. "And now a little pathos, sir—try them with a little pathos. That won't do, sir—that won't do,"—as Francis Ardry made an attempt to become pathetic,—"that will never pass for pathos—with tones and gesture of that description you will never redress the wrongs of your country. Now, sir, observe my gestures, and pay attention to the tone of my voice, sir."

Thereupon, making use of nearly the same terms which Francis Ardry had employed, the individual in black uttered several sentences in tones and with gestures which were intended to express a considerable degree of pathos, though it is possible that some people would have thought both the one and the other highly ludicrous. After a pause, Francis Ardry recommenced imitating the tones and the gesture of his monitor in the most admirable manner. Before he had proceeded far, however, he burst into a fit of laughter, in which I should,

perhaps, have joined, provided it were ever my wont to laugh. "Ha, ha!" said the other, good-humouredly, "you are laughing at me. Well, well, I merely wished to give you a hint; but you saw very well what I meant; upon the whole I think you improve. But I must now go, having two other pupils to visit before four."

Then taking from the table a kind of three cornered hat, and a cane headed with amber, he shook Francis Ardry by the hand; and, after glancing at me for a moment, made me a half bow, attended with a strange grimace, and departed.

"Who is that gentleman?" said I to Francis Ardry, as soon as we were alone.

"Oh, that is . . . . ." said Frank smiling, "the gentleman who gives me lessons in elocution."

"And what need have you of elocution?"

"Oh, I merely obey the commands of my guardians," said Francis, "who insist that I should, with the assistance of . . . . . , qualify myself for Parliament; for which they do me the honour to suppose that I have some natural talent. I dare not disobey them; for, at the present moment, I

have particular reasons for wishing to keep on good terms with them."

"But," said I, "you are a Roman Catholic; and I thought that persons of your religion were excluded from Parliament?"

"Why, upon that very thing the whole matter hinges; people of our religion are determined to be no longer excluded from Parliament, but to have a share in the government of the nation. Not that I care anything about the matter; I merely obey the will of my guardians; my thoughts are fixed on something better than politics."

"I understand you," said I; "dog-fighting—well, I can easily conceive that to some minds dog-fighting . . . . ."

"I was not thinking of dog-fighting," said Francis Ardry, interrupting me.

"Not thinking of dog-fighting!" I ejaculated.

"No," said Francis Ardry, "something higher and much more rational than dog-fighting at present occupies my thoughts."

"Dear me," said I, "I thought I had heard you say, that there was nothing like it!"

"Like what?" said Francis Ardry.

"Dog-fighting, to be sure," said I.

"Pooh," said Francis Ardry; "who but the gross and unrefined care anything for dog-fighting? That which at present engages my waking and sleeping thoughts is love—divine love—there is nothing like *that*. Listen to me, I have a secret to confide to you."

And then Francis Ardry proceeded to make me his confidant. It appeared that he had had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the most delightful young Frenchwoman imaginable, Annette La Noire by name, who had just arrived from her native country with the intention of obtaining the situation of governess in some English family; a position which, on account of her many accomplishments, she was eminently qualified to fill. Francis Ardry had, however, persuaded her to relinquish her intention for the present, on the ground that, until she had become acclimated in England, her health would probably suffer from the confinement inseparable from the occupation in which she was desirous of engaging; he had, moreover—for it appeared that she was the most frank

and confiding creature in the world—succeeded in persuading her to permit him to hire for her a very handsome first floor in his own neighbourhood, and to accept a few inconsiderable presents in money and jewellery. "I am looking out for a handsome gig and horse," said Francis Ardry, at the conclusion of his narration; "it were a burning shame that so divine a creature should have to go about a place like London on foot, or in a paltry hackney coach."

"But," said I, "will not the pursuit of politics prevent your devoting much time to this fair lady?"

"It will prevent me devoting all my time," said Francis Ardry, "as I gladly would; but what can I do? My guardians wish me to qualify myself for a political orator, and I dare not offend them by a refusal. If I offend my guardians, I should find it impossible—unless I have recourse to Jews and money lenders—to support Annette; present her with articles of dress and jewellery, and purchase a horse and cabriolet worthy of conveying her angelic person through the streets of London."

After a pause, in which Francis Ardry appeared lost in thought, his mind being probably occupied

with the subject of Annette, I broke silence by observing, "So your fellow-religionists are really going to make a serious attempt to procure their emancipation?"

"Yes," said Francis Ardry, starting from his reverie; "everything has been arranged; even a leader has been chosen, at least for us of Ireland, upon the whole the most suitable man in the world for the occasion—a barrister of considerable talent, mighty voice, and magnificent impudence. With emancipation, liberty, and redress for the wrongs of Ireland in his mouth, he is to force his way into the British House of Commons, dragging myself and others behind him—he will succeed, and when he is in he will cut a figure; I have heard . . . . . himself, who has heard him speak, say that he will cut a figure."

"And is . . . . . competent to judge?" I demanded.

"Who but he?" said Francis Ardry; "no one questions his judgment concerning what relates to elocution. His fame on that point is so well established, that the greatest orators do not disdain occasionally to consult him; C . . . . . himself, as

I have been told, when anxious to produce any particular effect in the House, is in the habit of calling in . . . . . for a consultation."

"As to matter, or manner?" said I.

"Chiefly the latter," said Francis Ardry, "though he is competent to give advice as to both, for he has been an orator in his day, and a leader of the people; though he confessed to me that he was not exactly qualified to play the latter part—'I want paunch,' said he."

"It is not always indispensable," said I; "there is an orator in my town, a hunchback and watchmaker, without it, who not only leads the people, but the mayor too; perhaps he has a succedaneum in his hunch: but, tell me, is the leader of your movement in possession of that which . . . . . wants?"

"No more deficient in it than in brass," said Francis Ardry.

"Well," said I, "whatever his qualifications may be, I wish him success in the cause which he has taken up—I love religious liberty."

"We shall succeed," said Francis Ardry; "John Bull upon the whole is rather indifferent on the subject, and then we are sure to be backed by the

Radical party, who, to gratify their political prejudices, would join with Satan himself."

"There is one thing," said I, "connected with this matter which surprises me—your own lukewarmness. Yes, making every allowance for your natural predilection for dog-fighting, and your present enamoured state of mind, your apathy at the commencement of such a movement is to me unaccountable."

"You would not have cause to complain of my indifference," said Frank, "provided I thought my country would be benefited by this movement; but I happen to know the origin of it. The priests are the originators, 'and what country was ever benefited by a movement which owed its origin to them?' so says Voltaire, a page of whom I occasionally read. By the present move they hope to increase their influence, and to further certain designs which they entertain both with regard to this country and Ireland. I do not speak rashly or unadvisedly. A strange fellow—a half Italian, half English priest,—who was recommended to me by my guardians, partly as a spiritual—partly as a temporal guide, has let me into a secret or two; he

is fond of a glass of gin and water—and over a glass of gin and water cold, with a lump of sugar in it, he has been more communicative, perhaps, than was altogether prudent. Were I my own master, I would kick him, politics, and religious movements, to a considerable distance. And now, if you are going away, do so quickly; I have an appointment with Annette, and must make myself fit to appear before her."

CHAPTER XV.

PROGRESS.—GLORIOUS JOHN.—UTTERLY UNINTELLIGIBLE.—WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

By the month of October I had, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, accomplished about two-thirds of the principal task which I had undertaken, the compiling of the Newgate lives; I had also made some progress in translating the publisher's philosophy into German. But about this time I began to see very clearly that it was impossible that our connection should prove of long duration; yet, in the event of my leaving the big man, what other resource had I—another publisher? But what had I to offer? There were my ballads, my Ab Gwilym, but then I thought of Taggart and his snuff, his pinch of snuff. However, I determined to see what could be done, so I took my ballads under my arm, and went to various publishers; some took snuff,

others did not, but none took my ballads or Ab Gwilym, they would not even look at them. One asked me if I had anything else—he was a snuff-taker—I said yes; and going home, returned with my translation of the German novel, to which I have before alluded. After keeping it for a fort-night, he returned it to me on my visiting him, and, taking a pinch of snuff, told me it would not do. There were marks of snuff on the outside of the manuscript, which was a roll of paper bound with red tape, but there were no marks of snuff on the interior of the manuscript, from which I concluded that he had never opened it.

I had often heard of one Glorious John, who lived at the western end of the town; on consulting Tag-gart, he told me that it was possible that Glorious John would publish my ballads and Ab Gwilym, that is, said he, taking a pinch of snuff, provided you can see him; so I went to the house where Glorious John resided, and a glorious house it was, but I could not see Glorious John—I called a dozen times, but I never could see Glorious John. Twenty years after, by the greatest chance in the world, I saw Glorious John, and sure enough Glorious John

published my books, but they were different books from the first; I never offered my ballads or Ab Gwilym to Glorious John. Glorious John was no snuff-taker. He asked me to dinner, and treated me with superb Rhenish wine. Glorious John is now gone to his rest, but I—what was I going to say?—the world will never forget Glorious John.

So I returned to my last resource for the time then being—to the publisher, persevering doggedly in my labour. One day, on visiting the publisher, I found him stamping with fury upon certain fragments of paper. "Sir," said he, "you know nothing of German; I have shown your translation of the first chapter of my Philosophy to several Germans: it is utterly unintelligible to them." "Did they see the Philosophy?" I replied. "They did, sir, but they did not profess to understand English. No more do I," I replied, "if that Philosophy be English."

The publisher was furious—I was silent. For want of a pinch of snuff, I had recourse to something which is no bad substitute for a pinch of snuff, to those who can't take it, silent contempt; at first it made the publisher more furious, as perhaps a pinch

of snuff would; it, however, eventually calmed him, and he ordered me back to my occupations, in other words, the compilation. To be brief, the compilation was completed, I got paid in the usual manner, and forthwith left him.

He was a clever man, but what a difference in clever men!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OLD SPOT.—A LONG HISTORY.—THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.—NO HARM.—EDUCATION.—NECESSITY.—FOAM ON YOUR LIP.—APPLES AND PEARS.—WHAT WILL YOU READ?—METAPHOR.—THE FUR CAP.—I DON'T KNOW HIM.

It was past mid-winter, and I sat on London Bridge, in company with the old apple-woman: she had just returned to the other side of the bridge, to her place in the booth where I had originally found her. This she had done after frequent conversations with me; "she liked the old place best," she said, which she would never have left but for the terror which she experienced when the boys ran away with her book. So I sat with her at the old spot, one afternoon past mid-winter, reading the book, of which I had by this time come to the last pages. I had observed that the old woman for some time past had shown much less anxiety about the book than she had been in the habit of doing. I was, however, not quite prepared for her offering to make me a present of it,

which she did that afternoon; when, having finished it, I returned it to her, with many thanks for the pleasure and instruction I had derived from its perusal. "You may keep it, dear," said the old woman, with a sigh; "you may carry it to your lodging, and keep it for your own."

Looking at the old woman with surprise, I exclaimed, "Is it possible that you are willing to part with the book which has been your source of comfort so long?"

Whereupon the old woman entered into a long history, from which I gathered that the book had become distasteful to her; she hardly ever opened it of late, she said, or if she did, it was only to shut it again; also, that other things which she had been fond of, though of a widely different kind, were now distasteful to her. Porter and beef-steaks were no longer grateful to her palate, her present diet chiefly consisting of tea, and bread and butter.

"Ah," said I, "you have been ill, and when people are ill, they seldom like the things which give them pleasure when they are in health." I learned, moreover, that she slept little at night, and had all kinds of strange thoughts; that as she lay

awake many things connected with her youth, which she had quite forgotten, came into her mind. There were certain words that came into her mind the night before the last, which were continually humming in her ears: I found that the words were, "Thou shalt not steal."

On inquiring where she had first heard these words, I learned that she had read them at school, in a book called the primer; to this school she had been sent by her mother, who was a poor widow, and followed the trade of apple-selling in the very spot where her daughter followed it now. It seems that the mother was a very good kind of woman, but quite ignorant of letters, the benefit of which she was willing to procure for her child; and at the school the daughter learned to read, and subsequently experienced the pleasure and benefit of letters, in being able to read the book which she found in an obscure closet of her mother's house, and which had been her principal companion and comfort for many years of her life.

But, as I have said before, she was now dissatisfied with the book, and with most other things in which

she had taken pleasure; she dwelt much on the words, "Thou shalt not steal;" she had never stolen things herself, but then she had bought things which other people had stolen, and which she knew had been stolen; and her dear son had been a thief, which he perhaps would not have been but for the example which she set him in buying things from characters, as she called them, who associated with her.

On inquiring how she had become acquainted with these characters, I learned that times had gone hard with her; that she had married, but her husband had died after a long sickness, which had reduced them to great distress; that her fruit trade was not a profitable one, and that she had bought and sold things which had been stolen to support herself and her son. That for a long time she supposed there was no harm in doing so, as her book was full of entertaining tales of stealing; but she now thought that the book was a bad book, and that learning to read was a bad thing; her mother had never been able to read, but had died in peace, though poor.

So here was a woman who attributed the vices

and follies of her life to being able to read; her mother, she said, who could not read, lived respectably, and died in peace; and what was the essential difference between the mother and daughter, save that the latter could read? But for her literature she might in all probability have lived respectably and honestly, like her mother, and might eventually have died in peace, which at present she could scarcely hope to do. Education had failed to produce any good in this poor woman; on the contrary, there could be little doubt that she had been injured by it. Then was education a bad thing? Rousseau was of opinion that it was; but Rousseau was a Frenchman, at least wrote in French, and I cared not the snap of my fingers for Rousseau. But education has certainly been of benefit in some instances; well, what did that prove, but that partiality existed in the management of the affairs of the world—if education was a benefit to some, why was it not a benefit to others? Could some avoid abusing it, any more than others could avoid turning it to a profitable account? I did not see how they could; this poor simple woman found a book

in her mother's closet; a book, which was a capital book for those who could turn it to the account for which it was intended; a book, from the perusal of which I felt myself wiser and better, but which was by no means suited to the intellect of this poor simple woman, who thought that it was written in praise of thieving; yet she found it, she read it, and—and—I felt myself getting into a maze; what is right, thought I? what is wrong? Do I exist? Does the world exist? if it does, every action is bound up with necessity.

"Necessity!" I exclaimed, and cracked my finger joints.

"Ah, it is a bad thing," said the old woman.

"What is a bad thing?" said I.

"Why to be poor, dear."

"You talk like a fool," said I, "riches and poverty are only different forms of necessity."

"You should not call me a fool, dear; you should not call your own mother a fool."

"You are not my mother," said I.

"Not your mother, dear?—no, no more I am; but your calling me fool put me in mind of my dear

son, who often used to call me fool—and you just now looked as he sometimes did, with a blob of foam on your lip."

"After all, I don't know that you are not my mother."

"Don't you, dear? I 'm glad of it; I wish you would make it out."

"How should I make it out? who can speak from his own knowledge as to the circumstances of his birth? Besides, before attempting to establish our relationship, it would be necessary to prove that such people exist."

"What people, dear?"

"You and I."

"Lord, child, you are mad; that book has made you so."

"Don't abuse it," said I; "the book is an excellent one, that is, provided it exists."

"I wish it did not," said the old woman; "but it sha'n't long; I 'll burn it, or fling it into the river—the voices at night tell me to do so."

"Tell the voices," said I, "that they talk nonsense; the book, if it exists, is a good book, it contains a deep moral; have you read it all?"

"All the funny parts, dear; all about taking things, and the manner it was done; as for the rest, I could not exactly make it out."

"Then the book is not to blame; I repeat that the book is a good book, and contains deep morality, always supposing that there is such a thing as morality, which is the same thing as supposing that there is anything at all."

"Anything at all! Why an't we here on this bridge, in my booth, with my stall and my . . . ."

"Apples and pears, baked hot, you would say—I don't know; all is a mystery, a deep question. It is a question, and probably always will be, whether there is a world, and consequently apples and pears; and, provided there be a world, whether that world be like an apple or a pear."

"Don't talk so, dear."

"I won't; we will suppose that we all exist—world, ourselves, apples, and pears: so you wish to get rid of the book?"

"Yes, dear, I wish you would take it."

"I have read it, and have no farther use for it; I do not need books: in a little time, perhaps, I

shall not have a place wherein to deposit myself, far less books."

"Then I will fling it into the river."

"Don't do that; here, give it me. Now what shall I do with it? you were so fond of it."

"I am so no longer."

"But how will you pass your time; what will you read?"

"I wish I had never learned to read, or, if I had, that I had only read the books I saw at school: the primer or the other."

"What was the other?"

"I think they called it the Bible: all about God, and Job, and Jesus."

"Ah, I know it."

"You have read it; is it a nice book—all true?"

"True, true—I don't know what to say; but if the world be true, and not all a lie, a fiction, I don't see why the Bible, as they call it, should not be true. By-the-bye, what do you call Bible in your tongue, or, indeed, book of any kind? as Bible merely means a book."

"What do I call the Bible in my language, dear?"

"Yes, the language of those who bring you things."

"The language of those who *did*, dear; they bring them now no longer. They call me fool, as you did, dear, just now; they call kissing the Bible, which means taking a false oath, smacking calf-skin."

"That's metaphor," said I; "English, but metaphorical; what an odd language! So you would like to have a Bible,—shall I buy you one?"

"I am poor, dear—no money since I left off the other trade."

"Well, then, I'll buy you one."

"No, dear, no; you are poor, and may soon want the money; but if you can take me one conveniently on the sly, you know—I think you may, for, as it is a good book, I suppose there can be no harm in taking it."

"That will never do," said I, "more especially as I should be sure to be caught, not having made taking of things my trade; but I'll tell you what I'll do—try and exchange this book of yours for a Bible; who knows for what great things this same book of yours may serve."

"Well, dear," said the old woman, "do as you please; I should like to see the—what do you call it?—Bible, and to read it, as you seem to think it true."

"Yes," said I, "seem; that is the way to express yourself in this maze of doubt—I seem to think—these apples and pears seem to be—and here seems to be a gentleman who wants to purchase either one or the other."

A person had stopped before the apple-woman's stall, and was glancing now at the fruit, now at the old woman and myself; he wore a blue mantle, and had a kind of fur cap on his head; he was somewhat above the middle stature; his features were keen, but rather hard; there was a slight obliquity in his vision. Selecting a small apple, he gave the old woman a penny; then, after looking at me scrutinizingly for a moment, he moved from the booth in the direction of Southwark.

"Do you know who that man is?" said I to the old woman.

"No," said she, "except that he is one of my best customers: he frequently stops, takes an apple, and gives me a penny; his is the only piece of

money I have taken this blessed day. I don't know him, but he has once or twice sat down in the booth with two strange-looking men—Mulattos, or Lascars, I think they call them.

CHAPTER XVII.

BOUGHT AND EXCHANGED.—QUITE EMPTY.—A NEW FIRM.—BIBLES.—COUNTENANCE OF A LION.—CLAP OF THUNDER.—A TRUCE WITH THIS.—I HAVE LOST IT.—CLEARLY A RIGHT.—GODDESS OF THE MINT.

In pursuance of my promise to the old woman, I set about procuring her a Bible with all convenient speed, placing the book which she had intrusted to me for the purpose of exchange in my pocket. I went to several shops, and asked if Bibles were to be had: I found that there were plenty. When, however, I informed the people that I came to barter, they looked blank, and declined treating with me; saying that they did not do business in that way. At last I went into a shop over the window of which I saw written, "Books bought and exchanged:" there was a smartish young fellow in the shop, with black hair and whiskers; "You exchange?" said I. "Yes," said he, "sometimes, but we prefer selling; what book do you want?"

"A Bible," said I. "Ah," said he, "there's a great demand for Bibles just now; all kinds of people are become very pious of late," he added, grinning at me; "I am afraid I can't do business with you, more especially as the master is not at home. What book have you brought?" Taking the book out of my pocket, I placed it on the counter: the young fellow opened the book, and inspecting the title-page, burst into a loud laugh. "What do you laugh for?" said I, angrily, and half clenching my fist. "Laugh!" said the young fellow; "laugh! who could help laughing?" "I could," said I; "I see nothing to laugh at; I want to exchange this book for a Bible." "You do?" said the young fellow; "well, I daresay there are plenty who would be willing to exchange, that is, if they dared. I wish master were at home; but that would never do, either. Master's a family man, the Bibles are not mine, and master being a family man, is sharp, and knows all his stock; I'd buy it of you, but, to tell you the truth, I am quite empty here," said he, pointing to his pocket, "so I am afraid we can't deal."

Whereupon, looking anxiously at the young man,

"what am I to do?" said I; "I really want a Bible."

"Can't you buy one?" said the young man; "have you no money?"

"Yes," said I, "I have some, but I am merely the agent of another; I came to exchange, not to buy; what am I to do?"

"I don't know," said the young man, thoughtfully laying down the book on the counter; "I don't know what you can do; I think you will find some difficulty in this bartering job, the trade are rather precise." All at once he laughed louder than before; suddenly stopping, however, he put on a very grave look. "Take my advice," said he; "there is a firm established in this neighbourhood which scarcely sells any books but Bibles; they are very rich, and pride themselves on selling their books at the lowest possible price; apply to them, who knows but what they will exchange with you."

Thereupon I demanded with some eagerness of the young man the direction to the place where he thought it possible that I might effect the exchange —which direction the young fellow cheerfully gave

me, and, as I turned away, had the civility to wish me success.

I had no difficulty in finding the house to which the young fellow directed me; it was a very large house, situated in a square; and upon the side of the house was written in large letters, "Bibles, and other religious books."

At the door of the house were two or three tumbrils, in the act of being loaded with chests, very much resembling tea-chests; one of the chests falling down, burst, and out flew, not tea, but various books, in a neat, small size, and in neat leather covers; Bibles, said I,—Bibles, doubtless. I was not quite right, nor quite wrong; picking up one of the books, I looked at it for a moment, and found it to be the New Testament. "Come, young lad," said a man who stood by, in the dress of a porter, "put that book down, it is none of yours; if you want a book, go in and deal for one."

Deal, thought I, deal,—the man seems to know what I am coming about,—and going in, I presently found myself in a very large room. Behind a counter two men stood with their backs to a splendid

fire, warming themselves, for the weather was cold.

Of these men one was dressed in brown, and the other was dressed in black; both were tall men—he who was dressed in brown was thin, and had a particularly ill-natured countenance; the man dressed in black was bulky, his features were noble, but they were those of a lion.

"What is your business, young man?" said the precise personage, as I stood staring at him and his companion.

"I want a Bible," said I.

"What price, what size?" said the precise-looking man.

"As to size," said I, "I should like to have a large one—that is, if you can afford me one—I do not come to buy."

"Oh, friend," said the precise-looking man, "if you come here expecting to have a Bible for nothing, you are mistaken—we" . . . . .

"I would scorn to have a Bible for nothing," said I, "or anything else; I came not to beg, but to barter; there is no shame in that, especially in a country like this, where all folks barter."

"Oh, we don't barter," said the precise man, "at least Bibles; you had better depart."

"Stay, brother," said the man with the countenance of a lion, "let us ask a few questions; this may be a very important case; perhaps the young man has had convictions."

"Not I," I exclaimed, "I am convinced of nothing, and with regard to the Bible—I don't believe . . . ."

"Hey!" said the man with the lion countenance," and there he stopped. But with that "Hey" the walls of the house seemed to shake, the windows rattled, and the porter whom I had seen in front of the house came running up the steps, and looked into the apartment through the glass of the door.

There was silence for about a minute—the same kind of silence which succeeds a clap of thunder.

At last the man with the lion countenance, who had kept his eyes fixed upon me, said calmly, "Were you about to say that you don't believe in the Bible, young man?"

"No more than in anything else," said I; "you were talking of convictions—I have no convictions. It is not easy to believe in the Bible till one is convinced that there is a Bible."

"He seems to be insane," said the prim-looking man, "we had better order the porter to turn him out."

"I am by no means certain," said I, "that the porter could turn me out; always provided there is a porter, and this system of ours be not a lie, and a dream."

"Come," said the lion-looking man, impatiently, "a truce with this nonsense. If the porter cannot turn you out, perhaps some other person can; but to the point—you want a Bible?"

"I do," said I, "but not for myself; I was sent by another person to offer something in exchange for one."

"And who is that person?"

"A poor old woman, who has had what you call convictions,—heard voices, or thought she heard them—I forgot to ask her whether they were loud ones."

"What has she sent to offer in exchange?" said the man, without taking any notice of the concluding part of my speech.

"A book," said I.

"Let me see it."

"Nay, brother," said the precise man, "this will never do; if we once adopt the system of barter, we shall have all the holders of useless rubbish in the town applying to us."

"I wish to see what he has brought," said the other; "perhaps Baxter, or Jewell's Apology, either of which would make a valuable addition to our collection. Well, young man, what's the matter with you?"

I stood like one petrified; I had put my hand into my pocket—the book was gone.

"What's the matter?" repeated the man with the lion countenance, in a voice very much resembling thunder.

"I have it not—I have lost it!"

"A pretty story, truly," said the precise-looking man, "lost it!"

"You had better retire," said the other.

"How shall I appear before the party who intrusted me with the book? She will certainly think that I have purloined it, notwithstanding all I can say; nor, indeed, can I blame her,—appearances are certainly against me."

"They are so—you had better retire."

I moved towards the door. "Stay, young man, one word more; there is only one way of proceeding which would induce me to believe that you are sincere."

"What is that?" said I, stopping and looking at him anxiously.

"The purchase of a Bible."

"Purchase!" said I, "purchase! I came not to purchase, but to barter; such was my instruction, and how can I barter if I have lost the book?"

The other made no answer, and turning away I made for the door; all of a sudden I started, and turning round, "Dear me," said I, "it has just come into my head, that if the book was lost by my negligence, as it must have been, I have clearly a right to make it good."

No answer.

"Yes," I repeated, "I have clearly a right to make it good; how glad I am! see the effect of a little reflection. I will purchase a Bible instantly, that is, if I have not lost" . . . . . and with considerable agitation I felt in my pocket.

The prim-looking man smiled: "I suppose," said he, "that he has lost his money as well as book."

"No," said I, "I have not;" and pulling out my hand I displayed no less a sum than three half-crowns.

"O, noble goddess of the Mint!" as Dame Charlotta Nordenflycht, the Swede, said a hundred and fifty years ago, "great is thy power; how energetically the possession of thee speaks in favour of man's character!"

"Only half-a-crown for this Bible?" said I, putting down the money, "it is worth three;" and bowing to the man of the noble features, I departed with my purchase.

"Queer customer," said the prim-looking man, as I was about to close the door—"don't like him."

"Why, as to that, I scarcely know what to say," said he of the countenance of a lion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PICKPOCKET.—STRANGE RENCOUNTER.—DRAG HIM ALONG.—A GREAT SERVICE.—THINGS OF IMPORTANCE.—PHILOLOGICAL MATTERS.—MOTHER OF LANGUAGES.—ZHATS!

A FEW days after the occurrence of what is recorded in the last chapter, as I was wandering in the City, chance directed my footsteps to an alley leading from one narrow street to another in the neighbourhood of Cheapside. Just before I reached the mouth of the alley, a man in a great coat, closely followed by another, passed it; and, at the moment in which they were passing, I observed the man behind snatch something from the pocket of the other; whereupon, darting into the street, I seized the hindermost man by the collar, crying at the same time to the other, "My good friend, this person has just picked your pocket."

The individual whom I addressed, turning round with a start, glanced at me, and then at the person

whom I held. London is the place for strange rencounters. It appeared to me that I recognised both individuals—the man whose pocket had been picked and the other; the latter now began to struggle violently; "I have picked no one's pocket," said he. "Rascal," said the other, "you have got my pocket-book in your bosom." "No, I have not," said the other; and, struggling more violently than before, the pocket-book dropped from his bosom upon the ground.

The other was now about to lay hands upon the fellow, who was still struggling. "You had better take up your book," said I; "I can hold him." He followed my advice; and, taking up his pocket-book, surveyed my prisoner with a ferocious look, occasionally glaring at me. Yes, I had seen him before—it was the stranger whom I had observed on London Bridge, by the stall of the old apple-woman, with the cap and cloak; but, instead of these, he now wore a hat and great coat. "Well," said I, at last, "what am I to do with this gentleman of ours?" nodding to the prisoner, who had now left off struggling. "Shall I let him go?"

"Go!" said the other; "go! The knave—the

rascal; let him go, indeed! Not so, he shall go before the Lord Mayor. Bring him along."

"Oh, let me go," said the other: "let me go; this is the first offence, I assure ye—the first time I ever thought to do anything wrong."

"Hold your tongue," said I, "or I shall be angry with you. If I am not very much mistaken, you once attempted to cheat me."

"I never saw you before in all my life," said the fellow, though his countenance seemed to belie his words.

"That is not true," said I; "you are the man who attempted to cheat me of one and ninepence in the coach-yard, on the first morning of my arrival in London."

"I don't doubt it," said the other; "a confirmed thief;" and here his tones became peculiarly sharp; "I would fain see him hanged—crucified. Drag him along."

"I am no constable," said I; "you have got your pocket-book,—I would rather you would bid me let him go."

"Bid you let him go!" said the other almost furiously, "I command—stay, what was I going to

say? I was forgetting myself," he observed more gently; "but he stole my pocket-book;—if you did but know what it contained."

"Well," said I, "if it contains anything valuable, be the more thankful that you have recovered it; as for the man, I will help you to take him where you please; but I wish you would let him go."

The stranger hesitated, and there was an extraordinary play of emotion in his features: he looked ferociously at the pickpocket, and, more than once, somewhat suspiciously at myself; at last his countenance cleared, and, with a good grace, he said, "Well, you have done me a great service, and you have my consent to let him go; but the rascal shall not escape with impunity," he exclaimed suddenly, as I let the man go, and starting forward, before the fellow could escape, he struck him a violent blow on the face. The man staggered, and had nearly fallen; recovering himself, however, he said, "I tell you what, my fellow; if I ever meet you in this street in a dark night, and I have a knife about me, it shall be the worse for you; as for you, young man," said he to me; but, observing that the other was making towards him, he left

whatever he was about to say unfinished, and, taking to his heels, was out of sight in a moment.

The stranger and myself walked in the direction of Cheapside, the way in which he had been originally proceeding; he was silent for a few moments, at length he said, "You have really done me a great service, and I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge it. I am a merchant; and a merchant's pocket-book, as you perhaps know, contains many things of importance; but, young man," he exclaimed, "I think I have seen you before; I thought so at first, but where I cannot exactly say: where was it?" I mentioned London Bridge and the old apple-woman. "Oh," said he, and smiled, and there was something peculiar in his smile, "I remember now. Do you frequently sit on London Bridge?" "Occasionally," said I; "that old woman is an old friend of mine." "Friend?" said the stranger, "I am glad of it, for I shall know where to find you. At present I am going to 'Change; time, you know, is precious to a merchant." We were by this time close to Cheapside. "Farewell," said he, "I shall not forget this ser-

vice. I trust we shall soon meet again." He then shook me by the hand and went his way.

The next day, as I was seated beside the old woman in the booth, the stranger again made his appearance, and, after a word or two, sat down beside me; the old woman was sometimes reading the Bible, which she had already had two or three days in her possession, and sometimes discoursing with me. Our discourse rolled chiefly on philological matters.

"What do you call bread in your language?" said I.

"You mean the language of those who bring me things to buy, or who did; for, as I told you before, I sha'n't buy any more; it 's no language of mine, dear—they call bread pannam in their language."

"Pannam!" said I, "pannam! evidently connected with, if not derived from, the Latin panis; even as the word tanner, which signifieth a sixpence, is connected with, if not derived from, the Latin tener, which is itself connected with, if not derived from, tawno or tawner, which, in the lan-

guage of Mr. Petulengro, signifieth a sucking child. Let me see, what is the term for bread in the language of Mr. Petulengro? Morro, or manro, as I have sometimes heard it called; is there not some connection between these words and panis? Yes, I think there is; and I should not wonder if morro, manro, and panis were connected, perhaps derived from the same root; but what is that root? I don't know—I wish I did; though, perhaps, I should not be the happier. Morro—manro! I rather think morro is the oldest form; it is easier to say morro than manro. Morro! Irish, aran; Welsh, bara; English, bread. I can see a resemblance between all the words, and pannam too; and I rather think that the Petulengrian word is the elder. How odd it would be if the language of Mr. Petulengro should eventually turn out to be the mother of all the languages in the world; yet it is certain that there are some languages in which the terms for bread have no connection with the word used by Mr. Petulengro, notwithstanding that those languages, in many other points, exhibit a close affinity to the language of the horse-shoe master: for example, bread, in Hebrew, is Laham,

which assuredly exhibits little similitude to the word used by the aforesaid Petulengro. In Armenian it is . . . . ."

"Zhats!" said the stranger, starting up. "By the Patriarch and the Three Holy Churches, this is wonderful! How came you to know aught of Armenian?"

CHAPTER XIX.

NEW ACQUAINTANCE.—WIRED CASES.—BREAD AND WINE.—ARMENIAN COLONIES.—LEARNING WITHOUT MONEY.—WHAT A LANGUAGE.—THE TIDE.—YOUR FOIBLE.—LEARNING OF THE HAIKS.—OLD PROVERB.—PRESSING INVITATION.

JUST as I was about to reply to the interrogation of my new-formed acquaintance, a man, with a dusky countenance, probably one of the Lascars, or Mulattos, of whom the old woman had spoken, came up and whispered to him, and with this man he presently departed, not however before he had told me the place of his abode, and requested me to visit him.

After the lapse of a few days, I called at the house, which he had indicated. It was situated in a dark and narrow street, in the heart of the city, at no great distance from the bank. I entered a counting-room, in which a solitary clerk, with a foreign look, was writing. The stranger was not at home; returning the next day, however, I met him at the door as he was about to enter; he shook me

warmly by the hand. "I am glad to see you," said he, "follow me, I was just thinking of you." He led me through the counting-room, to an apartment up a flight of stairs; before ascending, however, he looked into the book in which the foreign-visaged clerk was writing, and, seemingly not satisfied with the manner in which he was executing his task, he gave him two or three cuffs, telling him at the same time that he deserved crucifixion.

The apartment above stairs, to which he led me, was large, with three windows, which opened upon the street. The walls were hung with wired cases, apparently containing books. There was a table and two or three chairs; but the principal article of furniture was a long sofa, extending, from the door by which we entered, to the farther end of the apartment. Seating himself upon the sofa, my new acquaintance motioned to me to sit beside him, and then, looking me full in the face, repeated his former inquiry. "In the name of all that is wonderful, how came you to know aught of my language?"

"There is nothing wonderful in that," said I; "we are at the commencement of a philological age, every one studies languages: that is, every one who

is fit for nothing else; philology being the last resource of dulness and ennui, I have got a little in advance of the throng, by mastering the Armenian alphabet; but I foresee the time when every unmarriageable miss, and desperate blockhead, will likewise have acquired the letters of Mesroub, and will know the term for bread, in Armenian, and perhaps that for wine."

"Kini," said my companion; and that and the other word put me in mind of the duties of hospitality. "Will you eat bread and drink wine with me?"

"Willingly," said I. Whereupon my companion, unlocking a closet, produced, on a silver salver, a loaf of bread, with a silver-handled knife, and wine in a silver flask, with cups of the same metal. "I hope you like my fare," said he, after we had both eaten and drunk.

"I like your bread," said I, "for it is stale; I like not your wine, it is sweet, and I hate sweet wine."

"It is wine of Cyprus," said my entertainer; and, when I found that it was wine of Cyprus, I tasted it again, and the second taste pleased me much better than the first, notwithstanding that I still

thought it somewhat sweet. "So," said I, after a pause, looking at my companion, "you are an Armenian."

"Yes," said he, "an Armenian born in London, but not less an Armenian on that account. My father was a native of Ispahan, one of the celebrated Armenian colony which was established there shortly after the time of the dreadful hunger, which drove the children of Haik in swarms from their original country, and scattered them over most parts of the eastern and western world. In Ispahan he passed the greater portion of his life, following mercantile pursuits with considerable success. Certain enemies, however, having accused him to the despot of the place, of using seditious language, he was compelled to flee, leaving most of his property behind. Travelling in the direction of the west, he came at last to London, where he established himself, and where he eventually died, leaving behind a large property and myself, his only child, the fruit of a marriage with an Armenian English woman, who did not survive my birth more than three months."

The Armenian then proceeded to tell me that he

had carried on the business of his father, which seemed to embrace most matters, from buying silks of Lascars, to speculating in the funds, and that he had considerably increased the property which his father had left him. He candidly confessed that he was wonderfully fond of gold, and said there was nothing like it for giving a person respectability and consideration in the world: to which assertion I made no answer, being not exactly prepared to contradict it.

And, when he had related to me his history, he expressed a desire to know something more of myself, whereupon I gave him the outline of my history, concluding with saying, "I am now a poor author, or rather philologist, upon the streets of London, possessed of many tongues, which I find of no use in the world."

"Learning without money is anything but desirable," said the Armenian, "as it unfits a man for humble occupations. It is true that it may occasionally beget him friends; I confess to you that your understanding something of my language weighs more with me than the service you rendered me in rescuing

my pocket-book the other day from the claws of that scoundrel whom I yet hope to see hanged, if not crucified, notwithstanding there were in that pocket-book papers and documents of considerable value. Yes, that circumstance makes my heart warm towards you, for I am proud of my language—as I indeed well may be—what a language, noble and energetic! quite original, differing from all others both in words and structure."

"You are mistaken," said I, "many languages resemble the Armenian both in structure and words."

"For example?" said the Armenian.

"For example?" said I, "the English."

"The English," said the Armenian; "show me one word in which the English resembles the Armenian."

"You walk on London Bridge," said I.

"Yes," said the Armenian.

"I saw you look over the balustrade the other morning."

"True," said the Armenian.

"Well, what did you see rushing up through the arches with noise and foam?"

"What was it?" said the Armenian. "What was it?—you don't mean the *tide?*"

"Do I not?" said I.

"Well, what has the tide to do with the matter?"

"Much," said I; "what is the tide?"

"The ebb and flow of the sea," said the Armenian.

"The sea itself; what is the Haik word for sea?"

The Armenian gave a strong gasp; then, nodding his head thrice, "you are right," said he, "the English word tide is the Armenian for sea; and now I begin to perceive that there are many English words which are Armenian; there is . . . . . and . . . . . and there again in French, there is . . . . . and . . . . . derived from the Armenian. How strange, how singular—I thank you. It is a proud thing to see that the language of my race has had so much influence over the languages of the world."

I saw that all that related to his race was the weak point of the Armenian. I did not flatter the Armenian with respect to his race or language. "An inconsiderable people," said I, "shrewd and

industrious, but still an inconsiderable people. A language bold and expressive, and of some antiquity, derived, though perhaps not immediately, from some much older tongue. I do not think that the Armenian has had any influence over the formation of the languages of the world. I am not much indebted to the Armenian for the solution of any doubts; whereas to the language of Mr. Petulengro . . . ."

"I have heard you mention that name before," said the Armenian; "who is Mr. Petulengro?"

And then I told the Armenian who Mr. Petulengro was. The Armenian spoke contemptuously of Mr. Petulengro and his race. "Don't speak contemptuously of Mr. Petulengro," said I, "nor of anything belonging to him. He is a dark mysterious personage; all connected with him is a mystery, especially his language; but I believe that his language is doomed to solve a great philological problem—Mr. Petulengro . . . ."

"You appear agitated," said the Armenian; "take another glass of wine; you possess a great deal of philological knowledge, but it appears to me that the language of this Petulengro is your foible: but let us change the subject; I feel much interested in

you, and would fain be of service to you. Can you cast accounts?"

I shook my head.

"Keep books?"

"I have an idea that I could write books," said I; "but, as to keeping them . . . . . " and here again I shook my head.

The Armenian was silent some time; all at once, glancing at one of the wire cases, with which, as I have already said, the walls of the room were hung, he asked me if I was well acquainted with the learning of the Haiks. "The books in these cases," said he, "contain the master-pieces of Haik learning."

"No," said I, "all I know of the learning of the Haiks is their translation of the Bible."

"You have never read Z . . . .?"

"No," said I, "I have never read Z . . . ."

"I have a plan," said the Armenian; "I think I can employ you agreeably and profitably; I should like to see Z . . . . in an English dress; you shall translate Z . . . . If you can read the scriptures in Armenian, you can translate Z . . . . He is our Esop, the most acute and clever of all our moral writers—his philosophy . . . ."

"I will have nothing to do with him," said I.

"Wherefore?" said the Armenian.

"There is an old proverb," said I, "'that a burnt child avoids the fire.' I have burnt my hands sufficiently with attempting to translate philosophy, to make me cautious of venturing upon it again;" and then I told the Armenian how I had been persuaded by the publisher to translate his philosophy into German, and what sorry thanks I had received; "and who knows," said I, "but the attempt to translate Armenian philosophy into English might be attended with yet more disagreeable consequences."

The Armenian smiled. "You would find me very different from the publisher."

"In many points I have no doubt I should," I replied; "but at the present moment I feel like a bird which has escaped from a cage, and, though hungry, feels no disposition to return. Of what nation is the dark man below stairs, whom I saw writing at the desk?"

"He is a Moldave," said the Armenian; "the dog (and here his eyes sparkled) deserves to be crucified, he is continually making mistakes."

"The Armenian again renewed his proposition about Z . . . ., which I again refused, as I felt but little inclination to place myself beneath the jurisdiction of a person who was in the habit of cuffing those whom he employed, when they made mis takes. I presently took my departure; not, however, before I had received from the Armenian a pressing invitation to call upon him whenever I should feel disposed.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT TO DO.—STRONG ENOUGH.—FAME AND PROFIT.—ALLITERATIVE EUPHONY.—EXCELLENT FELLOW.—LISTEN TO ME.—A PLAN.—BAGNIGGE WELLS.

Anxious thoughts frequently disturbed me at this time with respect to what I was to do, and how support myself in the Great City. My future prospects were gloomy enough, and I looked forward and feared; sometimes I felt half disposed to accept the offer of the Armenian, and to commence forthwith, under his superintendence, the translation of the Haik Esop; but the remembrance of the cuffs which I had seen him bestow upon the Moldavian, when glancing over his shoulder into the ledger or whatever it was on which he was employed, immediately drove the inclination from my mind. I could not support the idea of the possibility of his staring over my shoulder upon my translation of the Haik Esop, and, dissatisfied with my attempts, treating

me as he had treated the Moldavian clerk; placing myself in a position which exposed me to such treatment, would indeed be plunging into the fire after escaping from the frying pan. The publisher, insolent and overbearing as he was, whatever he might have wished or thought, had never lifted his hand against me, or told me that I merited crucifixion.

What was I to do? turn porter? I was strong; but there was something besides strength required to ply the trade of a porter—a mind of a particularly phlegmatic temperament, which I did not possess. What should I do?—enlist as a soldier? I was tall enough; but something besides height is required to make a man play with credit the part of soldier, I mean a private one—a spirit, if spirit it can be called, which will not only enable a man to submit with patience to insolence and abuse, and even to cuffs and kicks, but occasionally to the lash. I felt that I was not qualified to be a soldier, at least a private one; far better be a drudge to the most ferocious of publishers, editing Newgate lives, and writing in eighteenpenny reviews—better to translate the Haik Esop, under the superintendence

of ten Armenians, than be a private soldier in the English service; I did not decide rashly—I knew something of soldiering. What should I do? I thought that I would make a last and desperate attempt to dispose of the ballads and of Ab Gwilym.

I had still an idea that, provided I could persuade any spirited publisher to give these translations to the world, I should acquire both considerable fame and profit; not, perhaps, a world-embracing fame such as Byron's; but a fame not to be sneered at, which would last me a considerable time, and would keep my heart from breaking; —profit, not equal to that which Scott had made by his wondrous novels, but which would prevent me from starving, and enable me to achieve some other literary enterprise. I read and re-read my ballads, and the more I read them the more I was convinced that the public, in the event of their being published, would freely purchase, and hail them with the merited applause. Were not the deeds and adventures wonderful and heart-stirring, from which it is true I could claim no merit, being but the translator; but had I not rendered them into Eng-

lish, with all their original fire? Yes, I was confident I had; and I had no doubt that the public would say so. And then, with respect to Ab Gwilym, had I not done as much justice to him as to the Danish ballads; not only rendering faithfully his thoughts, imagery, and phraseology, but even preserving in my translation the alliterative euphony which constitutes one of the most remarkable features of Welsh prosody? Yes, I had accomplished all this; and I doubted not that the public would receive my translations from Ab Gwilym with quite as much eagerness as my version of the Danish ballads. But I found the publishers as untractable as ever, and to this day the public has never had an opportunity of doing justice to the glowing fire of my ballad versification, and the alliterative euphony of my imitations of Ab Gwilym.

I had not seen Francis Ardry since the day I had seen him taking lessons in elocution. One afternoon as I was seated at my table, my head resting on my hands, he entered my apartment; sitting down, he inquired of me why I had not been to see him.

"I might ask the same question of you," I replied. "Wherefore have you not been to see me?" Whereupon Francis Ardry told me that he had been much engaged in his oratorical exercises, also in escorting the young Frenchwoman about to places of public amusement; he then again questioned me as to the reason of my not having been to see him.

I returned an evasive answer. The truth was, that for some time past my appearance, owing to the state of my finances, had been rather shabby; and I did not wish to expose a fashionable young man like Francis Ardry, who lived in a fashionable neighbourhood, to the imputation of having a shabby acquaintance. I was aware that Francis Ardry was an excellent fellow; but, on that very account, I felt, under existing circumstances, a delicacy in visiting him.

It is very possible that he had an inkling of how matters stood, as he presently began to talk of my affairs and prospects. I told him of my late ill success with the booksellers, and inveighed against their blindness to their own interest in refusing to publish my translations. "The last that I addressed

myself to," said I, "told me not to trouble him again unless I could bring him a decent novel or a tale."

"Well," said Frank, "and why did you not carry him a decent novel or a tale?"

"Because I have neither," said I; "and to write them is, I believe, above my capacity. At present I feel divested of all energy—heartless, and almost hopeless."

"I see how it is," said Francis Ardry, "you have overworked yourself, and, worst of all, to no purpose. Take my advice; cast all care aside, and only think of diverting yourself for a month at least."

"Divert myself," said I; "and where am I to find the means?"

"Be that care on my shoulders," said Francis Ardry. "Listen to me—my uncles have been so delighted with the favourable accounts which they have lately received from T . . . . . of my progress in oratory, that, in the warmth of their hearts, they made me a present yesterday of two hundred pounds. This is more money than I want, at least for the present; do me the favour to take half of it as a

loan—hear me," said he, observing that I was about to interrupt him, "I have a plan in my head—one of the prettiest in the world. The sister of my charmer is just arrived from France; she cannot speak a word of English; and, as Annette and myself are much engaged in our own matters, we cannot pay her the attention which we should wish, and which she deserves, for she is a truly fascinating creature, although somewhat differing from my charmer, having blue eyes and flaxen hair; whilst Annette, on the contrary . . . . . But I hope you will shortly see Annette. Now my plan is this—Take the money, dress yourself fashionably, and conduct Annette's sister to Bagnigge Wells."

"And what should we do at Bagnigge Wells?"

"Do!" said Francis Ardry. "Dance!"

"But," said I, "I scarcely know anything of dancing."

"Then here's an excellent opportunity of improving yourself. Like most Frenchwomen, she dances divinely; however, if you object to Bagnigge Wells and dancing, go to Brighton, and remain there a month or two, at the end of which time you can return with your mind refreshed and

invigorated, and materials, perhaps, for a tale or novel."

"I never heard a more foolish plan," said I, "or one less likely to terminate profitably or satisfactorily. I thank you, however, for your offer, which is, I dare say, well meant. If I am to escape from my cares and troubles, and find my mind refreshed and invigorated, I must adopt other means than conducting a French demoiselle to Brighton or Bagnigge Wells, defraying the expense by borrowing from a friend."

CHAPTER XXI.

SINGULAR PERSONAGE.—A LARGE SUM.—PAPA OF ROME.—WE ARE CHRISTIANS.—DEGENERATE ARMENIANS.—ROOTS OF ARARAT.—REGULAR FEATURES.

THE Armenian! I frequently saw this individual, availing myself of the permission which he had given me to call upon him. A truly singular personage was he, with his love of amassing money, and his nationality so strong as to be akin to poetry. Many an Armenian I have subsequently known fond of money-getting, and not destitute of national spirit; but never another, who, in the midst of his schemes of lucre, was at all times willing to enter into a conversation on the structure of the Haik language, or who ever offered me money to render into English the fables of Z . . . . in the hope of astonishing the stock-jobbers of the Exchange with the wisdom of the Haik Esop.

But he was fond of money, very fond. Within

a little time I had won his confidence to such a degree that he informed me that the grand wish of his heart was to be possessed of two hundred thousand pounds.

"I think you might satisfy yourself with the half," said I. "One hundred thousand pounds is a large sum."

"You are mistaken," said the Armenian, "a hundred thousand pounds is nothing. My father left me that or more at his death. No, I shall never be satisfied with less than two."

"And what will you do with your riches," said I, "when you have obtained them? Will you sit down and muse upon them, or will you deposit them in a cellar, and go down once a day to stare at them? I have heard say that the fulfilment of one's wishes is invariably the precursor of extreme misery, and forsooth I can scarcely conceive a more horrible state of existence than to be without a hope or wish."

"It is bad enough, I dare say," said the Armenian; "it will, however, be time enough to think of disposing of the money when I have procured it.

I still fall short by a vast sum of the two hundred thousand pounds."

I had occasionally much conversation with him on the state and prospects of his nation, especially of that part of it which still continued in the original country of the Haiks—Ararat and its confines, which, it appeared, he had frequently visited. He informed me that since the death of the last Haik monarch, which occurred in the eleventh century, Armenia had been governed both temporally and spiritually by certain personages called patriarchs; their temporal authority, however, was much circumscribed by the Persian and Turk, especially the former, of whom the Armenian spoke with much hatred, whilst their spiritual authority had at various times been considerably undermined by the emissaries of the Papa of Rome, as the Armenian called him.

"The Papa of Rome sent his emissaries at an early period amongst us," said the Armenian, "seducing the minds of weak-headed people, persuading them that the hillocks of Rome are higher than the ridges of Ararat; that the Roman Papa

has more to say in heaven than the Armenian patriarch, and that puny Latin is a better language than nervous and sonorous Haik."

"They are both dialects," said I, "of the language of Mr. Petulengro, one of whose race I believe to have been the original founder of Rome; but, with respect to religion, what are the chief points of your faith? you are Christians, I believe."

"Yes," said the Armenian, "we are Christians in our way; we believe in God, the Holy Spirit, and Saviour, though we are not prepared to admit that the last personage is not only himself, but the other two. We believe . . . . . ." and then the Armenian told me of several things which the Haiks believed or disbelieved. "But what we find most hard of all to believe," said he, "is that the man of the mole hills is entitled to our allegiance, he not being a Haik, or understanding the Haik language."

"But, by your own confession," said I, "he has introduced a schism in your nation, and has amongst you many that believe in him."

"It is true," said the Armenian, "that even on the confines of Ararat there are a great number who consider that mountain to be lower than the hillocks of Rome; but the greater number of degenerate Armenians are to be found amongst those who have wandered to the west; most of the Haik churches of the west consider Rome to be higher than Ararat—most of the Armenians of this place hold that dogma; I, however, have always stood firm in the contrary opinion.

"Ha! ha!"—here the Armenian laughed in his peculiar manner—"talking of this matter puts me in mind of an adventure which lately befell me, with one of the emissaries of the Papa of Rome, for the Papa of Rome has at present many emissaries in this country, in order to seduce the people from their own quiet religion to the savage heresy of Rome; this fellow came to me partly in the hope of converting me, but principally to extort money for the purpose of furthering the designs of Rome in this country. I humoured the fellow at first, keeping him in play for nearly a month, deceiving and laughing at him. At last he discovered that he

could make nothing of me, and departed with the scowl of Caiaphas, whilst I cried after him, "The roots of Ararat are *deeper* than those of Rome."

The Armenian had occasionally reverted to the subject of the translation of the Haik Esop, which he had still a lurking desire that I should execute; but I had invariably declined the undertaking, without, however, stating my reasons. On one occasion, when we had been conversing on the subject, the Armenian, who had been observing my countenance for some time with much attention, remarked, "Perhaps, after all, you are right, and you might employ your time to better advantage. Literature is a fine thing, especially Haik literature, but neither that nor any other would be likely to serve as a foundation to a man's fortune: and to make a fortune should be the principal aim of every one's life; therefore listen to me. Accept a seat at the desk opposite to my Moldavian clerk, and receive the rudiments of a merchant's education. You shall be instructed in the Armenian way of doing business —I think you would make an excellent merchant."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you have something of the Armenian look."

"I understand you," said I; "you mean to say that I squint!"

"Not exactly," said the Armenian, "but there is certainly a kind of irregularity in your features. One eye appears to me larger than the other—never mind, but rather rejoice; in that irregularity consists your strength. All people with regular features are fools; it is very hard for them, you'll say, but there is no help: all we can do, who are not in such a predicament, is to pity those who are. Well! will you accept my offer? No! you are a singular individual; but I must not forget my own concerns. I must now go forth, having an appointment by which I hope to make money."

CHAPTER XXII.

WISH FULFILLED.—EXTRAORDINARY FIGURE.—BUENO.—NOAH.—THE TWO FACES.—I DON'T BLAME HIM.—TOO FOND OF MONEY.—WERE I AN ARMENIAN.

THE fulfilment of the Armenian's grand wish was nearer at hand than either he or I had anticipated. Partly owing to the success of a bold speculation, in which he had some time previously engaged, and partly owing to the bequest of a large sum of money by one of his nation who died at this period in Paris, he found himself in the possession of a fortune somewhat exceeding two hundred thousand pounds; this fact he communicated to me one evening about an hour after the close of 'Change; the hour at which I generally called, and at which I mostly found him at home.

"Well," said I, "and what do you intend to do next?"

"I scarcely know," said the Armenian. "I was

thinking of that when you came in. I don't see anything that I can do, save going on in my former course. After all, I was perhaps too moderate in making the possession of two hundred thousand pounds the summit of my ambition; there are many individuals in this town who possess three times that sum, and are not yet satisfied. No, I think I can do no better than pursue the old career; who knows but I may make the two hundred thousand three or four?—there is already a surplus, which is an encouragement; however, we will consider the matter over a goblet of wine; I have observed of late that you have become partial to my Cyprus."

And it came to pass that, as we were seated over the Cyprus wine, we heard a knock at the door. "Adelante!" cried the Armenian; whereupon the door opened, and in walked a somewhat extraordinary figure—a man in a long loose tunic of a stuff striped with black and yellow; breeches of plush velvet, silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. On his head he wore a high-peaked hat; he was tall, had a hooked nose, and in age was about fifty.

"Welcome, Rabbi Manasseh," said the Armenian. "I know your knock—you are welcome; sit down."

"I am welcome," said Manasseh, sitting down; "he—he—he! you know my knock—I bring you money—*bueno!*"

There was something very peculiar in the sound of that bueno—I never forgot it.

Thereupon a conversation ensued between Rabbi Manasseh and the Armenian, in a language which I knew to be Spanish, though a peculiar dialect. It related to a mercantile transaction. The Rabbi sighed heavily as he delivered to the other a considerable sum of money.

"It is right," said the Armenian, handing a receipt. "It is right; and I am quite satisfied."

"You are satisfied—you have taken money. *Bueno,* I have nothing to say against your being satisfied."

"Come, Rabbi," said the Armenian, "do not despond; it may be your turn next to take money; in the mean time, can't you be persuaded to taste my Cyprus?"

"He—he—he! señor, you know I do not love

wine. I love Noah when he is himself; but, as Janus, I love him not. But you are merry; *bueno*, you have a right to be so."

"Excuse me," said I; "but does Noah ever appear as Janus?"

"He—he—he!" said the Rabbi, "he only appeared as Janus once—una vez quando estuvo borracho; which means . . . . ."

"I understand," said I; "when he was . . . . ." and I drew the side of my right hand sharply across my left wrist.

"Are you one of our people?" said the Rabbi.

"No," said I, "I am one of the Goyim; but I am only half enlightened. Why should Noah be Janus when he was in that state?"

"He—he—he! you must know that in Lasan akhades wine is janin."

"In Armenian, kini," said I; "in Welsh, gwin; Latin, vinum; but do you think that Janus and janin are one?"

"Do I think? Don't the commentators say so? Does not Master Leo Abarbenel say so, in his 'Dialogues of Divine Love?'"

"But," said I, "I always thought that Janus

was a god of the ancient Romans, who stood in a temple open in time of war, and shut in time of peace; he was represented with two faces, which—which . . . . ."

"He—he—he!" said the Rabbi, rising from his seat; "he had two faces, had he? And what did those two faces typify? You do not know; no, nor did the Romans who carved him with two faces know why they did so; for they were only half enlightened, like you and the rest of the Goyim. Yet they were right in carving him with two faces looking from each other—they were right, though they knew not why; there was a tradition among them that the Janinoso had two faces, but they knew not that one was for the world which was gone, and the other for the world before him—for the drowned world, and for the present, as Master Leo Abarbenel says in his 'Dialogues of Divine Love.' He—he—he!" continued the Rabbi, who had by this time advanced to the door, and, turning round, waved the two forefingers of his right hand in our faces; "the Goyims and Epicouraiyim are clever men, they know how to make money better

than we of Israel. My good friend there is a clever man, I bring him money, he never brought me any; *bueno*, I do not blame him, he knows much, very much; but one thing there is my friend does not know, nor any of the Epicureans, he does not know the sacred thing—he has never received the gift of interpretation which God alone gives to the seed—he has his gift, I have mine—he is satisfied, I don't blame him, *bueno*."

And, with this last word in his mouth, he departed.

"Is that man a native of Spain?" I demanded.

"Not a native of Spain," said the Armenian, "though he is one of those who call themselves Spanish Jews, and who are to be found scattered throughout Europe, speaking the Spanish language transmitted to them by their ancestors, who were expelled from Spain in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella."

"The Jews are a singular people," said I.

"A race of cowards and dastards," said the Armenian, "without a home or country; servants to servants; persecuted and despised by all."

"And what are the Haiks?" I demanded.

"Very different from the Jews," replied the Armenian; "the Haiks have a home—a country, and can occasionally use a good sword; though it is true they are not what they might be."

"Then it is a shame that they do not become so," said I; "but they are too fond of money. There is yourself, with two hundred thousand pounds in your pocket, craving for more, whilst you might be turning your wealth to the service of your country."

"In what manner?" said the Armenian.

"I have heard you say that the grand oppressor of your country is the Persian; why not attempt to free your country from his oppression—you have two hundred thousand pounds, and money is the sinew of war?"

"Would you, then, have me attack the Persian?"

"I scarcely know what to say; fighting is a rough trade, and I am by no means certain that you are calculated for the scratch. It is not every one who has been brought up in the school of Mr.

Petulengro and Tawno Chikno. All I can say is, that if I were an Armenian, and had two hundred thousand pounds to back me, I would attack the Persian."

"Hem!" said the Armenian.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ONE HALF-CROWN. — MERIT IN PATIENCE. — CEMENTER OF FRIENDSHIP.—DREADFUL PERPLEXITY.—THE USUAL GUTTURAL.—ARMENIAN LETTERS.—MUCH INDEBTED TO YOU.—PURE HELPLESSNESS.—DUMB PEOPLE.

One morning on getting up I discovered that my whole worldly wealth was reduced to one half-crown —throughout that day I walked about in considerable distress of mind; it was now requisite that I should come to a speedy decision with respect to what I was to do; I had not many alternatives, and, before I had retired to rest on the night of the day in question, I had determined that I could do no better than accept the first proposal of the Armenian, and translate under his superintendence the Haik Esop into English.

I reflected, for I made a virtue of necessity, that, after all, such an employment would be an honest and honourable one; honest, inasmuch as by engaging in it I should do harm to nobody; honour-

able, inasmuch as it was a literary task, which not every one was capable of executing. It was not every one of the booksellers' writers of London who was competent to translate the Haik Esop. I determined to accept the offer of the Armenian.

Once or twice the thought of what I might have to undergo in the translation from certain peculiarities of the Armenian's temper almost unsettled me; but a mechanical diving of my hand into my pocket, and the feeling of the solitary half-crown, confirmed me; after all, this was a life of trial and tribulation, and I had read somewhere or other that there was much merit in patience, so I determined to hold fast in my resolution of accepting the offer of the Armenian.

But all of a sudden I remembered that the Armenian appeared to have altered his intentions towards me: he appeared no longer desirous that I should render the Haik Esop into English for the benefit of the stock-jobbers on Exchange, but rather that I should acquire the rudiments of doing business in the Armenian fashion, and accumulate a fortune, which would enable me to make a figure upon 'Change with the best of the stock-jobbers. "Well,"

thought I, withdrawing my hand from my pocket, whither it had again mechanically dived, "after all, what would the world, what would this city be, without commerce? I believe the world, and particularly this city, would cut a very poor figure without commerce; and then there is something poetical in the idea of doing business after the Armenian fashion, dealing with dark-faced Lascars and Rabbins of the Sephardim. Yes, should the Armenian insist upon it, I will accept a seat at the desk, opposite the Moldavian clerk. I do not like the idea of cuffs similar to those the Armenian bestowed upon the Moldavian clerk; whatever merit there may be in patience, I do not think that my estimation of the merit of patience would be sufficient to induce me to remain quietly sitting under the infliction of cuffs. I think I should, in the event of his cuffing me, knock the Armenian down. Well, I think I have heard it said somewhere, that a knock-down blow is a great cementer of friendship; I think I have heard of two people being better friends than ever after the one had received from the other a knock-down blow."

That night I dreamed I had acquired a colossal fortune, some four hundred thousand pounds, by the Armenian way of doing business, but suddenly awoke in dreadful perplexity as to how I should dispose of it.

About nine o'clock next morning I set off to the house of the Armenian; I had never called upon him so early before, and certainly never with a heart beating with so much eagerness; but the situation of my affairs had become very critical, and I thought that I ought to lose no time in informing the Armenian that I was at length perfectly willing either to translate the Haik Esop under his superintendence, or to accept a seat at the desk opposite to the Moldavian clerk, and acquire the secrets of Armenian commerce. With a quick step I entered the counting-room, where, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, I found the clerk, busied as usual at his desk.

He had always appeared to me a singular being, this same Moldavian clerk. A person of fewer words could scarcely be conceived: provided his master were at home, he would, on my inquiring, nod his head; and, provided he were not, he would

invariably reply with the monosyllable, no, delivered in a strange guttural tone. On the present occasion, being full of eagerness and impatience, I was about to pass by him to the apartment above, without my usual inquiry, when he lifted his head from the ledger in which he was writing, and, laying down his pen, motioned to me with his forefinger, as if to arrest my progress; whereupon I stopped, and, with a palpitating heart, demanded whether the master of the house was at home? The Moldavian clerk replied with his usual guttural, and, opening his desk, ensconced his head therein.

"It does not much matter," said I, "I suppose I shall find him at home after 'Change; it does not much matter, I can return."

I was turning away with the intention of leaving the room; at this moment, however, the head of the Moldavian clerk became visible, and I observed a letter in his hand, which he had inserted in the desk at the same time with his head; this he extended towards me, making at the same time a side-long motion with his head, as much as to say that it contained something which interested me.

I took the letter, and the Moldavian clerk forth-

with resumed his occupation. The back of the letter bore my name, written in Armenian characters; with a trembling hand I broke the seal, and, unfolding the letter, I beheld several lines also written in the letters of Mesroub, the Cadmus of the Armenians.

I stared at the lines, and at first could not make out a syllable of their meaning; at last, however, by continued staring, I discovered that, though the letters were Armenian, the words were English; in about ten minutes I had contrived to decipher the sense of the letter; it ran somewhat in this style:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

"The words which you uttered in our last conversation have made a profound impression upon me; I have thought them over day and night, and have come to the conclusion that it is my bounden duty to attack the Persians. When these lines are delivered to you, I shall be on the route to Ararat. A mercantile speculation will be to the world the ostensible motive of my journey, and it is singular enough that one which offers considerable prospect of advantage has just presented itself on the con-

fines of Persia. Think not, however, that motives of lucre would have been sufficiently powerful to tempt me to the East at the present moment. I may speculate, it is true, but I should scarcely have undertaken the journey but for your pungent words inciting me to attack the Persians. Doubt not that I will attack them on the first opportunity. I thank you heartily for putting me in mind of my duty. I have hitherto, to use your own words, been too fond of money-getting, like all my countrymen. I am much indebted to you; farewell! and may every prosperity await you."

For some time after I had deciphered the epistle, I stood as if rooted to the floor. I felt stunned—my last hope was gone; presently a feeling arose in my mind—a feeling of self-reproach. Whom had I to blame but myself for the departure of the Armenian? Would he have ever thought of attacking the Persians had I not put the idea into his head? he had told me in his epistle that he was indebted to me for the idea. But for that, he might at the present moment have been in London, increasing his fortune by his usual methods, and I might be

commencing under his auspices the translation of the Haik Esop, with the promise, no doubt, of a considerable remuneration for my trouble; or I might be taking a seat opposite the Moldavian clerk, and imbibing the first rudiments of doing business after the Armenian fashion, with the comfortable hope of realizing, in a short time, a fortune of three or four hundred thousand pounds; but the Armenian was now gone, and farewell to the fine hopes I had founded upon him the day before. What was I to do? I looked wildly around, till my eyes rested on the Moldavian clerk, who was writing away in his ledger with particular vehemence. Not knowing well what to do or to say, I thought I might as well ask the Moldavian clerk when the Armenian had departed, and when he thought that he would return. It is true it mattered little to me when he departed, seeing that he was gone, and it was evident that he would not be back soon; but I knew not what to do, and in pure helplessness thought I might as well ask; so I went up to the Moldavian clerk, and asked him when the Armenian had departed, and whether he had been gone two days or three? Whereupon the Moldavian clerk,

looking up from his ledger, made certain signs, which I could by no means understand. I stood astonished, but, presently recovering myself, inquired when he considered it probable that the master would return, and whether he thought it would be two months or . . . . . my tongue faltered—two years; whereupon the Moldavian clerk made more signs than before, and yet more unintelligible; as I persisted, however, he flung down his pen, and, putting his thumb into his mouth, moved it rapidly, causing the nail to sound against the lower jaw; whereupon I saw that he was dumb, and hurried away, for I had always entertained a horror of dumb people, having once heard my mother say, when I was a child, that dumb people were half demoniacs, or little better.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KIND OF STUPOR.—PEACE OF GOD.—DIVINE HAND.—FAREWELL, CHILD.—THE FAIR.—MASSIVE EDIFICE.—BATTERED TARS.—LOST! LOST!—GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN.

LEAVING the house of the Armenian, I strolled about for some time; almost mechanically my feet conducted me to London Bridge, to the booth in which stood the stall of the old apple-woman; the sound of her voice aroused me, as I sat in a kind of stupor on the stone bench beside her; she was inquiring what was the matter with me.

At first, I believe, I answered her very incoherently, for I observed alarm beginning to depict itself upon her countenance. Rousing myself, however, I in my turn put a few questions to her upon her present condition and prospects. The old woman's countenance cleared up instantly; she informed me that she had never been more comfortable in her life; that her trade, her *honest* trade—

laying an emphasis on the word honest—had increased of late wonderfully; that her health was better, and, above all, that she felt no fear and horror "here," laying her hand on her breast.

On my asking her whether she still heard voices in the night, she told me that she frequently did; but that the present were mild voices, sweet voices, encouraging voices, very different from the former ones; that a voice, only the night previous, had cried out about "the peace of God," in particularly sweet accents; a sentence which she remembered to have read in her early youth in the primer, but which she had clean forgotten till the voice the night before brought it to her recollection.

After a pause, the old woman said to me, "I believe, dear, that it is the blessed book you brought me which has wrought this goodly change. How glad I am now that I can read; but oh what a difference between the book you brought to me and the one you took away. I believe the one you brought is written by the finger of God, and the other by . . . . ."

"Don't abuse the book," said I, "it is an excellent book for those who can understand it; it was

not exactly suited to you, and perhaps it had been better that you had never read it—and yet, who knows? Peradventure, if you had not read that book, you would not have been fitted for the perusal of the one which you say is written by the finger of God;" and, pressing my hand to my head, I fell into a deep fit of musing. "What, after all," thought I, "if there should be more order and system in the working of the moral world than I have thought? Does there not seem in the present instance to be something like the working of a Divine hand? I could not conceive why this woman, better educated than her mother, should have been, as she certainly was, a worse character than her mother. Yet perhaps this woman may be better and happier than her mother ever was; perhaps she is so already—perhaps this world is not a wild, lying dream, as I have occasionally supposed it to be."

But the thought of my own situation did not permit me to abandon myself much longer to these musings. I started up. "Where are you going, child?" said the woman, anxiously. "I scarcely know," said I; "anywhere." "Then stay here,

child," said she; "I have much to say to you." "No," said I, "I shall be better moving about;" and I was moving away, when it suddenly occurred to me that I might never see this woman again; and turning round I offered her my hand, and bade her good by. "Farewell, child," said the old woman, "and God bless you!" I then moved along the bridge until I reached the Southwark side, and, still holding on my course, my mind again became quickly abstracted from all surrounding objects.

At length I found myself in a street or road, with terraces on either side, and seemingly of interminable length, leading, as it would appear, to the south-east. I was walking at a great rate—there were likewise a great number of people, also walking at a great rate; also carts and carriages driving at a great rate; and all—men, carts, and carriages, going in the selfsame direction, namely, to the south-east. I stopped for a moment and deliberated whether or not I should proceed. What business had I in that direction? I could not say that I had any particular business in that direction, but what could I do were I to turn back?

only walk about well-known streets; and, if I must walk, why not continue in the direction in which I was to see whither the road and its terraces led? I was here in a terra incognita, and an unknown place had always some interest for me; moreover, I had a desire to know whither all this crowd was going, and for what purpose. I thought they could not be going far, as crowds seldom go far, especially at such a rate; so I walked on more lustily than before, passing group after group of the crowd, and almost vieing in speed with some of the carriages, especially the hackney-coaches; and, by dint of walking at this rate, the terraces and houses becoming somewhat less frequent as I advanced, I reached in about three quarters of an hour a kind of low dingy town, in the neighbourhood of the river; the streets were swarming with people, and I concluded, from the number of wild-beast shows, caravans, gingerbread stalls, and the like, that a fair was being held. Now, as I had always been partial to fairs, I felt glad that I had fallen in with the crowd which had conducted me to the present one, and, casting away as much as I was able all gloomy thoughts, I did my best to enter into the

diversions of the fair; staring at the wonderful representations of animals on canvas hung up before the shows of wild beasts, which, by the by, are frequently found much more worthy of admiration than the real beasts themselves; listening to the jokes of the merry-andrews from the platforms in front of the temporary theatres, or admiring the splendid tinsel dresses of the performers who thronged the stages in the intervals of the entertainments; and in this manner, occasionally gazing and occasionally listening, I passed through the town till I came in front of a large edifice looking full upon the majestic bosom of the Thames.

It was a massive stone edifice, built in an antique style, and black with age, with a broad esplanade between it and the river, on which, mixed with a few people from the fair, I observed moving about a great many individuals in quaint dresses of blue, with strange three-cornered hats on their heads; most of them were mutilated; this had a wooden leg—this wanted an arm; some had but one eye; and as I gazed upon the edifice, and the singular-looking individuals who moved before it, I guessed where I was. "I am at . . . . ." said I; "these

individuals are battered tars of Old England, and this edifice, once the favourite abode of Glorious Elizabeth, is the refuge which a grateful country has allotted to them. Here they can rest their weary bodies; at their ease talk over the actions in which they have been injured; and, with the tear of enthusiasm flowing from their eyes, boast how they have trod the deck of fame with Rodney, or Nelson, or others whose names stand emblazoned in the naval annals of their country."

Turning to the right, I entered a park or wood consisting of enormous trees, occupying the foot, sides, and top of a hill which rose behind the town; there were multitudes of people among the trees, diverting themselves in various ways. Coming to the top of the hill, I was presently stopped by a lofty wall, along which I walked, till, coming to a small gate, I passed through, and found myself on an extensive green plain, on one side bounded in part by the wall of the park, and on the others, in the distance, by extensive ranges of houses; to the south-east was a lofty eminence, partially clothed with wood. The plain exhibited an animated scene, a kind of continuation of the fair below; there were

multitudes of people upon it, many tents, and shows; there was also horse-racing, and much noise and shouting, the sun shining brightly overhead. After gazing at the horse-racing for a little time, feeling myself somewhat tired, I went up to one of the tents, and laid myself down on the grass. There was much noise in the tent. "Who will stand me?" said a voice with a slight tendency to lisp. "Will you, my lord?" "Yes," said another voice. Then there was a sound as of a piece of money banging on a table. "Lost! lost! lost!" cried several voices; and then the banging down of the money, and the "lost! lost! lost!" were frequently repeated; at last the second voice exclaimed, "I will try no more; you have cheated me." "Never cheated any one in my life, my lord—all fair—all chance. Them that finds, wins—them that can't finds, loses. Any one else try? Who'll try? Will you, my lord?" and then it appeared that some other lord tried, for I heard more money flung down. Then again the cry of "lost! lost!"—then again the sound of money, and so on. Once or twice, but not more, I heard "Won! won!" but the predominant cry was "Lost! lost!" At last there was a considerable

hubbub, and the words "Cheat!" "Rogue!" and "You filched away the pea!" were used freely by more voices than one, to which the voice with the tendency to lisp replied, "Never filched a pea in my life; would scorn it. Always glad when folks wins; but, as those here don't appear to be civil, nor to wish to play any more, I shall take myself off with my table; so, good day, gentlemen."

CHAPTER XXV.

SINGULAR TABLE.—NO MONEY.—OUT OF EMPLOY.—MY BONNET.—WE OF THE THIMBLE.—GOOD WAGES.—WISELY RESOLVED.—STRANGEST WAY IN THE WORLD.—FAT GENTLEMAN.—NOT SUCH ANOTHER.—FIRST EDITION.—NOT VERY EASY.—WON'T CLOSE.—AVELLA GORGIO.—ALARMED LOOK.

PRESENTLY a man emerged from the tent, bearing before him a rather singular table; it appeared to be of white deal, was exceedingly small at the top, and with very long legs. At a few yards from the entrance he paused, and looked round, as if to decide on the direction which he should take; presently, his eye glancing on me as I lay upon the ground, he started, and appeared for a moment inclined to make off as quick as possible, table and all. In a moment, however, he seemed to recover assurance, and, coming up to the place where I was, the long legs of the table projecting before him, he cried, "Glad to see you here, my lord."

"Thank you," said I, "it's a fine day."

"Very fine, my lord; will your lordship play?

Them that finds, wins—them that don't finds, loses."

"Play at what?" said I.

"Only at the thimble and pea, my lord."

"I never heard of such a game."

"Didn't you? Well, I'll soon teach you," said he, placing the table down. "All you have to do is to put a sovereign down on my table, and to find the pea, which I put under one of my thimbles. If you find it,—and it is easy enough to find it,—I give you a sovereign besides your own: for them that finds, wins."

"And them that don't finds, loses," said I; "no, I don't wish to play."

"Why not, my lord?"

"Why, in the first place, I have no money."

"Oh, you have no money, that of course alters the case. If you have no money, you can't play. Well, I suppose I must be seeing after my customers," said he, glancing over the plain.

"Good day," said I.

"Good day," said the man slowly, but without moving, and as if in reflection. After a moment or

two, looking at me inquiringly, he added, "Out of employ?"

"Yes," said I, "out of employ."

The man measured me with his eye as I lay on the ground. At length he said, "May I speak a word or two to you, my lord?"

"As many as you please," said I.

"Then just come a little out of hearing, a little further on the grass, if you please, my lord."

"Why do you call me my lord?" said I, as I arose and followed him.

"We of the thimble always calls our customers lords," said the man; "but I won't call you such a foolish name any more; come along."

The man walked along the plain till he came to the side of a dry pit, when, looking round to see that no one was nigh, he laid his table on the grass, and, sitting down with his legs over the side of the pit, he motioned me to do the same. "So you are in want of employ," said he, after I had sat down beside him.

"Yes," said I, "I am very much in want of employ."

"I think I can find you some."

"What kind?" said I.

"Why," said the man, "I think you would do to be my bonnet."

"Bonnet!" said I, "what is that?"

"Don't you know? However, no wonder, as you had never heard of the thimble and pea game, but I will tell you. We of the game are very much exposed; folks when they have lost their money, as those who play with us mostly do, sometimes uses rough language, calls us cheats, and sometimes knocks our hats over our eyes; and what's more, with a kick under our table, cause the top deals to fly off; this is the third table I have used this day, the other two being broken by uncivil customers: so we of the game generally like to have gentlemen go about with us to take our part, and encourage us, though pretending to know nothing about us; for example, when the customer says, 'I'm cheated,' the bonnet must say, 'No, you a'n't, it is all right;' or, when my hat is knocked over my eyes, the bonnet must square, and say, 'I never saw the man before in all my life, but I won't see him ill-used;' and so, when they kicks at the table, the bonnet must say, 'I won't see the table ill-used, such

a nice table, too; besides, I want to play myself;' and then I would say to the bonnet, 'Thank you, my lord, them that finds, wins;' and then the bonnet plays, and I lets the bonnet win."

"In a word," said I, "the bonnet means the man who covers you, even as the real bonnet covers the head."

"Just so," said the man, "I see you are awake, and would soon make a first-rate bonnet."

"Bonnet," said I, musingly; "bonnet; it is metaphorical."

"Is it?" said the man.

"Yes," said I, "like the cant words . . . . ."

"Bonnet is cant," said the man; "we of the thimble, as well as all clyfakers and the like, understand cant, as, of course, must every bonnet; so, if you are employed by me, you had better learn it as soon as you can, that we may discourse together without being understood by every one. Besides covering his principal, a bonnet must have his eyes about him, for the trade of the pea, though a strictly honest one, is not altogether lawful; so it is the duty of the bonnet, if he sees the constable coming, to say, the gorgio 's welling.

"That is not cant," said I, "that is the language of the Rommany Chals."

"Do you know those people?" said the man.

"Perfectly," said I, "and their language too."

"I wish I did," said the man, "I would give ten pounds and more to know the language of the Rommany Chals. There's some of it in the language of the pea and thimble; how it came there I don't know, but so it is. I wish I knew it, but it is difficult. You'll make a capital bonnet; shall we close?"

"What would the wages be?" I demanded.

"Why, to a first-rate bonnet, as I think you would prove, I could afford to give from forty to fifty shillings a week."

"Is it possible?" said I.

"Good wages, a'n't they?" said the man.

"First rate," said I; "bonneting is more profitable than reviewing."

"Anan?" said the man.

"Or translating; I don't think the Armenian would have paid me at that rate for translating his Esop."

"Who is he?" said the man.

"Esop?"

"No, I know what that is, Esop's cant for a hunchback; but t'other?"

"You should know," said I.

"Never saw the man in all my life."

"Yes, you have," said I, "and felt him too; don't you remember the individual from whom you took the pocket-book?"

"Oh, that was he; well, the less said about that matter the better; I have left off that trade, and taken to this, which is a much better. Between ourselves, I am not sorry that I did not carry off that pocket-book; if I had, it might have encouraged me in the trade, in which, had I remained, I might have been lagged, sent abroad, as I had been already imprisoned; so I determined to leave it off at all hazards, though I was hard up, not having a penny in the world."

"And wisely resolved," said I; "it was a bad and dangerous trade, I wonder you should ever have embraced it."

"It is all very well talking," said the man, "but there is a reason for everything; I am the son of a Jewess, by a military officer—and then the man

told me his story. I shall not repeat the man's story, it was a poor one, a vile one; at last he observed, "So that affair which you know of determined me to leave the filching trade, and take up with a more honest and safe one; so at last I thought of the pea and thimble, but I wanted funds, especially to pay for lessons at the hands of a master, for I knew little about it."

"Well," said I, "how did you get over that difficulty?"

"Why," said the man, "I thought I should never have got over it. What funds could I raise? I had nothing to sell; the few clothes I had I wanted, for we of the thimble must always appear decent, or nobody would come near us. I was at my wits' ends; at last I got over my difficulty in the strangest way in the world."

"What was that?"

"By an old thing which I had picked up some time before—a book."

"A book?" said I.

"Yes, which I had taken out of your lordship's pocket one day as you were walking the streets in a great hurry. I thought it was a pocket-book at

first, full of bank-notes, perhaps," continued he, laughing. "It was well for me, however, that it was not, for I should have soon spent the notes; as it was, I had flung the old thing down with an oath, as soon as I brought it home. When I was so hard up, however, after the affair with that friend of yours, I took it up one day, and thought I might make something by it to support myself a day with. Chance or something else led me into a grand shop; there was a man there who seemed to be the master, talking to a jolly, portly old gentleman, who seemed to be a country squire. Well, I went up to the first, and offered it for sale; he took the book, opened it at the title-page, and then all of a sudden his eyes glistened, and he showed it to the fat, jolly gentleman, and his eyes glistened too, and I heard him say 'How singular!' and then the two talked together in a speech I didn't understand—I rather thought it was French, at any rate it wasn't cant; and presently the first asked me what I would take for the book. Now I am not altogether a fool, nor am I blind, and I had narrowly marked all that passed, and it came into my head that now was the time for making a man of myself, at any rate I

could lose nothing by a little confidence; so I looked the man boldly in the face, and said, 'I will have five guineas for that book, there a'n't such another in the whole world.' 'Nonsense,' said the first man, 'there are plenty of them, there have been nearly fifty editions, to my knowledge; I will give you five shillings.' 'No,' said I, 'I'll not take it, for I don't like to be cheated, so give me my book again;' and I attempted to take it away from the fat gentleman's hand. 'Stop,' said the younger man, 'are you sure that you won't take less?' 'Not a farthing,' said I; which was not altogether true, but I said so. 'Well,' said the fat gentleman, 'I will give you what you ask;' and sure enough he presently gave me the money; so I made a bow, and was leaving the shop, when it came into my head that there was something odd in all this, and, as I had got the money in my pocket, I turned back, and, making another bow, said, 'May I be so bold as to ask why you gave me all this money for that 'ere dirty book? When I came into the shop, I should have been glad to get a shilling for it; but I saw you wanted it, and asked five guineas.' Then they looked at one another, and

smiled, and shrugged up their shoulders. Then the first man, looking at me, said, 'Friend, you have been a little too sharp for us; however, we can afford to forgive you, as my friend here has long been in quest of this particular book; there are plenty of editions, as I told you, and a common copy is not worth five shillings; but this is a first edition, and a copy of the first edition is worth its weight in gold.'"

"So, after all, they outwitted you," I observed.

"Clearly," said the man; "I might have got double the price, had I known the value; but I don't care, much good may it do them, it has done me plenty. By means of it I have got into an honest, respectable trade, in which there's little danger and plenty of profit, and got out of one which would have got me lagged, sooner or later."

"But," said I, "you ought to remember that the thing was not yours; you took it from me, who had been requested by a poor old apple-woman to exchange it for a Bible."

"Well," said the man, "did she ever get her Bible?"

"Yes," said I, "she got her Bible."

"Then she has no cause to complain; and, as for you, chance or something else has sent you to me, that I may make you reasonable amends for any loss you may have had. Here am I ready to make you my bonnet, with forty or fifty shillings a week, which you say yourself are capital wages."

"I find no fault with the wages," said I, "but I don't like the employ."

"Not like bonneting," said the man; "ah, I see, you would like to be principal; well, a time may come—those long white fingers of yours would just serve for the business."

"Is it a difficult one?" I demanded.

"Why, it is not very easy: two things are needful—natural talent, and constant practice; but I'll show you a point or two connected with the game;" and, placing his table between his knees as he sat over the side of the pit, he produced three thimbles, and a small brown pellet, something resembling a pea. He moved the thimble and pellet about, now placing it to all appearance under one, and now under another; "Under which is it now?" he said at last. "Under that," said I, pointing to the lowermost of the thimbles, which, as they stood, formed

a kind of triangle. "No," said he, "it is not, but lift it up;" and, when I lifted up the thimble, the pellet, in truth, was not under it. "It was under none of them," said he, "it was pressed by my little finger against my palm;" and then he showed me how he did the trick, and asked me if the game was not a funny one; and, on my answering in the affirmative, he said, "I am glad you like it, come along and let us win some money."

Thereupon, getting up, he placed the table before him, and was moving away; observing, however, that I did not stir, he asked me what I was staying for. "Merely for my own pleasure," said I, "I like sitting here very well." "Then you won't close?" said the man. "By no means," I replied, "your proposal does not suit me." "You may be principal in time," said the man. "That makes no difference," said I; and, sitting with my legs over the pit, I forthwith began to decline an Armenian noun. "That a'n't cant," said the man; "no, nor gypsy, either. Well, if you won't close, another will, I can't lose any more time," and forthwith he departed.

And after I had declined four Armenian nouns,

of different declensions, I rose from the side of the pit, and wandered about amongst the various groups of people scattered over the green. Presently I came to where the man of the thimbles was standing, with the table before him, and many people about him. "Them who finds, wins, and them who can't find, loses," he cried. Various individuals tried to find the pellet, but all were unsuccessful, till at last considerable dissatisfaction was expressed, and the terms rogue and cheat were lavished upon him. "Never cheated anybody in all my life," he cried; and, observing me at hand, "didn't I play fair, my lord?" he inquired. But I made no answer. Presently some more played, and he permitted one or two to win, and the eagerness to play with him became greater. After I had looked on for some time, I was moving away: just then I perceived a short, thick personage, with a staff in his hand, advancing in a great hurry; whereupon, with a sudden impulse, I exclaimed—

"Shoon thimble-engro;
Avella gorgio."

The man, who was in the midst of his pea and thimble process, no sooner heard the last word of

the distich, than he turned an alarmed look in the direction of where I stood; then, glancing around, and perceiving the constable, he slipped forthwith his pellet and thimbles into his pocket, and, lifting up his table, he cried to the people about him, "Make way!" and with a motion with his head to me, as if to follow him, he darted off with a swiftness which the short, pursy constable could by no means rival; and whither he went, or what became of him, I know not, inasmuch as I turned away in another direction.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. PETULENGRO.—ROMMANY RYE.—LIL WRITERS.—ONE'S OWN HORN.—LAWFULLY EARNT MONEY.—THE WOODED HILL.—A GREAT FAVOURITE.—THE SHOP WINDOW.—MUCH WANTED.

AND, as I wandered along the green, I drew near to a place where several men, with a cask beside them, sat carousing in the neighbourhood of a small tent. "Here he comes," said one of them, as I advanced, and standing up he raised his voice and sang:—

> "Here the Gypsy gemman see,
> With his Roman jib and his rome and dree—
> Rome and dree, rum and dry
> Rally round the Rommany Rye."

It was Mr. Petulengro, who was here diverting himself with several of his comrades; they all received me with considerable frankness. "Sit down, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "and take a cup of good ale."

I sat down. "Your health, gentlemen," said I, as I took the cup which Mr. Petulengro handed to me.

"Aukko tu pios adrey Rommanis. Here is your health in Rommany, brother," said Mr. Petulengro; who, having refilled the cup, now emptied it at a draught.

"Your health in Rommany, brother," said Tawno Chikno, to whom the cup came next.

"The Rommany Rye," said a third.

"The Gypsy gentleman," exclaimed a fourth, drinking.

And then they all sang in chorus.

"Here the Gypsy gemman see,
With his Roman jib and his rome and dree—
Rome and dree, rum and dry
Rally round the Rommany Rye."

"And now, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "seeing that you have drunk and been drunken, you will perhaps tell us where you have been, and what about?"

"I have been in the Big City," said I, "writing lils."

"How much money have you got in your pocket, brother?" said Mr. Petulengro.

"Eighteen pence," said I; "all I have in the world."

"I have been in the Big City, too," said Mr. Petulengro; "but I have not written lils—I have fought in the ring—I have fifty pounds in my pocket—I have much more in the world. Brother, there is considerable difference between us."

"I would rather be the lil-writer, after all," said the tall, handsome, black man; "indeed, I would wish for nothing better."

"Why so?" said Mr. Petulengro.

"Because they have so much to say for themselves," said the black man, "even when dead and gone. When they are laid in the churchyard, it is their own fault if people a'n't talking of them. Who will know, after I am dead, or bitchadey pawdel, that I was once the beauty of the world, or that you Jasper were . . . . ."

"The best man in England of my inches. That 's true, Tawno—however, here 's our brother will perhaps let the world know something about us."

"Not he," said the other, with a sigh; "he'll have quite enough to do in writing his own lils, and telling the world how handsome and clever he was; and who can blame him? Not I. If I could write lils, every word should be about myself and my own tacho Rommanis—my own lawful wedded wife, which is the same thing. I tell you what, brother, I once heard a wise man say in Brummagem, that 'there is nothing like blowing one's own horn,' which I conceive to be much the same thing as writing one's own lil."

After a little more conversation, Mr. Petulengro arose, and motioned me to follow him. "Only eighteen pence in the world, brother!" said he, as we walked together.

"Nothing more," I assure you. "How came you to ask me how much money I had?"

"Because there was something in your look, brother, something very much resembling that which a person showeth who does not carry much money in his pocket. I was looking at my own face this morning in my wife's looking-glass—I did not look as you do, brother."

"I believe your sole motive for inquiring," said I, "was to have an opportunity of venting a foolish boast, and to let me know that you were in possession of fifty pounds."

"What is the use of having money unless you let people know you have it?" said Mr. Petulengro. "It is not every one can read faces, brother; and, unless you knew I had money, how could you ask me to lend you any?"

"I am not going to ask you to lend me any."

"Then you may have it without asking; as I said before, I have fifty pounds, all lawfully earnt money, got by fighting in the ring—I will lend you that, brother."

"You are very kind," said I; "but I will not take it."

"Then the half of it?"

"Nor the half of it; but it is getting towards evening, I must go back to the Great City."

"And what will you do in the Boro Foros?"

"I know not," said I.

"Earn money?"

"If I can."

"And if you can't?"

"Starve!"

"You look ill, brother," said Mr. Petulengro.

"I do not feel well; the Great City does not agree with me. Should I be so fortunate as to earn some money, I would leave the Big City, and take to the woods and fields."

"You may do that, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "whether you have money or not. Our tents and horses are on the other side of yonder wooded hill, come and stay with us; we shall all be glad of your company, but more especially myself and my wife Pakomovna."

"What hill is that?" I demanded.

And then Mr. Petulengro told me the name of the hill. "We shall stay on t'other side of the hill a fortnight," he continued; "and, as you are fond of lil writing, you may employ yourself profitably whilst there. You can write the lil of him whose dook gallops down that hill every night, even as the living man was wont to do long ago."

"Who was he?" I demanded.

"Jemmy Abershaw," said Mr. Petulengro; "one

of those whom we call Boro drom engroes, and the gorgios highwaymen. I once heard a rye say that the life of that man would fetch much money; so come to the other side of the hill, and write the lil in the tent of Jasper and his wife Pakomovna."

At first I felt inclined to accept the invitation of Mr. Petulengro; a little consideration, however, determined me to decline it. I had always been on excellent terms with Mr. Petulengro, but I reflected that people might be excellent friends when they met occasionally in the street, or on the heath, or in the wood; but that these very people when living together in a house, to say nothing of a tent, might quarrel. I reflected, moreover, that Mr. Petulengro had a wife. I had always, it is true, been a great favourite with Mrs. Petulengro, who had frequently been loud in her commendation of the young rye, as she called me, and his turn of conversation; but this was at a time when I stood in need of nothing, lived under my parents' roof, and only visited at the tents to divert and to be diverted. The times were altered, and I was by no means certain that Mrs. Petulengro, when she should discover that I was in

need both of shelter and subsistence, might not alter her opinion both with respect to the individual and what he said—stigmatizing my conversation as saucy discourse, and myself as a scurvy companion; and that she might bring over her husband to her own way of thinking, provided, indeed, he should need any conducting. I therefore, though without declaring my reasons, declined the offer of Mr. Petulengro, and presently, after shaking him by the hand, bent again my course towards the Great City.

I crossed the river at a bridge considerably above that hight of London; for, not being acquainted with the way, I missed the turning which should have brought me to the latter. Suddenly I found myself in a street of which I had some recollection, and mechanically stopped before the window of a shop at which various publications were exposed; it was that of the bookseller to whom I had last applied in the hope of selling my ballads or Ab Gwilym, and who had given me hopes that, in the event of my writing a decent novel, or a tale, he would prove a purchaser. As I stood listlessly

looking at the window, and the publications which it contained, I observed a paper affixed to the glass by wafers with something written upon it. I drew yet nearer for the purpose of inspecting it; the writing was in a fair round hand—"A Novel or Tale is much wanted," was what was written.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BREAD AND WATER.—FAIR PLAY.—FASHIONABLE LIFE.—COLONEL B . . . .—JOSEPH SELL.—THE KINDLY GLOW.—EASIEST MANNER IMAGINABLE.

"I MUST do something," said I, as I sat that night in my lonely apartment, with some bread and a pitcher of water before me.

Thereupon taking some of the bread, and eating it, I considered what I was to do. "I have no idea what I am to do," said I, as I stretched my hand towards the pitcher, "unless—and here I took a considerable draught—I write a tale or a novel . . . . That bookseller," I continued, speaking to myself, "is certainly much in need of a tale or a novel, otherwise he would not advertise for one. Suppose I write one, I appear to have no other chance of extricating myself from my present difficulties; surely it was Fate that conducted me to his window."

"I will do it," said I, as I struck my hand

against the table; "I will do it." Suddenly a heavy cloud of despondency came over me. Could I do it? Had I the imagination requisite to write a tale or a novel? "Yes, yes," said I, as I struck my hand again against the table, "I can manage it; give me fair play, and I can accomplish anything."

But should I have fair play? I must have something to maintain myself with whilst I wrote my tale, and I had but eighteen pence in the world. Would that maintain me whilst I wrote my tale? Yes, I thought it would, provided I ate bread, which did not cost much, and drank water, which cost nothing; it was poor diet, it was true, but better men than myself had written on bread and water; had not the big man told me so? or something to that effect, months before?

It was true there was my lodging to pay for; but up to the present time I owed nothing, and perhaps, by the time that the people of the house asked me for money, I should have written a tale or a novel, which would bring me in money; I had paper, pens, and ink, and, let me not forget them, I had candles in my closet, all paid for, to light me during my

night work. Enough, I would go doggedly to work upon my tale or novel.

But what was the tale or novel to be about? Was it to be a tale of fashionable life, about Sir Harry Somebody, and the Countess Something? But I knew nothing about fashionable people, and cared less; therefore how should I attempt to describe fashionable life? What should the tale consist of? The life and adventures of some one. Good—but of whom? Did not Mr. Petulengro mention one Jemmy Abershaw? Yes. Did he not tell me that the life and adventures of Jemmy Abershaw would bring in much money to the writer? Yes, but I knew nothing of that worthy. I heard, it is true, from Mr. Petulengro, that when alive he committed robberies on the hill, on the side of which Mr. Petulengro had pitched his tents, and that his ghost still haunted the hill at midnight; but those were scant materials out of which to write the man's life. It is probable, indeed, that Mr. Petulengro would be able to supply me with further materials if I should apply to him, but I was in a hurry, and could not afford the time which it would be necessary to spend in passing to and from Mr.

Petulengro, and consulting him. Moreover, my pride revolted at the idea of being beholden to Mr. Petulengro for the materials of the history. No, I would not write the history of Abershaw. Whose then—Harry Simms? Alas, the life of Harry Simms had been already much better written by himself than I could hope to do it; and, after all, Harry Simms, like Jemmy Abershaw, was merely a robber. Both, though bold and extraordinary men, were merely highwaymen. I questioned whether I could compose a tale likely to excite any particular interest out of the exploits of a mere robber. I want a character for my hero, thought I, something higher than a mere robber; some one like—like Colonel B . . . . By the way, why should I not write the life and adventures of Colonel B . . . . of Londonderry, in Ireland?

A truly singular man was this same Colonel B . . . . of Londonderry, in Ireland; a personage of most strange and incredible feats and daring, who had been a partizan soldier, a bravo—who, assisted by certain discontented troopers, nearly succeeded in stealing the crown and regalia from the Tower of London; who attempted to hang the Duke of

Ormond, at Tyburn; and whose strange, eventful career did not terminate even with his life, his dead body, on the circulation of an unfounded report that he did not come to his death by fair means, having been exhumed by the mob of his native place, where he had retired to die, and carried in the coffin through the streets.

Of his life I had inserted an account in the Newgate Lives and Trials; it was bare and meagre, and written in the stiff, awkward style of the seventeenth century; it had, however, strongly captivated my imagination, and I now thought that out of it something better could be made; that, if I added to the adventures, and purified the style, I might fashion out of it a very decent tale or novel. On a sudden, however, the proverb of mending old garments with new cloth occurred to me. "I am afraid," said I, "any new adventures which I can invent will not fadge well with the old tale; one will but spoil the other." I had better have nothing to do with Colonel B . . . ., thought I, but boldly and independently sit down and write the life of Joseph Sell.

This Joseph Sell, dear reader, was a fictitious

personage who had just come into my head. I had never even heard of the name, but just at that moment it happened to come into my head; I would write an entirely fictitious narrative, called the Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the great traveller.

I had better begin at once, thought I; and removing the bread and the jug, which latter was now empty, I seized pen and paper, and forthwith essayed to write the life of Joseph Sell, but soon discovered that it is much easier to resolve upon a thing than to achieve it, or even to commence it; for the life of me I did not know how to begin, and, after trying in vain to write a line, I thought it would be as well to go to bed, and defer my projected undertaking till the morrow.

So I went to bed, but not to sleep. During the greater part of the night I lay awake, musing upon the work which I had determined to execute. For a long time my brain was dry and unproductive; I could form no plan which appeared feasible. At length I felt within my brain a kindly glow; it was the commencement of inspiration; in a few minutes I had formed my plan; I then began to imagine

the scenes and the incidents. Scenes and incidents flitted before my mind's eye so plentifully, that I knew not how to dispose of them; I was in a regular embarrassment. At length I got out of the difficulty in the easiest manner imaginable, namely, by consigning to the depths of oblivion all the feebler and less stimulant scenes and incidents, and retaining the better and more impressive ones. Before morning I had sketched the whole work on the tablets of my mind, and then resigned myself to sleep in the pleasing conviction that the most difficult part of my undertaking was achieved.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONSIDERABLY SOBERED.—POWER OF WRITING.—THE TEMPTER.—HUNGRY TALENT.—WORK CONCLUDED.

RATHER late in the morning I awoke; for a few minutes I lay still, perfectly still; my imagination was considerably sobered; the scenes and situations which had pleased me so much over night appeared to me in a far less captivating guise that morning. I felt languid and almost hopeless—the thought, however, of my situation soon roused me—I must make an effort to improve the posture of my affairs; there was no time to be lost; so I sprang out of bed, breakfasted on bread and water, and then sat down doggedly to write the life of Joseph Sell.

It was a great thing to have formed my plan, and to have arranged the scenes in my head, as I had done on the preceding night. The chief thing requisite at present was the mere mechanical act of

committing them to paper. This I did not find at first so easy as I could wish—I wanted mechanical skill; but I persevered, and before evening I had written ten pages. I partook of some bread and water; and, before I went to bed that night, I had completed fifteen pages of my life of Joseph Sell.

The next day I resumed my task—I found my power of writing considerably increased; my pen hurried rapidly over the paper—my brain was in a wonderfully teeming state; many scenes and visions which I had not thought of before were evolved, and, as fast as evolved, written down; they seemed to be more pat to my purpose, and more natural to my history, than many others which I had imagined before, and which I made now give place to these newer creations: by about midnight I had added thirty fresh pages to my "Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell."

The third day arose—it was dark and dreary out of doors, and I passed it drearily enough within; my brain appeared to have lost much of its former glow, and my pen much of its power; I, however, toiled on, but at midnight had only added seven pages to my history of Joseph Sell.

On the fourth day the sun shone brightly—I arose, and, having breakfasted as usual, I fell to work. My brain was this day wonderfully prolific, and my pen never before or since glided so rapidly over the paper; towards night I began to feel strangely about the back part of my head, and my whole system was extraordinarily affected. I likewise occasionally saw double—a tempter now seemed to be at work within me.

"You had better leave off now for a short space," said the tempter, "and go out and drink a pint of beer; you have still one shilling left—if you go on at this rate, you will go mad—go out and spend sixpence, you can afford it, more than half your work is done." I was about to obey the suggestion of the tempter, when the idea struck me that, if I did not complete the work whilst the fit was on me, I should never complete it; so I held on. I am almost afraid to state how many pages I wrote that day of the life of Joseph Sell.

From this time I proceeded in a somewhat more leisurely manner; but, as I drew nearer and nearer to the completion of my task, dreadful fears and despondencies came over me—It will be too

late, thought I; by the time I have finished the work, the bookseller will have been supplied with a tale or a novel. Is it probable that, in a town like this, where talent is so abundant—hungry talent too, a bookseller can advertise for a tale or a novel, without being supplied with half a dozen in twenty-four hours? I may as well fling down my pen—I am writing to no purpose. And these thoughts came over my mind so often, that at last, in utter despair, I flung down the pen. Whereupon the tempter within me said—"And, now you have flung down the pen, you may as well fling yourself out of the window; what remains for you to do?" Why to take it up again, thought I to myself, for I did not like the latter suggestion at all—and then forthwith I resumed the pen, and wrote with greater vigour than before, from about six o'clock in the evening until I could hardly see, when I rested for awhile, when the tempter within me again said, or appeared to say—"All you have been writing is stuff, it will never do—a drug—a mere drug;" and methought these last words were uttered in the gruff tones of the big publisher. "A thing merely to be sneezed at," a voice like that of Taggart

added; and then I seemed to hear a sternutation,—as I probably did, for, recovering from a kind of swoon, I found myself shivering with cold. The next day I brought my work to a conclusion.

But the task of revision still remained; for an hour or two I shrank from it, and remained gazing stupidly at the pile of paper which I had written over. I was all but exhausted, and I dreaded, on inspecting the sheets, to find them full of absurdities which I had paid no regard to in the furor of composition. But the task, however trying to my nerves, must be got over; at last, in a kind of desperation, I entered upon it. It was far from an easy one; there were, however, fewer errors and absurdities than I had anticipated. About twelve o'clock at night I had got over the task of revision. "To-morrow, for the bookseller," said I, as my head sank on the pillow. "Oh me!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

NERVOUS LOOK.—THE BOOKSELLER'S WIFE.—THE LAST STAKE.—TERMS.—GOD FORBID.—WILL YOU COME TO TEA?—A LIGHT HEART.

On arriving at the bookseller's shop, I cast a nervous look at the window, for the purpose of observing whether the paper had been removed or not. To my great delight the paper was in its place; with a beating heart I entered, there was nobody in the shop; as I stood at the counter, however, deliberating whether or not I should call out, the door of what seemed to be a back-parlour opened, and out came a well dressed lady-like female, of about thirty, with a good-looking and intelligent countenance. "What is your business, young man?" said she to me, after I had made her a polite bow. "I wish to speak to the gentleman of the house," said I. "My husband is not within at present," she replied; "what is your business?" "I have merely

brought something to show him," said I, "but I will call again." "If you are the young gentleman who has been here before," said the lady, "with poems and ballads, as, indeed, I know you are," she added, smiling, "for I have seen you through the glass door, "I am afraid it will be useless; that is," she added with another smile, "if you bring us nothing else." "I have not brought you poems and ballads now," said I, "but something widely different; I saw your advertisement for a tale or a novel, and have written something which I think will suit; and here it is," I added, showing the roll of paper which I held in my hand. "Well," said the bookseller's wife, you may leave it, though I cannot promise you much chance of its being accepted. My husband has already had several offered to him; however, you may leave it; give it me. Are you afraid to intrust it to me?" she demanded somewhat hastily, observing that I hesitated. "Excuse me," said I, "but it is all I have to depend upon in the world; I am chiefly apprehensive that it will not be read." "On that point I can reassure you," said the good lady, smiling, and there was now something sweet in her smile. "I

give you my word that it shall be read; come again to-morrow morning at eleven, when, if not approved, it shall be returned to you."

I returned to my lodging, and forthwith betook myself to bed, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour. I felt tolerably tranquil; I had now cast my last stake, and was prepared to abide by the result. Whatever that result might be, I could have nothing to reproach myself with; I had strained all the energies which nature had given me in order to rescue myself from the difficulties which surrounded me. I presently sank into a sleep, which endured during the remainder of the day, and the whole of the succeeding night. I awoke about nine on the morrow, and spent my last threepence on a breakfast somewhat more luxurious than the immediately preceding ones, for one penny of the sum was expended on the purchase of milk.

At the appointed hour I repaired to the house of the bookseller; the bookseller was in his shop. "Ah," said he, as soon as I entered, "I am glad to see you." There was an unwonted heartiness in the bookseller's tones, an unwonted benignity in his face. "So," said he, after a pause, "you have taken

my advice, written a book of adventure; nothing like taking the advice, young man, of your superiors in age. Well, I think your book will do, and so does my wife, for whose judgment I have a great regard; as well I may, as she is the daughter of a first-rate novelist, deceased. I think I shall venture on sending your book to the press." "But," said I, "we have not yet agreed upon terms." "Terms, terms," said the bookseller; "ahem! well, there is nothing like coming to terms at once. I will print the book, and give you half the profit when the edition is sold." "That will not do," said I; "I intend shortly to leave London: I must have something at once." "Ah, I see," said the bookseller, "in distress; frequently the case with authors, especially young ones. Well, I don't care if I purchase it of you, but you must be moderate; the public are very fastidious, and the speculation may prove a losing one after all. Let me see, will five . . . . hem"—he stopped. I looked the bookseller in the face; there was something peculiar in it. Suddenly it appeared to me as if the voice of him of the thimble sounded in my ear, "Now is your time, ask enough, never such another chance of establishing

yourself; respectable trade, pea and thimble. "Well," said I at last, "I have no objection to take the offer which you were about to make, though I really think five-and-twenty guineas to be scarcely enough, everything considered." "Five-and-twenty guineas!" said the bookseller; "are you—what was I going to say—I never meant to offer half as much—I mean a quarter; I was going to say five guineas—I mean pounds; I will, however, make it up guineas." "That will not do," said I; "but, as I find we shall not deal, return me my manuscript, that I may carry it to some one else." The bookseller looked blank. "Dear me," said he, "I should never have supposed that you would have made any objection to such an offer; I am quite sure that you would have been glad to take five pounds for either of the two huge manuscripts of songs and ballads that you brought me on a former occasion." "Well," said I, "if you will engage to publish either of those two manuscripts, you shall have the present one for five pounds." "God forbid that I should make any such bargain," said the bookseller; "I would publish neither on any account; but, with respect to this last book, I have really an inclination to print

it, both for your sake and mine; suppose we say ten pounds." "No," said I, "ten pounds will not do; pray restore me my manuscript." "Stay," said the bookseller, "my wife is in the next room, I will go and consult her." Thereupon he went into his back room, where I heard him conversing with his wife in a low tone; in about ten minutes he returned. "Young gentleman," said he, "perhaps you will take tea with us this evening, when we will talk further over the matter."

That evening I went and took tea with the bookseller and his wife, both of whom, particularly the latter, overwhelmed me with civility. It was not long before I learned that the work had been already sent to the press, and was intended to stand at the head of a series of entertaining narratives, from which my friends promised themselves considerable profit. The subject of terms was again brought forward. I stood firm to my first demand for a long time; when, however, the bookseller's wife complimented me on my production in the highest terms, and said that she discovered therein the germs of genius, which she made no doubt would some day prove ornamental to my native land, I

consented to drop my demand to twenty pounds, stipulating, however, that I should not be troubled with the correction of the work.

Before I departed, I received the twenty pounds, and departed with a light heart to my lodgings.

Reader, amidst the difficulties and dangers of this life, should you ever be tempted to despair, call to mind these latter chapters of the life of Lavengro. There are few positions, however difficult, from which dogged resolution and perseverance may not liberate you.

CHAPTER XXX.

INDISPOSITION.—A RESOLUTION.—POOR EQUIVALENTS.—THE PIECE OF GOLD.—FLASHING EYES.—HOW BEAUTIFUL.—BON JOUR, MONSIEUR.

I HAD long ago determined to leave London as soon as the means should be in my power, and, now that they were, I determined to leave the Great City; yet I felt some reluctance to go. I would fain have pursued the career of original authorship which had just opened itself to me, and have written other tales of adventure. The bookseller had given me encouragement enough to do so; he had assured me that he should be always happy to deal with me for an article (that was the word) similar to the one I had brought him, provided my terms were moderate; and the bookseller's wife, by her complimentary language, had given me yet more encouragement. But for some months past I had been far from well, and my original indisposition, brought on

partly by the peculiar atmosphere of the Big City, partly by anxiety of mind, had been much increased by the exertions which I had been compelled to make during the last few days. I felt that, were I to remain where I was, I should die, or become a confirmed valetudinarian. I would go forth into the country, travelling on foot, and, by exercise and inhaling pure air, endeavour to recover my health, leaving my subsequent movements to be determined by Providence.

But whither should I bend my course? Once or twice I thought of walking home to the old town, stay some time with my mother and my brother, and enjoy the pleasant walks in the neighbourhood; but, though I wished very much to see my mother and my brother, and felt much disposed to enjoy the said pleasant walks, the old town was not exactly the place to which I wished to go at this present juncture. I was afraid that people would ask, Where are your Northern Ballads? Where are your alliterative translations from Ab Gwilym—of which you were always talking, and with which you promised to astonish the world? Now, in the event of such interrogations, what could I answer? It is

true I had compiled Newgate Lives and Trials, and had written the life of Joseph Sell, but I was afraid that the people of the old town would scarcely consider these as equivalents for the Northern Ballads and the songs of Ab Gwilym. I would go forth and wander in any direction but that of the old town.

But how one's sensibility on any particular point diminishes with time; at present I enter the old town perfectly indifferent as to what the people may be thinking on the subject of the songs and ballads. With respect to the people themselves, whether, like my sensibility, their curiosity has altogether evaporated, or whether, which is at least equally probable, they never entertained any, one thing is certain, that never in a single instance have they troubled me with any remarks on the subject of the songs and ballads.

As it was my intention to travel on foot, with a bundle and a stick, I despatched my trunk containing some few clothes and books to the old town. My preparations were soon made; in about three days I was in readiness to start.

Before departing, however, I bethought me of my

old friend the apple-woman of London Bridge. Apprehensive that she might be labouring under the difficulties of poverty, I sent her a piece of gold by the hands af a young maiden in the house in which I lived. The latter punctually executed her commission, but brought me back the piece of gold. The old woman would not take it; she did not want it, she said. "Tell the poor thin lad," she added, "to keep it for himself, he wants it more than I."

Rather late one afternoon I departed from my lodging, with my stick in one hand and a small bundle in the other, shaping my course to the south-west: when I first arrived, somewhat more than a year before, I had entered the city by the north-east. As I was not going home, I determined to take my departure in the direction the very opposite to home.

Just as I was about to cross the street called the Haymarket, at the lower part, a cabriolet, drawn by a magnificent animal, came dashing along at a furious rate; it stopped close by the curb-stone where I was, a sudden pull of the reins nearly bringing the spirited animal upon its haunches.

The Jehu who had accomplished this feat was Francis Ardry. A small beautiful female, with flashing eyes, dressed in the extremity of fashion, sat beside him.

"Holloa, friend," said Francis Ardry, "whither bound?"

"I do not know," said I; "all I can say, is, that I am about to leave London."

"And the means?" said Francis Ardry.

"I have them," said I, with a cheerful smile.

"Qui est celui-ci?" demanded the small female, impatiently.

"C'est . . . . mon ami le plus intime; so you were about to leave London without telling me a word," said Francis Ardry, somewhat angrily.

"I intended to have written to you," said I: "what a splendid mare that is."

"Is she not?" said Francis Ardry, who was holding in the mare with difficulty; "she cost a hundred guineas."

"Qu'est ce qu'il dit?" demanded his companion.

"Il dit que le jument est bien beau."

"Allons, mon ami, il est tard," said the beauty, with a scornful toss of her head; "allons!"

"Encore un moment," said Francis Ardry; "and when shall I see you again?"

"I scarcely know," I replied: "I never saw a more splendid turn out."

"Qu'est ce qu'il dit?" said the lady again.

"Il dit que tout l'équipage est en assez bon goût."

"Allons, c'est un ours," said the lady; "le cheval même en a peur," added she, as the mare reared up on high.

"Can you find nothing else to admire but the mare and the equipage?" said Francis Ardry, reproachfully, after he had with some difficulty brought the mare to order.

Lifting my hand, in which I held my stick, I took off my hat. "How beautiful!" said I, looking the lady full in the face.

"Comment?" said the lady, inquiringly.

"Il dit que vous êtes belle comme un ange," said Francis Ardry, emphatically.

"Mais, à la bonne heure! arrêtez, mon ami," said the lady to Francis Ardry, who was about to drive off; "je voudrais bien causer un moment avec lui; arrêtez, il est délicieux.—Est-ce bien ainsi que vous

traitez vos amis?" said she, passionately, as Francis Ardry lifted up his whip. "Bon jour, Monsieur, bon jour," said she, thrusting her head from the side and looking back, as Francis Ardry drove off at the rate of thirteen miles an hour.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MILESTONE.—THE MEDITATION.—WANT TO GET UP?—THE OFF-HAND LEADER.—SIXTEEN SHILLINGS.—THE NEAR-HAND WHEELER.—ALL RIGHT.

In about two hours I had cleared the Great City, and got beyond the suburban villages, or rather towns, in the direction in which I was travelling; I was in a broad and excellent road, leading I knew not whither. I now slackened my pace, which had hitherto been great. Presently, coming to a milestone on which was graven nine miles, I rested against it, and looking round towards the vast city, which had long ceased to be visible, I fell into a train of meditation.

I thought of all my ways and doings since the day of my first arrival in that vast city—I had worked and toiled, and, though I had accomplished nothing at all commensurate with the hopes which I had entertained previous to my arrival, I had

achieved my own living, preserved my independence, and become indebted to no one. I was now quitting it, poor in purse, it is true, but not wholly empty; rather ailing it may be, but not broken in health; and, with hope within my bosom, had I not cause upon the whole to be thankful? Perhaps there were some who, arriving at the same time under not more favourable circumstances, had accomplished much more, and whose future was far more hopeful—Good! But there might be others who, in spite of all their efforts, had been either trodden down in the press, never more to be heard of, or were quitting that mighty town broken in purse, broken in health, and, oh! with not one dear hope to cheer them. Had I not, upon the whole, abundant cause to be grateful? Truly, yes!

My meditation over, I left the milestone and proceeded on my way in the same direction as before until the night began to close in. I had always been a good pedestrian; but now, whether owing to indisposition or to not having for some time past been much in the habit of taking such lengthy walks, I began to feel not a little weary. Just as I was thinking of putting up for the night at the next

inn or public-house I should arrive at, I heard what sounded like a coach coming up rapidly behind me. Induced, perhaps, by the weariness which I felt, I stopped and looked wistfully in the direction of the sound; presently up came a coach, seemingly a mail, drawn by four bounding horses—there was no one upon it but the coachman and the guard; when nearly parallel with me it stopped. "Want to get up?" sounded a voice, in the true coachman-like tone—half querulous, half authoritative. I hesitated; I was tired, it is true, but I had left London bound on a pedestrian excursion, and I did not much like the idea of having recourse to a coach after accomplishing so very inconsiderable a distance. "Come, we can't be staying here all night," said the voice, more sharply than before. "I can ride a little way, and get down whenever I like," thought I; and springing forward I clambered up the coach, and was going to sit down upon the box, next the coachman. "No, no," said the coachman, who was a man about thirty, with a hooked nose and red face, dressed in a fashionably cut great coat, with a fashionable black castor on his head. "No, no, keep behind—the box a'n't for

the like of you," said he, as he drove off; "the box is for lords, or gentlemen at least." I made no answer. "D . . . that off-hand leader," said the coachman, as the right-hand front horse made a desperate start at something he saw in the road; and, half rising, he with great dexterity hit with his long whip the off-hand leader a cut on the off cheek. "These seem to be fine horses," said I. The coachman made no answer. "Nearly thorough-bred," I continued; the coachman drew his breath, with a kind of hissing sound, through his teeth. "Come, young fellow, none of your chaff. Don't you think, because you ride on my mail, I 'm going to talk to you about 'orses. I talk to nobody about 'orses except lords." "Well," said I, "I have been called a lord in my time." "It must have been by a thimble-rigger, then," said the coachman, bending back, and half turning his face round with a broad leer. "You have hit the mark wonderfully," said I. "You coachmen, whatever else you may be, are certainly no fools." "We a'n't, a'n't we?" said the coachman. "There you are right; and, to show you that you are, I 'll now trouble you for your fare. If you have been amongst the thimble-

riggers you must be tolerably well cleared out. Where are you going?—to . . . . . ? I think I have seen you there. The fare is sixteen shillings. Come, tip us the blunt; them that has no money can't ride on my mail."

Sixteen shillings was a large sum, and to pay it would make a considerable inroad on my slender finances; I thought, at first, that I would say I did not want to go so far; but then the fellow would ask at once where I wanted to go, and I was ashamed to acknowledge my utter ignorance of the road. I determined, therefore, to pay the fare, with a tacit determination not to mount a coach in future without knowing whither I was going. So I paid the man the money, who, turning round, shouted to the guard—"All right, Jem; got fare to . . . . ;" and forthwith whipped on his horses, especially the off-hand leader, for whom he seemed to entertain a particular spite, to greater speed than before—the horses flew.

A young moon gave a feeble light, partially illuminating a line of road which, appearing by no means interesting, I the less regretted having paid

my money for the privilege of being hurried along it in the flying vehicle. We frequently changed horses; and at last my friend the coachman was replaced by another, the very image of himself—hawk nose, red face, with narrow-rimmed hat and fashionable benjamin. After he had driven about fifty yards, the new coachman fell to whipping one of the horses. "D . . . this near-hand wheeler," said he, "the brute has got a corn." "Whipping him won't cure him of his corn," said I. "Who told you to speak?" said the driver, with an oath; "mind your own business; 'tisn't from the like of you I am to learn to drive 'orses." Presently I fell into a broken kind of slumber. In an hour or two I was aroused by a rough voice—"Got to . . . . . young man; get down if you please." I opened my eyes—there was a dim and indistinct light, like that which precedes dawn; the coach was standing still in something like a street; just below me stood the guard. "Do you mean to get down," said he, "or will you keep us here till morning? other fares want to get up." Scarcely knowing what I did, I took my bundle and stick and descended, whilst

two people mounted. "All right, John," said the guard to the coachman, springing up behind; whereupon off whisked the coach, one or two individuals who were standing by disappeared, and I was left alone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE STILL HOUR.—A THRILL.—THE WONDROUS CIRCLE.—THE SHEPHERD.—HEAPS AND BARROWS.—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?—MILK OF THE PLAINS.—HENGIST SPARED IT.—NO PRESENTS.

After standing still a minute or two, considering what I should do, I moved down what appeared to be the street of a small straggling town; presently I passed by a church, which rose indistinctly on my right hand; anon there was the rustling of foliage and the rushing of waters. I reached a bridge, beneath which a small stream was running in the direction of the south. I stopped and leaned over the parapet, for I have always loved to look upon streams, especially at the still hours. "What stream is this, I wonder?" said I, as I looked down from the parapet into the water, which whirled and gurgled below.

Leaving the bridge, I ascended a gentle acclivity, and presently reached what appeared to be a tract

of moory undulating ground. It was now tolerably light, but there was a mist or haze abroad which prevented my seeing objects with much precision. I felt chill in the damp air of the early morn, and walked rapidly forward. In about half an hour I arrived where the road divided into two, at an angle or tongue of dark green sward. "To the right or the left?" said I, and forthwith took, without knowing why, the left-hand road, along which I proceeded about a hundred yards, when, in the midst of the tongue of sward formed by the two roads, collaterally with myself, I perceived what I at first conceived to be a small grove of blighted trunks of oaks, barked and grey. I stood still for a moment, and then, turning off the road, advanced slowly towards it over the sward; as I drew nearer, I perceived that the objects which had attracted my curiosity, and which formed a kind of circle, were not trees, but immense upright stones. A thrill pervaded my system; just before me were two, the mightiest of the whole, tall as the stems of proud oaks, supporting on their tops a huge transverse stone, and forming a wonderful doorway. I knew now where I was, and, laying down my stick

and bundle, and taking off my hat, I advanced slowly, and cast myself—it was folly, perhaps, but I could not help what I did—cast myself, with my face on the dewy earth, in the middle of the portal of giants, beneath the transverse stone.

The spirit of Stonehenge was strong upon me!

And after I had remained with my face on the ground for some time, I arose, placed my hat on my head, and, taking up my stick and bundle, wandered round the wondrous circle, examining each individual stone, from the greatest to the least; and then, entering by the great door, seated myself upon an immense broad stone, one side of which was supported by several small ones, and the other slanted upon the earth; and there, in deep meditation, I sat for an hour or two, till the sun shone in my face above the tall stones of the eastern side.

And as I still sat there, I heard the noise of bells, and presently a large number of sheep came browzing past the circle of stones; two or three entered, and grazed upon what they could find, and soon a man also entered the circle at the northern side.

"Early here, sir," said the man, who was tall, and dressed in a dark green slop, and had all the

appearance of a shepherd; "a traveller, I suppose?"

"Yes," said I, "I am a traveller; are these sheep yours?"

"They are, sir; that is, they are my master's. A strange place this, sir," said he, looking at the stones; "ever here before?"

"Never in body, frequently in mind."

"Heard of the stones, I suppose; no wonder—all the people of the plain talk of them."

"What do the people of the plain say of them?"

"Why, they say—How did they ever come here?"

"Do they not suppose them to have been brought?"

"Who should have brought them?"

"I have read that they were brought by many thousand men."

"Where from?"

"Ireland."

"How did they bring them?"

"I don't know."

"And what did they bring them for?"

"To form a temple, perhaps."

"What is that?"

"A place to worship God in."

"A strange place to worship God in."

"Why?"

"It has no roof."

"Yes it has."

"Where?" said the man, looking up.

"What do you see above you?"

"The sky."

"Well?"

"Well!"

"Have you anything to say?"

"How did these stones come here?"

"Are there other stones like these on the plains?" said I.

"None; and yet there are plenty of strange things on these downs."

"What are they?"

"Strange heaps, and barrows, and great walls of earth built on the tops of hills."

"Do the people of the plain wonder how they came there?"

"They do not."

"Why?"

"They were raised by hands."

"And these stones?"

"How did they ever come here?"

"I wonder whether they are here?" said I.

"These stones?"

"Yes."

"So sure as the world," said the man; "and, as the world, they will stand as long."

"I wonder whether there is a world."

"What do you mean?"

"An earth, and sea, moon and stars, sheep and men."

"Do you doubt it?"

"Sometimes."

"I never heard it doubted before."

"It is impossible there should be a world."

"It a'n't possible there should'nt be a world."

"Just so." At this moment a fine ewe, attended by a lamb, rushed into the circle and fondled the knees of the shepherd. "I suppose you would not care to have some milk," said the man.

"Why do you suppose so?

"Because, so be, there be no sheep, no milk, you know; and what there ben't is not worth having."

"You could not have argued better," said I; "that is, supposing you have argued; with respect to the milk you may do as you please."

"Be still, Nanny," said the man; and producing a tin vessel from his scrip, he milked the ewe into it. "Here is milk of the plains, master," said the man, as he handed the vessel to me.

"Where are those barrows and great walls of earth you were speaking of," said I, after I had drank some of the milk; "are there any near where we are?"

"Not within many miles; the nearest is yonder away," said the shepherd, pointing to the south-east. "It's a grand place, that, but not like this; quite different, and from it you have a sight of the finest spire in the world."

"I must go to it," said I, and I drank the remainder of the milk; "yonder, you say."

"Yes, yonder; but you cannot get to it in that direction, the river lies between."

"What river?"

"The Avon."

"Avon is British," said I.

"Yes," said the man, "we are all British here."

"No, we are not," said I.

"What are we then?"

"English."

"A'n't they one?"

"No."

"Who were the British?"

"The men who are supposed to have worshipped God in this place, and who raised these stones."

"Where are they now?"

"Our forefathers slaughtered them, spilled their blood all about, especially in this neighbourhood, destroyed their pleasant places, and left not, to use their own words, one stone upon another."

"Yes, they did," said the shepherd, looking aloft at the transverse stone.

"And it is well for them they did; whenever that stone, which English hands never raised, is by English hands thrown down, woe, woe, woe to the English race; spare it, English! Hengist spared it! —Here is sixpence."

"I won't have it," said the man.

"Why not?"

"You talk so prettily about these stones; you seem to know all about them."

"I never receive presents; with respect to the stones, I say with yourself, How did they ever come here?"

"How did they ever come here?" said the shepherd.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RIVER.—ARID DOWNS.—A PROSPECT.

Leaving the shepherd, I bent my way in the direction pointed out by him as that in which the most remarkable of the strange remains of which he had spoken lay. I proceeded rapidly, making my way over the downs covered with coarse grass and fern; with respect to the river of which he had spoken, I reflected that, either by wading or swimming, I could easily transfer myself and what I bore to the opposite side. On arriving at its banks, I found it a beautiful stream, but shallow, with here and there a deep place, where the water ran dark and still.

Always fond of the pure lymph, I undressed, and plunged into one of these gulfs, from which I emerged, my whole frame in a glow, and tingling with delicious sensations. After conveying my

clothes and scanty baggage to the farther side, I dressed, and then with hurried steps bent my course in the direction of some lofty ground; I at length found myself on a high road, leading over wide and arid downs; following the road for some miles without seeing anything remarkable, I supposed at length that I had taken the wrong path, and wended on slowly and disconsolately for some time, till, having nearly surmounted a steep hill, I knew at once, from certain appearances, that I was near the object of my search. Turning to the right near the brow of the hill, I proceeded along a path which brought me to a causeway leading over a deep ravine, and connecting the hill with another which had once formed part of it, for the ravine was evidently the work of art. I passed over the causeway, and found myself in a kind of gateway which admitted me into a square space of many acres, surrounded on all sides by mounds or ramparts of earth. Though I had never been in such a place before, I knew that I stood within the precincts of what had been a Roman encampment, and one probably of the largest size, for many thousand

warriors might have found room to perform their evolutions in that space, in which corn was now growing, the green ears waving in the morning wind.

After I had gazed about the space for a time, standing in the gateway formed by the mounds, I clambered up the mound to the left hand, and on the top of that mound I found myself at a great altitude; beneath, at the distance of a mile, was a fair old city, situated amongst verdant meadows, watered with streams, and from the heart of that old city, from amidst mighty trees, I beheld towering to the sky the finest spire in the world.

And after I had looked from the Roman rampart for a long time, I hurried away, and, retracing my steps along the causeway, regained the road, and, passing over the brow of the hill, descended to the city of the spire.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE HOSTELRY. — LIFE UNCERTAIN. — OPEN COUNTENANCE. — THE GRAND POINT. — THANK YOU, MASTER. — A HARD MOTHER. — POOR DEAR! — CONSIDERABLE ODDS. — THE BETTER COUNTRY. — ENGLISH FASHION. — LANDLORD-LOOKING PERSON.

And in the old city I remained two days, passing my time as I best could—inspecting the curiosities of the place, eating and drinking when I felt so disposed, which I frequently did, the digestive organs having assumed a tone to which for many months they had been strangers—enjoying at night balmy sleep in a large bed in a dusky room, at the end of a corridor, in a certain hostelry in which I had taken up my quarters—receiving from the people of the hostelry such civility and condescension as people who travel on foot with bundle and stick, but who nevertheless are perceived to be not altogether destitute of coin, are in the habit of receiving. On the third day, on a fine sunny afternoon, I departed from the city of the spire.

As I was passing through one of the suburbs, I saw, all on a sudden, a respectable-looking female fall down in a fit; several persons hastened to her assistance. "She is dead," said one. "No, she is not," said another. "I am afraid she is," said a third. "Life is very uncertain," said a fourth. "It is Mrs. . . . . ." said a fifth; "let us carry her to her own house." Not being able to render any assistance, I left the poor female in the hands of her townsfolk, and proceeded on my way. I had chosen a road in the direction of the north-west, it led over downs where corn was growing, but where neither tree nor hedge were to be seen; two or three hours' walking brought me to a beautiful valley, abounding with trees of various kinds, with a delightful village at its farthest extremity; passing through it I ascended a lofty acclivity, on the top of which I sat down on a bank, and, taking off my hat, permitted a breeze, which swept coolly and refreshingly over the downs, to dry my hair, dripping from the effects of exercise and the heat of the day.

And as I sat there, gazing now at the blue heavens, now at the downs before me, a man came

along the road in the direction in which I had hitherto been proceeding: just opposite to me he stopped, and, looking at me, cried—"Am I right for London, master?"

He was dressed like a sailor, and appeared to be between twenty-five and thirty years of age—he had an open manly countenance, and there was a bold and fearless expression in his eye.

"Yes," said I, "in reply to his question; "this is one of the ways to London. Do you come from far?"

"From . . . . ." said the man, naming a well-known sea-port.

"Is this the direct road to London from that place?" I demanded.

"No," said the man; "but I had to visit two or three other places on certain commissions I was entrusted with; amongst others to . . . . . , where I had to take a small sum of money. I am rather tired, master; and, if you please, I will sit down beside you."

"You have as much right to sit down here as I have," said I, "the road is free for every one; as for sitting down beside me, you have the look of an

honest man, and I have no objection to your company."

"Why, as for being honest, master," said the man, laughing and sitting down by me, "I hav'n't much to say—many is the wild thing I have done when I was younger; however, what is done, is done. To learn, one must live, master; and I have lived long enough to learn the grand point of wisdom."

"What is that?" said I.

"That honesty is the best policy, master."

"You appear to be a sailor," said I, looking at his dress.

"I was not bred a sailor," said the man, "though, when my foot is on the salt water, I can play the part—and play it well too. I am now from a long voyage."

"From America?" said I.

"Farther than that," said the man.

"Have you any objection to tell me?" said I.

"From New South Wales," said the man, looking me full in the face.

"Dear me," said I.

"Why do you say 'Dear me?'" said the man.

"It is a very long way off," said I.

"Was that your reason for saying so?" said the man.

"Not exactly," said I.

"No," said the man, with something of a bitter smile; "it was something else that made you say so; you were thinking of the convicts."

"Well," said I, "what then—you are no convict."

"How do you know?"

"You do not look like one."

"Thank you, master," said the man cheerfully; "and, to a certain extent, you are right—bygones are bygones—I am no longer what I was, nor ever will be again; the truth, however, is the truth—a convict I have been—a convict at Sydney Cove."

"And you have served out the period for which you were sentenced, and are now returned?"

"As to serving out my sentence," replied the man, "I can't say that I did; I was sentenced for fourteen years, and I was in Sydney Cove little more than half that time. The truth is that I did the Government a service. There was a conspiracy amongst some of the convicts to murder and de-

stroy—I overheard and informed the Government; mind one thing, however, I was not concerned in it; those who got it up were no comrades of mine, but a bloody gang of villains. Well, the Government, in consideration of the service I had done them, remitted the remainder of my sentence; and some kind gentlemen interested themselves about me, gave me good books and good advice, and, being satisfied with my conduct, procured me employ in an exploring expedition, by which I earned money. In fact, the being sent to Sydney was the best thing that ever happened to me in all my life."

"And you have now returned to your native country. Longing to see home brought you from New South Wales."

"There you are mistaken," said the man. "Wish to see England again would never have brought me so far; for, to tell you the truth, master, England was a hard mother to me, as she has proved to many. No, a wish to see another kind of mother—a poor old woman whose son I am—has brought me back."

"You have a mother, then?" said I. "Does she reside in London?"

"She used to live in London," said the man; "but I am afraid she is long since dead."

"How did she support herself?" said I.

"Support herself! with difficulty enough; she used to keep a small stall on London Bridge, where she sold fruit; I am afraid she is dead, and that she died perhaps in misery. She was a poor sinful creature; but I loved her, and she loved me. I came all the way back merely for the chance of seeing her."

"Did you ever write to her," said I, "or cause others to write to her?"

"I wrote to her myself," said the man, "about two years ago; but I never received an answer. I learned to write very tolerably over there, by the assistance of the good people I spoke of. As for reading, I could do that very well before I went—my poor mother taught me to read, out of a book that she was very fond of; a strange book it was, I remember. Poor dear!—what I would give only to know that she is alive."

"Life is very uncertain," said I.

"That is true," said the man, with a sigh.

"We are here one moment, and gone the next," I continued. "As I passed through the streets of a neighbouring town, I saw a respectable woman drop down, and people said she was dead. Who knows but that she too had a son coming to see her from a distance, at that very time."

"Who knows, indeed," said the man. "Ah, I am afraid my mother is dead. Well, God's will be done."

"However," said I, "I should not wonder at your finding your mother alive."

"You wouldn't?" said the man, looking at me wistfully.

"I should not wonder at all," said I; "indeed something within me seems to tell me you will; I should not much mind betting five shillings to five pence that you will see your mother within a week. Now, friend, five shillings to five pence . . . . ."

"Is very considerable odds," said the man, rubbing his hands; "sure you must have good reason to hope, when you are willing to give such odds."

"After all," said I, "it not unfrequently happens that those who lay the long odds lose. Let us hope, however. What do you mean to do in the event of finding your mother alive?"

"I scarcely know," said the man; "I have frequently thought that if I found my mother alive I would attempt to persuade her to accompany me to the country which I have left—it is a better country for a man—that is a free man—to live in than this; however, let me first find my mother—if I could only find my mother . . . . ."

"Farewell," said I, rising. "Go your way, and God go with you—I will go mine." "I have but one thing to ask you," said the man. "What is that?" I inquired. "That you would drink with me before we part—you have done me so much good." "How should we drink?" said I; "we are on the top of a hill where there is nothing to drink." "But there is a village below," said the man; "do let us drink before we part." "I have been through that village already," said I, "and I do not like turning back." "Ah," said the man, sorrowfully, "you will not drink with me because I

told you I was . . . . ." "You are quite mistaken," said I, "I would as soon drink with a convict as with a judge. I am by no means certain that, under the same circumstances, the judge would be one whit better than the convict. Come along! I will go back to oblige you. I have an odd sixpence in my pocket, which I will change, that I may drink with you." So we went down the hill together to the village through which I had already passed, where, finding a public-house, we drank together in true English fashion, after which we parted, the sailor-looking man going his way and I mine.

After walking about a dozen miles, I came to a town, where I rested for the night. The next morning I set out again in the direction of the north-west. I continued journeying for four days, my daily journeys varying from twenty to twenty-five miles. During this time nothing occurred to me worthy of any especial notice. The weather was brilliant, and I rapidly improved both in strength and spirits. On the fifth day, about two o'clock, I arrived at a small town. Feeling hungry,

I entered a decent-looking inn—within a kind of bar I saw a huge, fat, landlord-looking person, with a very pretty, smartly-dressed maiden. Addressing myself to the fat man, "House!" said I, "house! Can I have dinner, house?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

PRIMITIVE HABITS.—ROSY-FACED DAMSEL.—A PLEASANT MOMENT.—SUIT OF BLACK.—THE FURTIVE GLANCE.—THE MIGHTY ROUND.—DEGENERATE TIMES.—THE NEWSPAPER.—THE EVIL CHANCE.—I CONGRATULATE YOU.

"YOUNG gentleman," said the huge fat landlord, "you are come at the right time; dinner will be taken up in a few minutes, and such a dinner," he continued, rubbing his hands, "as you will not see every day in these times."

"I am hot and dusty," said I, "and should wish to cool my hands and face."

"Jenny!" said the huge landlord, with the utmost gravity, "show the gentleman into number seven, that he may wash his hands and face."

"By no means," said I, "I am a person of primitive habits, and there is nothing like the pump in weather like this."

"Jenny," said the landlord, with the same gravity as before, "go with the young gentleman to the

pump in the back kitchen, and take a clean towel along with you."

Thereupon the rosy-faced clean-looking damsel went to a drawer, and producing a large, thick, but snowy white towel, she nodded to me to follow her; whereupon I followed Jenny through a long passage into the back kitchen.

And at the end of the back kitchen there stood a pump; and going to it I placed my hands beneath the spout, and said, "Pump, Jenny;" and Jenny incontinently, without laying down the towel, pumped with one hand, and I washed and cooled my heated hands.

And, when my hands were washed and cooled, I took off my neckcloth, and, unbuttoning my shirt collar, I placed my head beneath the spout of the pump, and I said unto Jenny, "Now, Jenny, lay down the towel, and pump for your life."

Thereupon Jenny, placing the towel on a linen-horse, took the handle of the pump with both hands and pumped over my head as handmaid had never pumped before; so that the water poured in torrents from my head, my face, and my hair down upon the brick floor.

And, after the lapse of somewhat more than a minute, I called out with a half-strangled voice, "Hold, Jenny!" and Jenny desisted. I stood for a few moments to recover my breath, then taking the towel which Jenny proffered, I dried composedly my hands and head, my face and hair; then, returning the towel to Jenny, I gave a deep sigh and said, "Surely this is one of the pleasant moments of life."

Then, having set my dress to rights, and combed my hair with a pocket comb, I followed Jenny, who conducted me back through the long passage, and showed me into a neat sanded parlour on the ground floor.

I sat down by a window which looked out upon the dusty street; presently in came the handmaid, and commenced laying the table-cloth. "Shall I spread the table for one, sir," said she, "or do you expect anybody to dine with you?"

"I can't say that I expect anybody," said I, laughing inwardly to myself; "however, if you please you can lay for two, so that if any acquaintance of mine should chance to step in, he may find a knife and fork ready for him."

So I sat by the window, sometimes looking out upon the dusty street, and now glancing at certain old-fashioned prints which adorned the wall over against me. I fell into a kind of doze, from which I was almost instantly awakened by the opening of the door. Dinner, thought I; and I sat upright in my chair. No, a man of the middle age, and rather above the middle height, dressed in a plain suit of black, made his appearance, and sat down in a chair at some distance from me, but near to the table, and appeared to be lost in thought.

"The weather is very warm, sir," said I.

"Very," said the stranger-laconically, looking at me for the first time.

"Would you like to see the newspaper?" said I, taking up one which lay upon the window seat.

"I never read newspapers," said the stranger, "nor, indeed, ..." Whatever it might be that he had intended to say he left unfinished. Suddenly he walked to the mantel-piece at the farther end of the room, before which he placed himself with his back towards me. There he remained motionless for some time; at length, raising his hand, he touched the corner of the mantel-piece

with his finger, advanced towards the chair which he had left, and again seated himself.

"Have you come far?" said he, suddenly looking towards me, and speaking in a frank and open manner, which denoted a wish to enter into conversation. "You do not seem to be of this place."

"I come from some distance," said I; "indeed, I am walking for exercise, which I find as necessary to the mind as the body. I believe that by exercise people would escape much mental misery."

Scarcely had I uttered these words when the stranger laid his hand, with seeming carelessness, upon the table, near one of the glasses; after a moment or two he touched the glass with his finger as if inadvertently, then, glancing furtively at me, he withdrew his hand and looked towards the window.

"Are you from these parts?" said I at last, with apparent carelessness.

"From this vicinity," replied the stranger. "You think, then, that it is as easy to walk off the bad humours of the mind as of the body?"

"I, at least, am walking in that hope," said I.

"I wish you may be successful," said the

stranger; and here he touched one of the forks which lay on the table near him.

Here the door, which was slightly ajar, was suddenly pushed open with some fracas, and in came the stout landlord, supporting with some difficulty an immense dish, in which was a mighty round mass of smoking meat garnished all round with vegetables; so high was the mass that it probably obstructed his view, for it was not until he had placed it upon the table that he appeared to observe the stranger; he almost started, and quite out of breath exclaimed, "God bless me, your honour; is your honour the acquaintance that the young gentleman was expecting?"

"Is the young gentleman expecting an acquaintance?" said the stranger.

There is nothing like putting a good face upon these matters, thought I to myself; and, getting up, I bowed to the unknown. "Sir," said I, "when I told Jenny that she might lay the table-cloth for two, so that in the event of any acquaintance dropping in he might find a knife and fork ready for him, I was merely jocular, being an entire stranger in these parts, and expecting no one. Fortune, how-

ever, it would seem has been unexpectedly kind to me; I flatter myself, sir, that since you have been in this room I have had the honour of making your acquaintance; and in the strength of that hope I humbly entreat you to honour me with your company to dinner, provided you have not already dined."

The stranger laughed outright.

"Sir," I continued, "the round of beef is a noble one, and seems exceedingly well boiled, and the landlord was just right when he said I should have such a dinner as is not seen every day. A round of beef, at any rate such a round of beef as this, is seldom seen smoking upon the table in these degenerate times. Allow me, sir," said I, observing that the stranger was about to speak, "allow me another remark. I think I saw you just now touch the fork, I venture to hail it as an omen that you will presently seize it, and apply it to its proper purpose, and its companion the knife also."

The stranger changed colour, and gazed upon me in silence.

"Do, sir," here put in the landlord; "do, sir,

accept the young gentleman's invitation. Your honour has of late been looking poorly, and the young gentleman is a funny young gentleman, and a clever young gentleman; and I think it will do your honour good to have a dinner's chat with the young gentleman."

"It is not my dinner hour," said the stranger; "I dine considerably later; taking anything now would only discompose me; I shall, however, be most happy to sit down with the young gentleman; reach me that paper, and, when the young gentleman has satisfied his appetite, we may perhaps have a little chat together."

The landlord handed the stranger the newspaper, and, bowing, retired with his maid Jenny. I helped myself to a portion of the smoking round, and commenced eating with no little appetite. The stranger appeared to be soon engrossed with the newspaper. We continued thus a considerable time—the one reading and the other dining. Chancing suddenly to cast my eyes upon the stranger, I saw his brow contract; he gave a slight stamp with his foot, and flung the newspaper to the ground, then stooping down he picked it up,

first moving his fore finger along the floor, seemingly slightly scratching it with his nail.

"Do you hope, sir," said I, "by that ceremony with the finger to preserve yourself from the evil chance?"

The stranger started; then, after looking at me for some time in silence, he said, "Is it possible that you . . . . . ?"

"Ay, ay," said I, helping myself to some more of the round, "I have touched myself in my younger days, both for the evil chance and the good. Can't say, though, that I ever trusted much in the ceremony."

The stranger made no reply, but appeared to be in deep thought; nothing farther passed between us until I had concluded the dinner, when I said to him, "I shall now be most happy, sir, to have the pleasure of your conversation over a pint of wine."

The stranger rose; "No, my young friend," said he, smiling, "that would scarce be fair. It is my turn now—pray do me the favour to go home with me, and accept what hospitality my poor roof can offer; to tell you the truth, I wish to have some particular discourse with you which would hardly

be possible in this place. As for wine, I can give you some much better than you can get here: the landlord is an excellent fellow, but he is an innkeeper after all. I am going out for a moment, and will send him in, so that you may settle your account; I trust you will not refuse me, I only live about two miles from here.

I looked in the face of the stranger—it was a fine intelligent face, with a cast of melancholy in it. "Sir," said I, "I would go with you though you lived four miles instead of two."

"Who is that gentleman?" said I to the landlord, after I had settled his bill; "I am going home with him."

"I wish I were going too," said the fat landlord, laying his hand upon his stomach. "Young gentleman, I shall be a loser by his honour's taking you away; but, after all, the truth is the truth—there are few gentlemen in these parts like his honour, either for learning or welcoming his friends. Young gentleman, I congratulate you."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NEW ACQUAINTANCE.—OLD FRENCH STYLE.—THE PORTRAIT.—TACITURNITY.—THE EVERGREEN TREE.—THE DARK HOUR.—THE FLASH.—ANCESTORS.—A FORTUNATE MAN.—A POSTHUMOUS CHILD.—ANTAGONIST IDEAS.—THE HAWKS.—FLAWS.—THE PONY.—IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE.—FAVOURABLE CRISIS.—THE TOPMOST BRANCH.—TWENTY FEET.—HEARTILY ASHAMED.

I FOUND the stranger awaiting me at the door of the inn. "Like yourself, I am fond of walking," said he, "and when any little business calls me to this place I generally come on foot."

We were soon out of the town, and in a very beautiful country. After proceeding some distance on the high road, we turned off, and were presently in one of those mazes of lanes for which England is famous; the stranger at first seemed inclined to be taciturn; a few observations, however, which I made appeared to rouse him, and he soon exhibited not only considerable powers of conversation, but stores of information which surprised me. So pleased did I become with my new acquaintance, that I soon ceased to pay the slightest attention

either to place or distance. At length the stranger was silent, and I perceived that we had arrived at a handsome iron gate and a lodge; the stranger having rung a bell, the gate was opened by an old man, and we proceeded along a gravel path, which in about five minutes brought us to a large brick house, built something in the old French style, having a spacious lawn before it, and immediately in front a pond in which were golden fish, and in the middle a stone swan discharging quantities of water from its bill. We ascended a spacious flight of steps to the door, which was at once flung open, and two servants with powdered hair, and in livery of blue plush, came out and stood one on either side as we passed the threshold. We entered a large hall, and the stranger, taking me by the hand, welcomed me to his poor home, as he called it, and then gave orders to another servant, but out of livery, to show me to an apartment, and give me whatever assistance I might require in my toilet. Notwithstanding the plea as to primitive habits which I had lately made to my other host in the town, I offered no objection to this arrangement, but followed the bowing domestic to a spacious and

airy chamber, where he rendered me all those little nameless offices which the somewhat neglected state of my dress required. When everything had been completed to my perfect satisfaction, he told me that if I pleased he would conduct me to the library, where dinner would be speedily served.

In the library I found a table laid for two; my host was not there, having as I supposed not been quite so speedy with his toilette as his guest. Left alone, I looked round the apartment with inquiring eyes; it was long and tolerably lofty, the walls from the top to the bottom were lined with cases containing books of all sizes and bindings; there was a globe or two, a couch, and an easy chair. Statues and busts there were none, and only one painting, a portrait, that of my host, but not him of the mansion. Over the mantel-piece, the features staringly like, but so ridiculously exaggerated that they scarcely resembled those of a human being, daubed evidently by the hand of the commonest sign-artist, hung a half-length portrait of him of round of beef celebrity—my sturdy host of the town.

I had been in the library about ten minutes, amusing myself as I best could, when my friend en-

tered; he seemed to have resumed his taciturnity—scarce a word escaped his lips till dinner was served, when he said, smiling, "I suppose it would be merely a compliment to ask you to partake?"

"I don't know," said I, seating myself; your first course consists of troutlets, I am fond of troutlets, and I always like to be companionable."

The dinner was excellent, though I did but little justice to it from the circumstance of having already dined; the stranger also, though without my excuse, partook but slightly of the good cheer; he still continued taciturn, and appeared lost in thought, and every attempt which I made to induce him to converse was signally unsuccessful.

And now dinner was removed, and we sat over our wine, and I remember that the wine was good, and fully justified the encomiums of my host of the town. Over the wine I made sure that my entertainer would have loosened the chain which seemed to tie his tongue—but no! I endeavoured to tempt him by various topics, and talked of geometry and the use of the globes, of the heavenly sphere, and the star Jupiter, which I said I had heard was a very large star, also of the evergreen tree, which,

according to Olaus, stood of old before the heathen temple of Upsal, and which I affirmed was a yew—but no, nothing that I said could induce my entertainer to relax his taciturnity.

It grew dark, and I became uncomfortable; "I must presently be going," I at last exclaimed.

At these words he gave a sudden start; "Going," said he, "are you not my guest, and an honoured one?"

"You know best," said I; "but I was apprehensive I was an intruder; to several of my questions you have returned no answer."

"Ten thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, seizing me by the hand; "but you cannot go now, I have much to talk to you about—there is one thing in particular . . . ."

"If it be the evergreen tree at Upsal," said I, interrupting him, "I hold it to have been a yew—what else? The evergreens of the south, as the old bishop observes, will not grow in the north, and a pine was unfitted for such a locality, being a vulgar tree. What else could it have been but the yew—the sacred yew which our ancestors were in the habit of planting in their churchyards? More-

over, I affirm it to have been the yew for the honour of the tree; for I love the yew, and had I home and land, I would have one growing before my front windows."

"You would do right, the yew is indeed a venerable tree, but it is not about the yew."

"The star Jupiter, perhaps?"

"Nor the star Jupiter, nor its moons; an observation which escaped you at the inn has made a considerable impression upon me."

"But I really must take my departure," said I; "the dark hour is at hand."

And as I uttered these latter words the stranger touched rapidly something which lay near him—I forget what it was. It was the first action of the kind which I had observed on his part since we sat down to table.

"You allude to the evil chance," said I; "but it is getting both dark and late."

"I believe we are going to have a storm," said my friend, "but I really hope that you will give me your company for a day or two; I have, as I said before, much to talk to you about."

"Well," said I, "I shall be most happy to be

your guest for this night; I am ignorant of the country, and it is not pleasant to travel unknown paths by night— dear me, what a flash of lightning."

It had become very dark; suddenly a blaze of sheet lightning illumed the room. By the momentary light I distinctly saw my host touch another object upon the table.

"Will you allow me to ask you a question or two?" said he at last.

"As many as you please," said I; "but shall we not have lights?"

"Not unless you particularly wish it," said my entertainer; "I rather like the dark, and though a storm is evidently at hand, neither thunder nor lightning have any terrors for me. It is other things I quake at—I should rather say ideas. Now permit me to ask you . . . . ."

And then my entertainer asked me various questions, to all of which I answered unreservedly; he was then silent for some time, at last he exclaimed, "I should wish to tell you the history of my life— though not an adventurous one, I think it contains some things which will interest you."

Without waiting for my reply he began. Amidst

darkness and gloom, occasionally broken by flashes of lightning, the stranger related to me, as we sat at table in the library, his truly touching history.

"Before proceeding to relate the events of my life, it will not be amiss to give you some account of my ancestors. My great grandfather on the male side was a silk mercer, in Cheapside, who, when he died, left his son, who was his only child, a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds, and a splendid business; the son, however, had no inclination for trade, the summit of his ambition was to be a country gentleman, to found a family, and to pass the remainder of his days in rural ease and dignity, and all this he managed to accomplish; he disposed of his business, purchased a beautiful and extensive estate for four score thousand pounds, built upon it the mansion to which I had the honour of welcoming you to day, married the daughter of a neighbouring squire, who brought him a fortune of five thousand pounds, became a magistrate, and only wanted a son and heir to make him completely happy; this blessing, it is true, was for a long time denied him; it came, however, at last, as is usual, when least expected. His lady was brought to bed

of my father, and then who so happy a man as my grandsire; he gave away two thousand pounds in charities, and in the joy of his heart made a speech at the next quarter sessions; the rest of his life was spent in ease, tranquillity, and rural dignity; he died of apoplexy on the day that my father came of age; perhaps it would be difficult to mention a man who in all respects was so fortunate as my grandfather: his death was sudden it is true, but I am not one of those who pray to be delivered from a sudden death.

"I should not call my father a fortunate man; it is true that he had the advantage of a first-rate education; that he made the grand tour with a private tutor, as was the fashion at that time; that he came to a splendid fortune on the very day that he came of age; that for many years he tasted all the diversions of the capital; that, at last determined to settle, he married the sister of a baronet, an amiable and accomplished lady, with a large fortune; that he had the best stud of hunters in the county, on which, during the season, he followed the fox gallantly; had he been a fortunate man he would never have cursed his fate, as he was frequently known to do; ten

months after his marriage his horse fell upon him, and so injured him, that he expired in a few days in great agony. My grandfather was, indeed, a fortunate man; when he died he was followed to the grave by the tears of the poor—my father was not.

"Two remarkable circumstances are connected with my birth—I am a posthumous child, and came into the world some weeks before the usual time, the shock which my mother experienced at my father's death having brought on the pangs of premature labour; both my mother's life and my own were at first despaired of; we both, however, survived the crisis. My mother loved me with the most passionate fondness, and I was brought up in this house under her own eye—I was never sent to school.

"I have already told you that mine is not a tale of adventure; my life has not been one of action, but of wild imaginings and strange sensations; I was born with excessive sensibility, and that has been my bane. I have not been a fortunate man.

"No one is fortunate unless he is happy, and it is impossible for a being constructed like myself to be happy for an hour, or even enjoy peace and tran-

quillity; most of our pleasures and pains are the effects of imagination, and wherever the sensibility is great, the imagination is great also. No sooner has my imagination raised up an image of pleasure, than it is sure to conjure up one of distress and gloom; these two antagonist ideas instantly commence a struggle in my mind, and the gloomy one generally, I may say invariably, prevails. How is it possible that I should be a happy man?

"It has invariably been so with me from the earliest period that I can remember; the first playthings that were given me caused me for a few minutes excessive pleasure: they were pretty and glittering; presently, however, I became anxious and perplexed, I wished to know their history, how they were made, and what of—were the materials precious; I was not satisfied with their outward appearance. In less than an hour I had broken the playthings in an attempt to discover what they were made of.

"When I was eight years of age my uncle the baronet, who was also my godfather, sent me a pair of Norway hawks, with directions for managing them; he was a great fowler. Oh, how rejoiced was I with the present which had been made me,

my joy lasted for at least five minutes; I would let them breed, I would have a house of hawks; yes, that I would—but—and here came the unpleasant idea—suppose they were to fly away, how very annoying! Ah, but, said hope, there's little fear of that; feed them well and they will never fly away, or if they do they will come back, my uncle says so; so sunshine triumphed for a little time. Then the strangest of all doubts came into my head; I doubted the legality of my tenure of these hawks; how did I come by them? why, my uncle gave them to me, but how did they come into his possession? what right had he to them? after all, they might not be his to give.—I passed a sleepless night. The next morning I found that the man who brought the hawks had not departed. 'How came my uncle by these hawks?' I anxiously inquired. 'They were sent to him from Norway, master, with another pair.' 'And who sent them?' 'That I don't know, master, but I suppose his honour can tell you.' I was even thinking of scrawling a letter to my uncle to make inquiry on this point, but shame restrained me, and I likewise reflected that it would be impossible for him to

give my mind entire satisfaction; it is true he could tell who sent him the hawks, but how was he to know how the hawks came into the possession of those who sent them to him, and by what right they possessed them or the parents of the hawks. In a word, I wanted a clear valid title, as lawyers would say, to my hawks, and I believe no title would have satisfied me that did not extend up to the time of the first hawk, that is, prior to Adam; and, could I have obtained such a title, I make no doubt that, young as I was, I should have suspected that it was full of flaws.

"I was now disgusted with the hawks, and no wonder, seeing all the disquietude they had caused me; I soon totally neglected the poor birds, and they would have starved had not some of the servants taken compassion upon them and fed them. My uncle, soon hearing of my neglect, was angry, and took the birds away; he was a very good natured man, however, and soon sent me a fine pony; at first I was charmed with the pony, soon, however, the same kind of thoughts arose which had disgusted me on a former occasion. How did

my uncle become possessed of the pony? This question I asked him the first time I saw him. Oh, he had bought it of a gypsy, that I might learn to ride upon it. A gypsy; I had heard that gypsies were great thieves, and I instantly began to fear that the gypsy had stolen the pony, and it is probable that for this apprehension I had better grounds than for many others. I instantly ceased to set any value upon the pony, but for that reason, perhaps, I turned it to some account; I mounted it, and rode it about, which I don't think I should have done had I looked upon it as a secure possession. Had I looked upon my title as secure, I should have prized it so much, that I should scarcely have mounted it for fear of injuring the animal; but now, caring not a straw for it, I rode it most unmercifully, and soon became a capital rider. This was very selfish in me, and I tell the fact with shame. I was punished, however, as I deserved; the pony had a spirit of its own, and, moreover, it had belonged to gypsies; once, as I was riding it furiously over the lawn, applying both whip and spur, it suddenly lifted up its heels, and flung me at

least five yards over its head. I received some desperate contusions, and was taken up for dead; it was many months before I perfectly recovered.

"But it is time for me to come to the touching part of my story. There was one thing that I loved better than the choicest gift which could be bestowed upon me, better than life itself—my mother; —at length she became unwell, and the thought that I might possibly lose her now rushed into my mind for the first time; it was terrible, and caused me unspeakable misery, I may say horror. My mother became worse, and I was not allowed to enter her apartment, lest by my frantic exclamations of grief I might aggravate her disorder. I rested neither day nor night, but roamed about the house like one distracted. Suddenly I found myself doing that which even at the time struck me as being highly singular; I found myself touching particular objects that were near me, and to which my fingers seemed to be attracted by an irresistible impulse. It was now the table or the chair that I was compelled to touch; now the bell-rope; now the handle of the door; now I would touch the wall, and the next moment stooping down, I would place the point of my finger

upon the floor: and so I continued to do day after day; frequently I would struggle to resist the impulse, but invariably in vain. I have even rushed away from the object, but I was sure to return, the impulse was too strong to be resisted: I quickly hurried back, compelled by the feeling within me to touch the object. Now I need not tell you that what impelled me to these actions was the desire to prevent my mother's death; whenever I touched any particular object, it was with the view of baffling the evil chance, as you would call it—in this instance my mother's death.

"A favourable crisis occurred in my mother's complaint, and she recovered; this crisis took place about six o'clock in the morning; almost simultaneously with it there happened to myself a rather remarkable circumstance connected with the nervous feeling which was rioting in my system. I was lying in bed in a kind of uneasy doze, the only kind of rest which my anxiety, on account of my mother, permitted me at this time to take, when all at once I sprang up as if electrified, the mysterious impulse was upon me, and it urged me to go without delay, and climb a stately elm behind the

house, and touch the topmost branch; otherwise—you know the rest—the evil chance would prevail. Accustomed for some time as I had been, under this impulse, to perform extravagant actions, I confess to you that the difficulty and peril of such a feat startled me; I reasoned against the feeling, and strove more strenuously than I had ever done before; I even made a solemn vow not to give way to the temptation, but I believe nothing less than chains, and those strong ones, could have restrained me. The demoniac influence, for I can call it nothing else, at length prevailed; it compelled me to rise, to dress myself, to descend the stairs, to unbolt the door, and to go forth; it drove me to the foot of the tree, and it compelled me to climb the trunk; this was a tremendous task, and I only accomplished it after repeated falls and trials. When I had got amongst the branches, I rested for a time, and then set about accomplishing the remainder of the ascent; this for some time was not so difficult, for I was now amongst the branches; as I approached the top, however, the difficulty became greater, and likewise the danger; but I was a light boy, and almost as nimble as a squirrel, and, moreover, the nervous

feeling was within me, impelling me upward. It was only by means of a spring, however, that I was enabled to touch the top of the tree; I sprang, touched the top of the tree, and fell a distance of at least twenty feet, amongst the branches; had I fallen to the bottom I must have been killed, but I fell into the middle of the tree, and presently found myself astride upon one of the boughs; scratched and bruised all over, I reached the ground, and regained my chamber unobserved; I flung myself on my bed quite exhausted; presently they came to tell me that my mother was better—they found me in the state which I have described, and in a fever besides. The favourable crisis must have occurred just about the time that I performed the magic touch; it certainly was a curious coincidence, yet I was not weak enough, even though a child, to suppose that I had baffled the evil chance by my daring feat.

"Indeed, all the time that I was performing these strange feats, I knew them to be highly absurd, yet the impulse to perform them was irresistible—a mysterious dread hanging over me till I had given way to it; even at that early period I frequently used to

reason within myself as to what could be the cause of my propensity to touch, but of course I could come to no satisfactory conclusion respecting it; being heartily ashamed of the practice, I never spoke of it to any one, and was at all times highly solicitous that no one should observe my weakness."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MATERNAL ANXIETY.—THE BARONET.—LITTLE ZEST.—COUNTRY LIFE.—MR. SPEAKER!—THE CRAVING.—SPIRITED ADDRESS.—AN AUTHOR.

After a short pause my host resumed his narration. "Though I was never sent to school, my education was not neglected on that account; I had tutors in various branches of knowledge, under whom I made a tolerable progress; by the time I was eighteen I was able to read most of the Greek and Latin authors with facility; I was likewise, to a certain degree, a mathematician. I cannot say that I took much pleasure in my studies; my chief aim in endeavouring to accomplish my tasks was to give pleasure to my beloved parent, who watched my progress with anxiety truly maternal. My life at this period may be summed up in a few words; I pursued my studies, roamed about the woods, walked the green lanes occasionally, cast my fly in

a trout stream, and sometimes, but not often, rode a hunting with my uncle. A considerable part of my time was devoted to my mother, conversing with her and reading to her; youthful companions I had none, and as to my mother, she lived in the greatest retirement, devoting herself to the superintendence of my education, and the practice of acts of charity; nothing could be more innocent than this mode of life, and some people say that in innocence there is happiness, yet I can't say that I was happy. A continual dread overshadowed my mind, it was the dread of my mother's death. Her constitution had never been strong, and it had been considerably shaken by her last illness; this I knew, and this I saw—for the eyes of fear are marvellously keen. Well, things went on in this way till I had come of age; my tutors were then dismissed, and my uncle the baronet took me in hand, telling my mother that it was high time for him to exert his authority; that I must see something of the world, for that, if I remained much longer with her, I should be ruined. 'You must consign him to me,' said he, 'and I will introduce him to the world.' My mother sighed and consented; so my uncle the

baronet introduced me to the world, took me to horse races and to London, and endeavoured to make a man of me according to his idea of the term, and in part succeeded. I became moderately dissipated—I say moderately, for dissipation had but little zest for me.

"In this manner four years passed over. It happened that I was in London in the height of the season with my uncle, at his house; one morning he summoned me into the parlour, he was standing before the fire, and looked very serious. 'I have had a letter,' said he; 'your mother is very ill.' I staggered, and touched the nearest object to me; nothing was said for two or three minutes, and then my uncle put his lips to my ear and whispered something. I fell down senseless. My mother was . . . . I remember nothing for a long time—for two years I was out of my mind; at the end of this time I recovered, or partly so. My uncle the baronet was very kind to me; he advised me to travel, he offered to go with me. I told him he was very kind, but I would rather go by myself. So I went abroad, and saw, amongst other things, Rome and the Pyramids. By frequent change of scene my

mind became not happy, but tolerably tranquil. I continued abroad some years, when, becoming tired of travelling, I came home, found my uncle the baronet alive, hearty, and unmarried, as he still is. He received me very kindly, took me to Newmarket, and said that he hoped by this time I was become quite a man of the world; by his advice I took a house in town, in which I lived during the season. In summer I strolled from one watering-place to another; and, in order to pass the time, I became very dissipated.

"At last I became as tired of dissipation as I had previously been of travelling, and I determined to retire to the country, and live on my paternal estate; this resolution I was not slow in putting into effect; I sold my house in town, repaired and refurnished my country house, and, for at least ten years, lived a regular country life; I gave dinner parties, prosecuted poachers, was charitable to the poor, and now and then went into my library; during this time I was seldom or never visited by the magic impulse, the reason being, that there was nothing in the wide world for which I cared sufficiently to move a finger to preserve it. When the

ten years, however, were nearly ended, I started out of bed one morning in a fit of horror, exclaiming, 'Mercy, mercy! what will become of me? I am afraid I shall go mad. I have lived thirty-five years and upwards without doing anything; shall I pass through life in this manner? Horror!' And then in rapid succession I touched three different objects.

"I dressed myself and went down, determining to set about something; but what was I to do? —there was the difficulty. I ate no breakfast, but walked about the room in a state of distraction; at last I thought that the easiest way to do something was to get into Parliament, there would be no difficulty in that. I had plenty of money, and could buy a seat; but what was I to do in Parliament? Speak, of course—but could I speak? 'I 'll try at once,' said I, and forthwith I rushed into the largest dining room, and, locking the door, I commenced speaking; 'Mr. Speaker,' said I, and then I went on speaking for about ten minutes as I best could, and then I left off, for I was talking nonsense. No, I was not formed for Parliament; I could do nothing there. What—what was I to do?

"Many, many times I thought this question over, but was unable to solve it; a fear now stole over me that I was unfit for anything in the world, save the lazy life of vegetation which I had for many years been leading; yet, if that were the case, thought I, why the craving within me to distinguish myself? Surely it does not occur fortuitously, but is intended to rouse and call into exercise certain latent powers that I possess? and then with infinite eagerness I set about attempting to discover these latent powers. I tried an infinity of pursuits, botany and geology amongst the rest, but in vain; I was fitted for none of them. I became very sorrowful and despondent, and at one time I had almost resolved to plunge again into the whirlpool of dissipation; it was a dreadful resource, it was true, but what better could I do?

"But I was not doomed to return to the dissipation of the world. One morning a young nobleman, who had for some time past showed a wish to cultivate my acquaintance, came to me in a considerable hurry. 'I am come to beg an important favour of you,' said he; 'one of the county memberships is vacant—I intend to become a candidate;

what I want immediately is a spirited address to the electors. I have been endeavouring to frame one all the morning, but in vain; I have, therefore, recourse to you as a person of infinite genius; pray, my dear friend, concoct me one by the morning?' 'What you require of me,' I replied, 'is impossible; I have not the gift of words; did I possess it I would stand for the county myself, but I can't speak. Only the other day I attempted to make a speech, but left off suddenly, utterly ashamed, although I was quite alone, of the nonsense I was uttering.' 'It is not a speech that I want,' said my friend, 'I can talk for three hours without hesitating, but I want an address to circulate through the county, and I find myself utterly incompetent to put one together; do oblige me by writing one for me, I know you can; and, if at any time you want a person to speak for you, you may command me not for three but for six hours. Good morning; to-morrow I will breakfast with you.' In the morning he came again. 'Well,' said he, 'what success?' 'Very poor,' said I; 'but judge for yourself;' and I put into his hand a manuscript of several pages. My friend read it through with

considerable attention. 'I congratulate you,' said he, 'and likewise myself; I was not mistaken in my opinion of you; the address is too long by at least two-thirds, or I should rather say, that it is longer by two-thirds than addresses generally are; but it will do—I will not curtail it of a word. I shall win my election.' And in truth he did win his election; and it was not only his own but the general opinion that he owed it to the address.

"But, however that might be, I had, by writing the address, at last discovered what had so long eluded my search—what I was able to do. I, who had neither the nerve nor the command of speech necessary to constitute the orator—who had not the power of patient research required by those who would investigate the secrets of nature, had, nevertheless, a ready pen and teeming imagination. This discovery decided my fate—from that moment I became an author."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TREPIDATIONS.—SUBTLE PRINCIPLE.—PERVERSE IMAGINATION.—ARE THEY MINE?—ANOTHER BOOK.—HOW HARD!—AGRICULTURAL DINNER.—INCOMPREHENSIBLE ACTIONS.—INMOST BOSOM.—GIVE IT UP.—CHANCE RESEMBLANCE.—RASCALLY NEWSPAPER.

"AN author," said I, addressing my host; "is it possible that I am under the roof of an author?"

"Yes," said my host, sighing, "my name is so and so, and I am the author of so and so; it is more than probable that you have heard both of my name and works. I will not detain you much longer with my history; the night is advancing, and the storm appears to be upon the increase. My life since the period of my becoming an author may be summed briefly as an almost uninterrupted series of doubts, anxieties, and trepidations. I see clearly that it is not good to love anything immoderately in this world, but it has been my misfortune to love immoderately everything on which I have set my heart. This is not good, I repeat—but where is the

remedy? The ancients were always in the habit of saying, 'Practise moderation,' but the ancients appear to have considered only one portion of the subject. It is very possible to practise moderation in some things, in drink and the like—to restrain the appetites—but can a man restrain the affections of his mind, and tell them, so far you shall go, and no farther? Alas, no! for the mind is a subtle principle, and cannot be confined. The winds may be imprisoned; Homer says that Odysseus carried certain winds in his ship, confined in leathern bags, but Homer never speaks of confining the affections. It were but right that those who exhort us against inordinate affections, and setting our hearts too much upon the world and its vanities, would tell us how to avoid doing so.

"I need scarcely tell you, that no sooner did I become an author, than I gave myself up immoderately to my vocation. It became my idol, and, as a necessary consequence, it has proved a source of misery and disquietude to me, instead of pleasure and blessing. I had trouble enough in writing my first work, and I was not long in discovering that it was one thing to write a stirring and spirited ad-

dress to a set of county electors, and another widely different to produce a work at all calculated to make an impression upon the great world. I felt, however, that I was in my proper sphere, and by dint of unwearied diligence and exertion I succeeded in evolving from the depths of my agitated breast a work which, though it did not exactly please me, I thought would serve to make an experiment upon the public; so I laid it before the public, and the reception which it met with was far beyond my wildest expectations. The public were delighted with it, but what were my feelings? Anything, alas! but those of delight. No sooner did the public express its satisfaction at the result of my endeavours, than my perverse imagination began to conceive a thousand chimerical doubts; forthwith I sat down to analyse it; and my worst enemy, and all people have their enemies, especially authors—my worst enemy could not have discovered or sought to discover a tenth part of the faults which I, the author and creator of the unfortunate production, found or sought to find in it. It has been said that love makes us blind to the faults of the loved object—common love does, perhaps—the love of a father to

his child, or that of a lover to his mistress, but not the inordinate love of an author to his works, at least not the love which one like myself bears to his works: to be brief, I discovered a thousand faults in my work, which neither public nor critics discovered. However, I was beginning to get over this misery, and to forgive my work all its imperfections, when—and I shake when I mention it—the same kind of idea which perplexed me with regard to the hawks and the gypsy pony rushed into my mind, and I forthwith commenced touching the objects around me, in order to baffle the evil chance, as you call it; it was neither more nor less than a doubt of the legality of my claim to the thoughts, expressions, and situations contained in the book; that is, to all that constituted the book. How did I get them? How did they come into my mind? Did I invent them? Did they originate with myself? Are they my own, or are they some other body's? You see into what difficulty I had got; I won't trouble you by relating all that I endured at that time, but will merely say that after eating my own heart, as the Italians say, and touching every object that came in my way for six months, I at

length flung my book, I mean the copy of it which I possessed, into the fire, and began another.

"But it was all in vain; I laboured at this other, finished it, and gave it to the world; and no sooner had I done so, than the same thought was busy in my brain, poisoning all the pleasure which I should otherwise have derived from my work. How did I get all the matter which composed it? Out of my own mind, unquestionably; but how did it come there—was it the indigenous growth of the mind? And then I would sit down and ponder over the various scenes and adventures in my book, endeavouring to ascertain how I came originally to devise them, and by dint of reflecting I remembered that to a single word in conversation, or some simple accident in a street, or on a road, I was indebted for some of the happiest portions of my work; they were but tiny seeds, it is true, which in the soil of my imagination had subsequently become stately trees, but I reflected that without them no stately trees would have been produced, and that, consequently, only a part in the merit of these compositions which charmed the world—for they did charm the world—was due to myself. Thus,

a dead fly was in my phial, poisoning all the pleasure which I should otherwise have derived from the result of my brain sweat. 'How hard!' I would exclaim, looking up to the sky, 'how hard! I am like Virgil's sheep, bearing fleeces not for themselves.' But, not to tire you, it fared with my second work as it did with my first; I flung it aside, and, in order to forget it, I began a third, on which I am now occupied; but the difficulty of writing it is immense, my extreme desire to be original sadly cramping the powers of my mind; my fastidiousness being so great that I invariably reject whatever ideas I do not think to be legitimately my own. But there is one circumstance to which I cannot help alluding here, as it serves to show what miseries this love of originality must needs bring upon an author. I am constantly discovering that, however original I may wish to be, I am continually producing the same things which other people say or write. Whenever, after producing something which gives me perfect satisfaction, and which has cost me perhaps days and nights of brooding, I chance to take up a book for the sake of a little relaxation, a book which I never saw before, I am sure to find in it something more

or less resembling some part of what I have been just composing. You will easily conceive the distress which then comes over me; 'tis then that I am almost tempted to execrate the chance which, by discovering my latent powers, induced me to adopt a profession of such anxiety and misery.

"For some time past I have given up reading almost entirely, owing to the dread which I entertain of lighting upon something similar to what I myself have written. I scarcely ever transgress without having almost instant reason to repent. To-day, when I took up the newspaper, I saw in a speech of the Duke of Rhododendron, at an agricultural dinner, the very same ideas, and almost the same expressions which I had put into the mouth of an imaginary personage of mine, on a widely different occasion; you saw how I dashed the newspaper down —you saw how I touched the floor; the touch was to baffle the evil chance, to prevent the critics detecting any similarity between the speech of the Duke of Rhododendron at the agricultural dinner, and the speech of my personage. My sensibility on the subject of my writings is so great, that sometimes a chance word is sufficient to unman me, I apply it to

them in a superstitious sense; for example, when you said some time ago that the dark hour was coming on, I applied it to my works—it appeared to bode them evil fortune; you saw how I touched, it was to baffle the evil chance; but I do not confine myself to touching when the fear of the evil chance is upon me. To baffle it I occasionally perform actions which must appear highly incomprehensible; I have been known, when riding in company with other people, to leave the direct road, and make a long circuit by a miry lane to the place to which we were going. I have also been seen attempting to ride across a morass, where I had no business whatever, and in which my horse finally sank up to its saddle-girths, and was only extricated by the help of a multitude of hands. I have, of course, frequently been asked the reason of such conduct, to which I have invariably returned no answer, for I scorn duplicity; whereupon people have looked mysteriously, and sometimes put their fingers to their foreheads. 'And yet it can't be,' I once heard an old gentleman say; 'Don't we know what he is capable of?' and the old man was

right; I merely did these things to avoid the evil chance, impelled by the strange feeling within me; and this evil chance is invariably connected with my writings, the only things at present which render life valuable to me. If I touch various objects, and ride into miry places, it is to baffle any mischance befalling me as an author, to prevent my books getting into disrepute; in nine cases out of ten to prevent any expressions, thoughts, or situations in any work which I am writing from resembling the thoughts, expressions, and situations of other authors, for my great wish, as I told you before, is to be original.

"I have now related my history, and have revealed to you the secrets of my inmost bosom. I should certainly not have spoken so unreservedly as I have done, had I not discovered in you a kindred spirit. I have long wished for an opportunity of discoursing on the point which forms the peculiar feature of my history with a being who could understand me; and truly it was a lucky chance which brought you to these parts; you who seem to be acquainted with all things strange and singular, and who are as well

acquainted with the subject of the magic touch as with all that relates to the star Jupiter, or the mysterious tree at Upsal."

Such was the story which my host related to me in the library, amidst the darkness, occasionally broken by flashes of lightning. Both of us remained silent for some time after it was concluded.

"It is a singular story," said I, at last, "though I confess that I was prepared for some part of it. Will you permit me to ask you a question?"

"Certainly," said my host.

"Did you never speak in public?" said I.

"Never."

"And when you made this speech of yours in the dining-room, commencing with Mr. Speaker, no one was present?"

"None in the world, I double-locked the door; what do you mean?"

"An idea came into my head—dear me how the rain is pouring—but, with respect to your present troubles and anxieties, would it not be wise, seeing that authorship causes you so much trouble and anxiety, to give it up altogether?"

"Were you an author yourself?" replied my

host, "you would not talk in this manner; once an author, ever an author—besides, what could I do? return to my former state of vegetation? no, much as I endure, I do not wish that; besides, every now and then my reason tells me that these troubles and anxieties of mine are utterly without foundation; that whatever I write is the legitimate growth of my own mind, and that it is the height of folly to afflict myself at any chance resemblance between my own thoughts and those of other writers, such resemblance being inevitable from the fact of our common human origin. In short . . . ."

"I understand you," said I; "notwithstanding your troubles and anxieties you find life very tolerable; has your originality ever been called in question?"

"On the contrary, every one declares that originality constitutes the most remarkable feature of my writings; the man has some faults, they say, but want of originality is certainly not one of them. He is quite different from others—a certain newspaper, it is true, the . . . . I think, once insinuated that in a certain work of mine I had taken a hint or two from the writings of a couple of authors which it

mentioned; it happened, however, that I had never even read one syllable of the writings of either, and of one of them had never even heard the name; so much for the discrimination of the . . . . By-the-by, what a rascally newspaper that is!"

"A very rascally newspaper," said I.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DISTURBED SLUMBERS.—THE BED-POST.—TWO WIZARDS.—WHAT CAN I DO?—REAL LIBRARY.—THE REV. MR. PLATITUDE.—TOLERATION TO DISSENTERS.—PARADOX.—SWORD OF ST. PETER.—ENEMY TO HUMBUG.—HIGH PRINCIPLES.—FALSE CONCORD.—THE DAMSEL.—WHAT RELIGION?—FARTHER CONVERSATION.—THAT WOULD NEVER DO!—MAY YOU PROSPER.

During the greater part of that night my slumbers were disturbed by strange dreams. Amongst other things, I fancied that I was my host; my head appeared to be teeming with wild thoughts and imaginations, out of which I was endeavouring to frame a book. And now the book was finished and given to the world, and the world shouted; and all eyes were turned upon me, and I shrunk from the eyes of the world. And, when I got into retired places, I touched various objects in order to baffle the evil chance. In short, during the whole night, I was acting over the story which I had heard before I went to bed.

At about eight o'clock I awoke. The storm had long since passed away, and the morning was bright

and shining; my couch was so soft and luxurious that I felt loth to quit it, so I lay some time, my eyes wandering about the magnificent room to which fortune had conducted me in so singular a manner; at last I heaved a sigh; I was thinking of my own homeless condition, and imagining where I should find myself on the following morning. Unwilling, however, to indulge in melancholy thoughts, I sprang out of bed and proceeded to dress myself, and, whilst dressing, I felt an irresistible inclination to touch the bed-post.

I finished dressing and left the room, feeling compelled, however, as I left it, to touch the lintel of the door. Is it possible, thought I, that from what I have lately heard the long-forgotten influence should have possessed me again? but I will not give way to it; so I hurried down stairs, resisting as I went a certain inclination which I occasionally felt to touch the rail of the banister. I was presently upon the gravel walk before the house: it was indeed a glorious morning. I stood for some time observing the golden fish disporting in the waters of the pond, and then strolled about amongst the noble trees of the park; the beauty and freshness

of the morning—for the air had been considerably cooled by the late storm—soon enabled me to cast away the gloomy ideas which had previously taken possession of my mind, and, after a stroll of about half an hour, I returned towards the house in high spirits. It is true that once I felt very much inclined to go and touch the leaves of a flowery shrub which I saw at some distance, and had even moved two or three paces towards it; but, bethinking myself, I manfully resisted the temptation. "Begone!" I exclaimed, "ye sorceries, in which I formerly trusted—begone for ever vagaries which I had almost forgotten; good luck is not to be obtained, or bad averted, by magic touches; besides, two wizards in one parish would be too much, in all conscience."

I returned to the house, and entered the library; breakfast was laid on the table, and my friend was standing before the portrait which I have already said hung above the mantel-piece; so intently was he occupied in gazing at it that he did not hear me enter, nor was aware of my presence till I advanced close to him and spoke, when he turned round and shook me by the hand.

"What can possibly have induced you to hang up that portrait in your library? it is a staring likeness, it is true, but it appears to me a wretched daub."

"Daub as you call it," said my friend, smiling, "I would not part with it for the best piece of Raphael. For many a happy thought I am indebted to that picture—it is my principal source of inspiration; when my imagination flags, as of course it occasionally does, I stare upon those features, and forthwith strange ideas of fun and drollery begin to flow into my mind; these I round, amplify, or combine into goodly creations, and bring forth as I find an opportunity. It is true that I am occasionally tormented by the thought that, by doing this, I am committing plagiarism; though, in that case, all thoughts must be plagiarisms, all that we think being the result of what we hear, see, or feel. What can I do? I must derive my thoughts from some source or other; and, after all, it is better to plagiarise from the features of my landlord than from the works of Butler and Cervantes. My works, as you are aware, are of a serio-comic character. My neighbours are of

opinion that I am a great reader, and so I am, but only of those features—my real library is that picture."

"But how did you obtain it?" said I.

"Some years ago a travelling painter came into this neighbourhood, and my jolly host, at the request of his wife, consented to sit for his portrait; she highly admired the picture, but she soon died, and then my fat friend, who is of an affectionate disposition, said he could not bear the sight of it, as it put him in mind of his poor wife. I purchased it of him for five pounds—I would not take five thousand for it; when you called that picture a daub, you did not see all the poetry of it."

We sat down to breakfast; my entertainer appeared to be in much better spirits than on the preceding day; I did not observe him touch once; ere breakfast was over a servant entered—"The Reverend Mr. Platitude, sir," said he.

A shade of dissatisfaction came over the countenance of my host. "What does the silly pestilent fellow mean by coming here?" said he, half to himself; "let him come in," said he to the servant.

The servant went out, and in a moment reap-

peared, introducing the Reverend Mr. Platitude. The Reverend Mr. Platitude, having what is vulgarly called a game leg, came shambling into the room; he was about thirty years of age, and about five feet three inches high; his face was of the colour of pepper, and nearly as rugged as a nutmeg grater; his hair was black; with his eyes he squinted, and grinned with his lips, which were very much apart, disclosing two very irregular rows of teeth; he was dressed in the true Levitical fashion, in a suit of spotless black, and a neckerchief of spotless white.

The Reverend Mr. Platitude advanced winking and grinning to my entertainer, who received him politely but with evident coldness; nothing daunted, however, the Reverend Mr. Platitude took a seat by the table, and, being asked to take a cup of coffee, winked, grinned, and consented.

In company I am occasionally subject to fits of what is generally called absence; my mind takes flight and returns to former scenes, or presses forward into the future. One of these fits of absence came over me at this time—I looked at the Reverend Mr. Platitude for a moment, heard a word

or two that proceeded from his mouth, and saying to myself, "You are no man for me," fell into a fit of musing—into the same train of thought as in the morning, no very pleasant one—I was thinking of the future.

I continued in my reverie for some time, and probably should have continued longer, had I not been suddenly aroused by the voice of Mr. Platitude raised to a very high key. "Yes, my dear sir," said he, "it is but too true; I have it on good authority—a gone church—a lost church—a ruined church—a demolished church is the Church of England. Toleration to Dissenters! oh, monstrous!"

"I suppose," said my host, "that the repeal of the Test Acts will be merely a precursor of the emancipation of the Papists?"

"Of the Catholics," said the Reverend Mr. Platitude. "Ahem. There was a time, as I believe you are aware, my dear sir, when I was as much opposed to the emancipation of the Catholics as it was possible for any one to be; but I was prejudiced, my dear sir, labouring under a cloud of most unfortunate prejudice; but I thank my Maker I am

so no longer. I have travelled, as you are aware. It is only by travelling that one can rub off prejudices; I think you will agree with me there. I am speaking to a traveller. I left behind all my prejudices in Italy. The Catholics are at least our fellow-Christians. I thank Heaven that I am no longer an enemy to Catholic emancipation."

"And yet you would not tolerate Dissenters?"

"Dissenters, my dear sir; I hope you would not class such a set as the Dissenters with Catholics?"

"Perhaps it would be unjust," said my host, "though to which of the two parties is another thing; but permit me to ask you a question: Does it not smack somewhat of paradox to talk of Catholics, whilst you admit there are Dissenters? If there are Dissenters, how should there be Catholics?"

"It is not my fault that there are Dissenters," said the Reverend Mr. Platitude; "if I had my will I would neither admit there were any, nor permit any to be."

"Of course you would admit there were such as long as they existed; but how would you get rid of them?"

"I would have the Church exert its authority."

"What do you mean by exerting its authority?"

"I would not have the Church bear the sword in vain."

"What, the sword of St. Peter? You remember what the founder of the religion which you profess said about the sword, 'He who striketh with it . . . . .' I think those who have called themselves the Church have had enough of the sword. Two can play with the sword, Mr. Platitude. The Church of Rome tried the sword with the Lutherans: how did it fare with the Church of Rome? The Church of England tried the sword, Mr. Platitude, with the Puritans: how did it fare with Laud and Charles?"

"Oh, as for the Church of England," said Mr. Platitude, "I have little to say. Thank God, I left all my Church of England prejudices in Italy. Had the Church of England known its true interests, it would long ago have sought a reconciliation with its illustrious mother. If the Church of England had not been in some degree a schismatic church, it would not have fared so ill at the time of which you are speaking; the rest of the Church

would have come to its assistance. The Irish would have helped it, so would the French, so would the Portuguese. Disunion has always been the bane of the Church."

Once more I fell into a reverie. My mind now reverted to the past; methought I was in a small comfortable room wainscoted with oak; I was seated on one side of a fireplace, close by a table on which were wine and fruit; on the other side of the fire sat a man in a plain suit of brown, with the hair combed back from his somewhat high forehead; he had a pipe in his mouth, which for some time he smoked gravely and placidly, without saying a word; at length, after drawing at the pipe for some time rather vigorously, he removed it from his mouth, and, emitting an accumulated cloud of smoke, he exclaimed in a slow and measured tone, "As I was telling you just now, my good chap, I have always been an enemy to humbug."

When I awoke from my reverie the Reverend Mr. Platitude was quitting the apartment.

"Who is that person?" said I to my entertainer, as the door closed behind him.

"Who is he?" said my host; "why, the Reverend Mr. Platitude."

"Does he reside in this neighbourhood?"

"He holds a living about three miles from here; his history, as far as I am acquainted with it, is as follows. His father was a respectable tanner in the neighbouring town, who, wishing to make his son a gentleman, sent him to college. Having never been at college myself, I cannot say whether he took the wisest course; I believe it is more easy to unmake than to make a gentleman; I have known many gentlemanly youths go to college, and return anything but what they went. Young Mr. Platitude did not go to college a gentleman, but neither did he return one; he went to college an ass, and returned a prig; to his original folly was superadded a vast quantity of conceit. He told his father that he had adopted high principles, and was determined to discountenance everything low and mean; advised him to eschew trade, and to purchase him a living. The old man retired from business, purchased his son a living, and shortly after died, leaving him what remained of his for-

tune. The first thing the Reverend Mr. Platitude did, after his father's decease, was to send his mother and sister into Wales to live upon a small annuity, assigning as a reason that he was averse to anything low, and that they talked ungrammatically. Wishing to shine in the pulpit, he now preached high sermons, as he called them, interspersed with scraps of learning. His sermons did not, however, procure him much popularity; on the contrary, his church soon became nearly deserted, the greater part of his flock going over to certain dissenting preachers, who had shortly before made their appearance in the neighbourhood. Mr. Platitude was filled with wrath, and abused Dissenters in most unmeasured terms. Coming in contact with some of the preachers at a public meeting, he was rash enough to enter into argument with them. Poor Platitude! he had better have been quiet, he appeared like a child, a very infant, in their grasp; he attempted to take shelter under his college learning, but found, to his dismay, that his opponents knew more Greek and Latin than himself. These illiterate boors, as he had supposed them, caught him at once in a false concord, and Mr. Platitude

had to slink home overwhelmed with shame. To avenge himself he applied to the ecclesiastical court, but was told that the Dissenters could not be put down by the present ecclesiastical law. He found the Church of England, to use his own expression, a poor, powerless, restricted Church. He now thought to improve his consequence by marriage, and made up to a rich and beautiful young lady in the neighbourhood; the damsel measured him from head to foot with a pair of very sharp eyes, dropped a curtsey, and refused him. Mr. Platitude, finding England a very stupid place, determined to travel; he went to Italy; how he passed his time there he knows best, to other people it is a matter of little importance. At the end of two years he returned with a real or assumed contempt for everything English, and especially for the Church to which he belongs, and out of which he is supported. He forthwith gave out that he had left behind him all his Church of England prejudices, and, as a proof thereof, spoke against sacerdotal wedlock and the toleration of schismatics. In an evil hour for myself he was introduced to me by a clergyman of my acquaintance, and from that time I have been pes-

tered, as I was this morning, at least once a week. I seldom enter into any discussion with him, but fix my eyes on the portrait over the mantel-piece, and endeavour to conjure up some comic idea or situation, whilst he goes on talking tomfoolery by the hour about Church authority, schismatics, and the unlawfulness of sacerdotal wedlock; occasionally he brings with him a strange kind of being, whose acquaintance he says he made in Italy, I believe he is some sharking priest who has come over to proselytize and plunder. This being has some powers of conversation and some learning, but carries the countenance of an arch villain; Platitude is evidently his tool."

"Of what religion are you?" said I to my host.

"That of the Vicar of Wakefield—good, quiet, Church of England, which would live and let live, practises charity, and rails at no one; where the priest is the husband of one wife, takes care of his family and his parish—such is the religion for me, though I confess I have hitherto thought too little of religious matters. When, however, I have completed this plaguy work on which I am en-

gaged, I hope to be able to devote more attention to them."

After some farther conversation, the subjects being, if I remember right, college education, priggism, church authority, tomfoolery, and the like, I rose and said to my host, "I must now leave you."

"Whither are you going?"

"I do not know."

"Stay here, then—you shall be welcome as many days, months, and years as you please to stay."

"Do you think I would hang upon another man? No, not if he were Emperor of all the Chinas. I will now make my preparations, and then bid you farewell."

I retired to my apartment and collected the handful of things which I carried with me on my travels.

"I will walk a little way with you," said my friend on my return.

He walked with me to the park gate; neither of us said anything by the way. When we had come upon the road, I said, "Farewell now; I will not permit you to give yourself any farther trouble on

my account. Receive my best thanks for your kindness; before we part, however, I should wish to ask you a question. Do you think you shall ever grow tired of authorship?"

"I have my fears," said my friend, advancing his hand to one of the iron bars of the gate.

"Don't touch," said I, "it is a bad habit. I have but one word to add: should you ever grow tired of authorship follow your first idea of getting into Parliament; you have words enough at command; perhaps you want manner and method; but, in that case, you must apply to a teacher, you must take lessons of a master of elocution."

"That would never do!" said my host; "I know myself too well to think of applying for assistance to any one. Were I to become a parliamentary orator, I should wish to be an original one, even if not above mediocrity. What pleasure should I take in any speech I might make, however original as to thought, provided the gestures I employed and the very modulation of my voice were not my own? Take lessons, indeed! why the fellow who taught me, the professor, might be standing in the gallery whilst I spoke; and, at the best parts of my

speech, might say to himself, 'That gesture is mine —that modulation is mine.' I could not bear the thought of such a thing."

"Farewell," said I, "and may you prosper. I have nothing more to say."

I departed. At the distance of twenty yards I turned round suddenly; my friend was just withdrawing his finger from the bar of the gate.

"He has been touching," said I, as I proceeded on my way; "I wonder what was the evil chance he wished to baffle."

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Autobiography of Henry Steffens.
Life of Sir Thomas Munro.
Life of Oliver Goldsmith.
Life of Sir Fowell Buxton.
Lives of the British Poets.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Railroad, Electric Telegraph, and Britannia Bridges.
The Amber-Witch.
Bracebridge Hall.
Livonian Tales.
Wayside Cross.
Tales of a Traveller.

HISTORY.

The Siege of Gibraltar.
Fall of the Jesuits.
The Sieges of Vienna.
Liberation War in Germany.
Battle of Waterloo.
Campaigns at Washington.
French in Algiers.
Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan.
Historical Essays.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Wild Sports of the Highlands.
A Naturalist's Voyage round the World.

*** *Each work may be obtained separately.*

Vol. 1 or Parts 1—2.

The Bible in Spain;

OR THE JOURNEYS, ADVENTURES, AND IMPRISONMENTS OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN AN ATTEMPT TO CIRCULATE THE SCRIPTURES IN THE PENINSULA.

BY GEORGE BORROW.

"It is not our wish to go into any examination or discussion either of the prudence of the Bible Society on this occasion or of the actual state of the Spanish Church. Our business is literary. We conceive that Mr. Borrow has come out as an English author of high mark. Considering the book merely as one of adventures, it seems to us about the most extraordinary one that has appeared in our own, or indeed in any other language, for a very long time past. Indeed we are more frequently reminded of Gil Blas, in the narratives of this pious, single-hearted man. * * We hope that we ourselves shall soon see again in print our 'cherished and most respectable Borrow;' and mean time congratulate him sincerely on a work which must vastly increase and extend his reputation—which bespeaks everywhere a noble and generous heart—a large and vigorous nature, capable of sympathising with everything but what is bad—religious feelings deep and intense, but neither gloomy nor narrow—a true eye for the picturesque, and a fund of real racy humour." *Quarterly Review.*

"The work of a man of invincible zeal and activity as a missionary, possessing a frame and constitution which no hardship could subdue, and an ardour of curiosity which, in the prosecution of his most holy purpose, led him to explore every nook and crevice of Spain and Portugal, so that these countries were never so indefatigably investigated before, or so minutely painted." *Weekly Messenger.*

Vols. 2—3 or Parts 3—6.

A Journey through India.

OM CALCUTTA TO BOMBAY (WITH NOTES UPON CEYLON), AND A JOURNEY TO MADRAS AND THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

"Of a book so well known as Bishop Heber's Journal of his Travels through India, little is necessary to be said in noticing its appearance in this cheap form. Five shillings will soon purchase what once cost ten times as much; and was worth it a thousand times, if money could measure the value of such a book. We remember it as one of the most perfectly charming books of travels that we ever read; gentle, tolerant, humane, and full of wisdom; a religious book in the best sense of the word, because full of charity. It is lively without effort, and abounds in valuable judgments of men and things, without one harsh, sarcastic, or illiberal word. We envy those who have it now in their power to read, for the first time, Bishop Heber's Indian Journal." *Examiner.*

"Has all the charm of romance with the sterling value of truth. It is eminently the most Christian—because the most charitable and tolerant work of the kind ever written. Residents in India have repeatedly borne testimony to the fidelity of its notices of men and things." *Oxford Herald.*

Vol. 4 or Part 7.

Egypt, Nubia, Syria, and the Holy Land.

INCLUDING A JOURNEY ROUND THE DEAD SEA AND THROUGH THE COUNTRY EAST OF THE JORDAN.

BY THE HON. C. L. IRBY AND JAS. MANGLES, R. N.

"The great numbers of visitors to Egypt and the Holy Land which those fair cities invite will be glad to find such works as Messrs. Irby and Mangles presented to them. They are pioneers who render the task of their successors an easy and a pleasant one, while it is curious and interesting also to contrast the labour and risk they encountered with the facility now afforded. The tour of the Hon. Charles Leonard Irby and James Mangles, Commanders in the Royal Navy, was made in 1816-20. They printed, on their return, for private circulation only, a selection of the letters they had addressed during their absence to their friends in England, as the most convenient mode of satisfying the inquiries of numerous friends. These copies were so much in request, that the writers requested Mr. Murray, as a small mark of friendship and esteem, to accept the copyright, and give the book publicity in the more popular form of his Colonial and Home Library. The travellers absolutely explored Egypt, Nubia, and Syria, besides making a tour to Petra and the Dead Sea. To give extracts from such a mass of reading would be easy ; but what part should we select in preference to another, where every page is full of interest ?"

Hampshire Advertiser.

Vol. 4 or Part 8.

History of the Siege of Gibraltar, 1779—83.

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THAT GARRISON FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN DRINKWATER.

"'Drinkwater's Siege of Gibraltar' is a work of great interest, although written many years ago. The author was present at, and took part in, the siege during the whole period of its continuance. His materials are collected from personal observation, and from the observations of other officers. It appears very much in the form of a journal, and deals, not in speculation, but in facts. The siege lasted for upwards of *three* years, namely, from 1779 to 1783. The preparations, on a vast scale, made by the combined forces of France and Spain, by land and sea, against Gibraltar ; the preparations made by the besieged in the mean time in defence ; and the state into which the garrison was frequently brought because of the scarcity of provisions, are all described in the most interesting manner. There is something about the very minuteness of detail into which the author goes that gives to the work its greatest excellence. Prefixed to this edition is a plan of the rock and the Spanish lines, with an index of references."

Stirling Observer.

"A book so replete with interest and information as to be truly a legend of the United Services of the day."

United Service Magazine.

Vol. 5 or Part 9.

Morocco and the Moors;

OR WESTERN BARBARY,—ITS WILD TRIBES AND SAVAGE ANIMALS.

BY JOHN H. DRUMMOND HAY.

"Here is an original and very delightful book of travels and adventures, published for Half-a-crown. Mr. Borrow's relish for the Gipsey slang was not greater than Mr. Hay's for the romantic Arab exaggeration." *Examiner.*

"Animated, varied, readable, and fresh." *Spectator.*

"This is quite an amusing book, brimful of adventure, redolent of savage life, and saturated with lively gossip about boar and lion hunting, cheapening horses, meeting robbers and gypsies, visiting Arab tents, and a variety of other *memorabilia*, that may be reckoned among 'the incidents of travel' in a new and wild country. The author is the British Consul at Tangier, and undertook his journey into Barbary for the purpose of procuring for Queen Victoria a barb of the purest blood, from some of the breeders of horses in the region around Laraiche. In this commission he was unsuccessful; but he saw a good deal of the country and the people, which has afforded him excellent material for the present volume." *Edinburgh Advertiser.*

"The author introduces us to the wild people among whom he travelled; he rides along their wild roads, encamps with the swarthy Moors, and, sitting at their evening meal, listens to the strange tales of mighty robbers, or daring exploits with the wild beasts." *Cheltenham Chronicle.*

Vol. 5 or Part 10.

Letters from the Shores of the Baltic.

BY A LADY.

"So few books open anything like a distinct view of the state of society in any department of the Russian empire, that this publication would have been acceptable, even had its mere literary merit been inconsiderable. It affords a clearer notion of the interior life of Esthonia—of the country, the provincial capital, the nobility, the peasantry, the agricultural economy—but, above all, of the real domestic economy and habits of the local gentry—than we have been able to gather from all the travels in our library respecting any other section of that immense territory, and that infinitely diversified population. But this might have been accomplished by a comparatively unskilful pen, so it were but an honest one. Here we have the results of close feminine observation in a new sphere, set down with such an easy, unaffected grace of language, as might have given great attraction to a delineation of the most hackneyed scenery and the most familiar manners." *Quarterly Review.*

"'Familiar Letters' by a young and beautiful and witty English spinster, whose work will cause a sensation hardly inferior to that which attended the bursting of the 'Old Man's Brunnen Bubbles.'" *Quarterly Review.*

Vol. 6 or Part 11.

The Amber-Witch.

THE MOST INTERESTING TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT EVER KNOWN.

TRANSLATED BY LADY DUFF GORDON.

"If this work be genuine, it is undoubtedly, as it announces itself, the most interesting of all those strange trials for witchcraft, so absorbing, and sometimes so inexplicable, which occur at a certain period in almost every country in Europe; if it be a fiction, it is worthy—we can give no higher praise—of Defoe. The editor professes to have found the manuscript in a manner by no means improbable, yet rather too like that which the author of Waverley, as well as many others of inferior name, have been so fond of playing off upon us. It was brought to him by his sexton out of a niche or closet in the church, where it had long lain hid among a heap of old hymn-books and useless parish accounts. We have read nothing for a long time, in fiction or in history, which has so completely riveted and absorbed our interest." *Quarterly Review, June* 1844.

"The *Amber Witch* is one of the 'Curiosities of Literature,' for in the last German edition, the author is obliged to prove that it is entirely a work of imagination, and not, as almost all the German critics believed it to be when it appeared, the reprint of an old chronicle. It was, in fact, written as a trap for the disciples of Strauss and his school, who had pronounced the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, from Historical research, assisted by 'internal evidence,' to be a collection of legends. Meinhold did not spare them when they fell into the snare, and made merry with the historical knowledge and critical acumen that could not detect the contemporary romancer under the mask of the chronicler of two centuries ago, while they decided so positively as to the authority of the most ancient writings in the world." *Times, July*, 1850.

Vol. 6 or Part 12.

Lives of John Bunyan and Oliver Cromwell.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"The lives of Cromwell and Bunyan demand a biographer like Southey, willing as well as able, to do full justice to the merits of the great usurper, and the honest zeal of the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' while he does not fail to impress upon his readers the warning lesson to be learnt from the rebellion of the one, and the schism of the other. They are biographies valuable from the connection of their subjects with the Constitution and Religion of England—especially valuable for the lessons of wisdom they are calculated to afford, and which Southey, above all others, knew how to draw from them." *Cornwall Royal Gazette.*

"Models of what biography ought to be; not swelled into huge tomes, occupying more space than the history of a nation; yet embracing all the facts in the lives of their respective subjects that can be of any interest. We always prefer biographies that are written by persons of friendly or congenial feelings. These biographies of Southey's are gems in their respective class."

Freeman's Journal.

Vol. 7 or Part 13.

Notes and Sketches of New South Wales.

DURING A RESIDENCE IN THAT COLONY FROM 1839 TO 1844.

BY MRS. CHARLES MEREDITH.

"Mrs. Meredith is a pleasant unaffected writer; and the book derives interest from being a *lady's view* of New South Wales." *Spectator.*

"This unpretending little book has, by rare mischance, been hidden under the heavy and dull ware with which that season is apt to burden our library table. But Mrs. Meredith's sense and sprightliness were sure to bring her to light. As Miss Twamley, she was known for a writer of elegant poetry, and picturesque botanical works. Here she takes a pleasant place among the company of travellers, who bid fair to beat rougher men out of the field." *Athenæum.*

"A narrative and picture, by an actual resident, of the present state and prospects, together with the resources of the colony. 'My aim,' she says, 'is simply to give my own impressions of whatever appeared worthy of observation, and to render my work interesting by true descriptions of the scenery, people, and the other various objects which strike a new comer. I have sketched every-day things with a faithful and homely pencil. My own observations and my husband's long experience in these colonies, have been my sole resource."
Bell's Weekly Messenger.

Vol. 7. or Part 14.

Life, and Voyages of Sir Francis Drake.

WITH NUMEROUS ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM HIM AND THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL TO THE QUEEN AND GREAT OFFICERS OF STATE.

BY JOHN BARROW.

"Independently of the interest which, from political causes, must, to some extent, attach itself at present to the appearance of a work of this nature, it cannot fail to be welcomed by all, as containing a record of the actions of one of the most extraordinary men that this country has ever produced. Perhaps of no other man, who bore so conspicuous a part in the occurrences of his own times, can it be said that such meagre and scanty materials have been transmitted to posterity of his public actions and conduct. The general outlines of his history are well known. That he was a daring and successful naval commander—that he was a bold and adventurous explorator and discoverer, are matters which are almost simultaneously imbibed with the elements of our education; but little is known of him as to those points of individual character which give such tone and force to a biographical outline, and by which alone the subject of this memoir can be made to stand out, in his own distinctive character, from the race of men by whom he was surrounded—in many respects, similar to himself. Mr. Barrow's work has great merit; the author has presented us with a memoir which we hail as a welcome addition to our biographical literature." *Morning Chronicle.*

Vol. 8 or Part 15.

Memoirs of Father Ripa.

DURING THIRTEEN YEARS' RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF PEKING, IN THE SERVICE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

"A condensation of the most interesting portions of Father Ripa's History of the Chinese College, which was published at Naples, in the year 1832. This venerable priest went to China about the commencement of the last century, where he made a protracted residence, and was much noticed by the reigning Emperor, who treated him with unusual kindness and condescension, and allowed him to see the interior of his palaces and pleasure-grounds, and obtain an insight into his domestic mode of life—an honour never before granted to European travellers. Father Ripa was not slow to avail himself of the opportunities he enjoyed, and wrote a lengthy account of his residence in China, of which the present book is an abridgment, and from which we gather that manners, and customs, and prejudices in the Celestial Empire, are little, if at all, altered from what they were upwards of a century ago. Civilisation, that has made itself felt, more or less, in every other part of the world, has been at a complete stand-still among the Chinese, who seem to pride themselves on their inveterate prejudices, and the unchangeable character of their customs and institutions." *Sun.*

"As interesting a work as any that has appeared, not excepting Borrow's Bible in Spain." *Spectator.*

Vol. 8 or Part 16.

Journal of a Residence in the West Indies.

BY MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

"This book possesses three recommendations,—its subject, its writer, and its intrinsic agreeableness. It is one of those works which we would not willingly suffer to pass unnoticed. This Journal stands high among works of a similar kind, for grace, lightness, pleasantry, descriptive power, felicity of expression, and conversational fluency and freedom." *Edinburgh Review.*

"I would give many a sugar-cane,
Mat. Lewis were alive again." *Lord Byron.*

"This is indeed a curiosity: it is a posthumous production of the author of 'The Monk,' and we are inclined to say the best of all the creations of his pen. As to the literary merits of the posthumous book, we have already expressed our high notion of them; and, indeed, on that point, there can, we think, be little difference of opinion. The graphic power displayed, whether in sketching scenery, manners, or incidents, appears to us not only high, but first rate; such as entitles the 'West India Proprietor' to be ranked with Washington Irving, in such pieces as the 'Visit to Palos,'—with Mr. Matthews, in the very best pages of the 'Diary of an Invalid,'—nay, we hardly hesitate to say, with Miss Edgeworth, in the brightest pages of 'Castle Rackrent,'—or Lord Byron himself." *Quarterly Review.*

Vol. 9 or Parts 17—18.

Sketches of Persia;

OR THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PERSIANS.

BY SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

"Sir John Malcolm is a perfect master in the delineation of character. With a few bold strokes he gives life and expression to his personages, and with the utmost ease and apparent faithfulness portrays both individual and national characteristics. The language, the literature, the customs, the manners, the superstitions of Persia are familiar to him. These superior qualifications, along with the delicious scraps of poetry and prose, fable and philosophy, which are scattered through the work, make it one of the most instructive and delightful books." *Atlas.*

"No one can read 'Sketches of Persia' (by Sir John Malcolm), without feeling that the author has made a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge. New and important views of the Persians as a nation are here presented with all the interest, without the tendency to caricature, of our amusing friend Hajji Baba." *Quarterly Review.*

"These sketches are not historical—they are not antiquarian; they do not abound in picturesque descriptions of the country, nor are they the notes of a tourist. They are sketches of Persia by a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of the world, not conveyed in descriptions by himself, but in an exquisite succession of anecdotes, conversations, and tales from the mouths of natives themselves. It embraces stories of the king, the ministers, the chiefs, the inhabitants of every sort; and the whole has the interest of a novel." *Edinburgh Weekly Register.*

Vol. 10 or Part 19.

The French in Algiers.

I. THE SOLDIER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION.—II. THE PRISONERS OF ABD-EL-KADER.

TRANSLATED BY LADY DUFF GORDON.

"A young Oldenburgh soldier, Lieutenant Lamping, anxious to seek adventures, resigned his commission, in 1839, and proceeded to Spain, to offer his services to Espartero; but, on his arrival, hostilities had ceased. After having remained for some time at Madrid, and having failed in attempts to join the army then acting in Arragon, he determined to proceed to Algiers, and enter the Legion service as a volunteer, under the French. He accordingly proceeded thither, and, in the end of 1840, joined the Legion, and served for two years, in the capacity, it appears, of a corporal of *voltigeurs*. His adventures, detailed in a series of letters, are here presented, and a narrative more romantic, or of more absorbing interest, we have seldom met. The novelty of the scenes, the habits and characters of the wild people against whom he served, and the hardships and perils encountered, furnish materials, in abundance, of an exciting kind; and the events are described in a pleasing style of easy epistolary narrative. The glimpses which they afford of the barbarities of the French African war fully confirm the worst opinion which we had formed on the subject." *Northern Whig.*

Vol. 10 or Part 25.

History of the Fall of the Jesuits in the 18th Century.

BY COUNT ALEXIS DE SAINT-PRIEST.

"An accurate translation of the 'Fall of the Jesuits,' by Count Alexis de Saint-Priest. Time after time have the nations of Europe been startled by a formal suppression of that wonderful body of wonderful men, the disciples of Ignatius Loyola, and time after time have they risen uninjured from the opposition of popes and princes, to extend the influence of their wily and astute principles, and assert their claims to power and perpetuation. The epoch of this temporary downfal, which is chosen in the present narrative, is perhaps the most important in their history, namely, in the latter part of the last century. A period more eventful in every respect, and one of more historical importance, could not have been selected, and the narrator specifies each occurrence which led to the great catastrophe of the Jesuits with precision and clearness, even to the moment when Pius VII. issued his bull, '*Solicitudo omnium ecclesiarum*,' in the August of 1814, reinstating the society in all their former privileges, and re-establishing them throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. As a description of the most remarkable juncture in the *status* of the most remarkable association on the face of the earth, this book is both valuable and interesting." *Sun.*

Vol. 11 or Parts 20—21.

Bracebridge Hall; or, The Humourists.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Of the merits of the Sketch-Book, a work which enrolled Mr. Irving among the *corps littéraire* of the mother country, we need not now repeat our opinion. 'Bracebridge Hall' is an amplification of a particular part of it, devoted to the illustration of old English manners and customs as they exist in the more primitive counties, and enlivened by just sufficient of narrative to impress it on the recollection as a whole. Like the author of Waverley, Mr. Irving enters, with the eye of a Bewick or a Ward, into all the little amusing habits and predilections of the brute creation, and contrives to awaken that interest in the caprices and enjoyments of these humble friends, which laughingly, but effectually serves the cause of humanity. The same good taste and minute observation characterise those frequent allusions to sylvan life, which in most hands would grow at last monotonous, but which in 'Bracebridge Hall' are made to address both the mental and bodily eye. In the Chapter on Forest Trees there is a meditative moral dignity very much reminding us of Southey, and which could hardly have been surpassed had the mantle of Evelyn himself fallen on our cousin of New York." *Quarterly Review.*

Vol. 12 or Parts 22—24.

A Naturalist's Voyage round the World;

OR, A JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES INTO THE NATURAL HISTORY AND GEOLOGY OF THE COUNTRIES VISITED.

BY CHARLES DARWIN.

"Looking at the general mass of Mr. Darwin's results, I cannot help considering his voyage round the world as one of the most important events for geology which has occurred for many years."—*President of the Geological Society.*

"Upon the merits of Mr. Darwin's volume there can be no two opinions. It is up to the science of the day, and in some instances beyond it. There are, indeed, no illustrations to the book, but we find ample materials for deep thinking; we have the vivid description that fills the mind's-eye with brighter pictures than painter can present, and the charm arising from the freshness of heart which is thrown over these virgin pages of a strong intellectual man, and an acute and deep observer. It is not to the scientific alone that Mr. Darwin's volume will prove interesting. The general reader will find in it a fund of amusement and instruction. Mr. Darwin is a first-rate landscape painter with his pen, and even the dreariest solitudes are made to teem with interest."

Quarterly Review.

"An inexhaustible mine of observations and anecdotes of the Natural History of the South American continent, written with the intelligence of a quick-sighted observer, and the tone of a gentleman." *Dr. Lindley.*

Vol. 13 or Parts 26—27.

Life of Louis, Prince of Condé.

BY LORD MAHON.

The "Life of Condé" was originally written by the author in the French language, and without any view of publication. A very small number of copies of that work was printed for a circle of personal friends. Several persons, however, having since expressed a wish for its appearance in our native tongue, the following translation, executed under the superintendence and revision of the author, is now submitted to the public. *From the Preface.*

"That Lord Mahon, after acquiring high distinction as an historical writer in his native language, should have thought of composing an historical volume in French, will no doubt excite much wonder. The curiosity of such an attempt by a gentleman so situated is, as we have shown, unexampled among us; and we have to thank him for a highly interesting and skilful narrative. Even more singular than Lord Mahon's choice of the French language on this occasion, is the fact that it was reserved for him to collect and combine into a clear continuous narrative the French materials for the personal history of one of the most illustrious of Frenchmen. No man owed more to a devoted woman than did Condé to Clémence de Maillé; nor was devotion ever more ungratefully repaid. By Lord Mahon, the adventures of the princess are skilfully interwoven with those of her husband, and commented on with a generous warmth of feeling which constitutes, to ourselves, the liveliest charm of this delightful book." *Quarterly Review.*

Vol. 14 or Parts 28—29.

The Zincali; or Gypsies of Spain.

BY GEORGE BORROW.

"A curious, a very curious work, and contains some of the most singular, yet authentic descriptions of the gipsy race, which have ever been given to the public." *Literary Gazette.*

"Welcome in its present, or in any shape, is Mr. George Borrow's account of the 'Gipsies in Spain:' it carries with it such a freshness, such an animation, and such an air of truthfulness and nature, as to arrest our attention and engage our sympathies. Hence it is, that although it now appears before us simply as a reprint, we turn to it again with all the undiminished appetite of novelty, ready to wander once more in its wanderings, to conjecture once more with its conjectures, to laugh with its laughter, to meditate with its meditations. By its own unassisted merits this publication has acquired no inconsiderable popularity, and the secret of its success is merely attributable to two facts—first, the extreme novelty of the undertaking; and, secondly, that whatever is narrated flows from the minute and personal observations of one intimately conversant with his subject. Altogether, 'Borrow's Gipsies in Spain' bears about it such a newness of tone and material, that it forms an acceptable addition to literature, and Mr. Murray could not well have selected a better book for his serial." *Sun.*

Vol. 13 or Parts 30—31.

Typee; or, The Marquesas Islands;

A NARRATIVE OF A FOUR MONTHS' RESIDENCE AMONG THE NATIVES.

BY HERMANN MELVILLE.

"Since the joyous moment when we first read Robinson Crusoe, and believed it all, and wondered all the more because we believed, we have not met with so bewitching a work as this narrative of Herman Melville's." *John Bull.*

"This is really a very curious book. A little colouring there may be here and there; but the result is a thorough impression of reality. We must refer to the book for his observations of the chief people of the valley: the mildly dignified sovereign, Mehevi; the graceful, winning, irresistible beauty, Fayaway; the household that lodged him; Marheyo and his wife, the only industrious old body in the valley; the young men of the house, roystering, drinking, laughing, and unthinking 'blades of savages;' the young ladies, though in the summer costume of Paradise, coquettish and fantastical, delicate and lady-like, as Parisian belles; and his faithful but hideous body servant, Kory Kory. He passed four months with them, living in their own fashion. At last, he found an opportunity of escape by means of the boat of an English ship, and so returned to America to write this clever book." *Examiner.*

"The book is a great curiosity in one point of view: it is the first account that has been published of a residence among the natives of the Polynesian Islands, by a person who has lived with them in their own fashion, and as near as may be on terms of social equality." *Spectator.*

Vol. 16 or Part 32.

Livonian Tales.

I. THE DISPONENT.—II. THE WOLVES.—III. THE JEWESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC."

"We like these 'Livonian Tales' much. Not merely do we like them on the individuality of their pictures of scenery and life, but, in part, for the absence from them of artistic pretension. They are sketches rather than complete works—all but guiltless of those attempts at plot which, nine times out of ten, end in displaying the inventor's want of contrivance. So long as the lady of the 'Baltic Letters' can write 'Esthonian' or 'Livonian Tales' as good as these, may she continue to do so." *Athenæum.*

"We perfectly well remember the sensation caused by 'Letters from the Baltic,' by the authoress of this volume, revealing, as they did, a picture of middle-age barbarism still to be witnessed in a secluded nook of northern Europe. The same observant touches of character, the same good sense and good feeling, are apparent in the present tales. Exhausted as the other parts of Europe are by travellers, tourists, and novelists, we should think readers of light literature would rush to these Tales for a little novelty." *Weekly News.*

Vol. 16 or Part 33.

Philip Musgrave;

OR, MEMOIRS OF A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONARY IN THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

BY REV. J. ABBOTT.

"The little work before us is a genuine account of what a missionary's life is now in Canada. Under an invented name, it is the story of the writer's own experience, told in a straightforward and unaffected manner, with considerable power of description." *Guardian.*

"These memoirs contain an account of the missionary's life and experiences, from his first arrival in the colony, full of hope and buoyancy of youth, till he has reached mature age, somewhat broken by toil, narrowed circumstances, and domestic afflictions. The topics of his pen are, the character of his parish duties and of his parishioners; the troubles he had in raising money to build churches, and in contending with sectarians; various incidents of a singular, or, as Mr. Musgrave is inclined to think, of a 'providential' kind, occurring among the rough and simple people by whom a district is first broken up; with accounts of occasional conversions among his flock. The more biographical subjects involve his own adventures on various occasions, when travelling about the country, the personal difficulties he experienced in household affairs, from the peculiar position of a clergyman, and the backward state of the district; together with some domestic incidents, and a sketch of the campaign against the rebels, when he turned out, unarmed, at the head of his armed parishioners." *Spectator.*

Vol. 17 or Part 34.

Sale's Brigade in Affghanistan.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE SEIZURE AND DEFENCE OF JELLALABAD.

BY REV. G. R. GLEIG.

An accidental meeting with the 13th regiment at the sea-bathing quarter of Walmer during the autumn of last year, gave me an opportunity of hearing more of the particulars of the Jellalabad siege than had previously been communicated to me. The narrative was full of interest when detailed by actors in the scenes which they described; and this it was which led to the determination on my part to place it permanently upon record. The substance of the following story is gathered chiefly from the manuscript journals of officers engaged in the campaign. *Extract from Preface.*

"Some of our readers may not have met with the narrative written by the Chaplain of the Forces, 'Of the Actions of Sale's Brigade in Affghanistan.' It is one of the noblest records of military adventures that we know. A chapter of Xenophon or Froissart is not more agreeable than this brilliant and chivalrous story: and the deeds of some of the bravest men the world ever saw, are recounted with the most simple, but the most picturesque eloquence, by the reverend historian." *Morning Chronicle.*

Vol. 17 or Part 35.

Letters from Madras;

OR, FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE AND MANNERS IN INDIA.

BY A LADY.

"A welcome addition to our store of literary entertainment. No kind of reading is more pleasant than the descriptions furnished by accomplished females of foreign countries. The fancy of the writers is so lively, and their observations so quick, that their pages are like a beautiful panorama, intelligible, changing, and novel. The 'Letters from Madras,' less poetical than Heber's Journal, are in a lighter and gayer strain, but have the same faculty of picturesque delineation." *Britannia.*

"This work will prove a most agreeable travelling or after-dinner companion. It is just the book for a railway carriage, or easy-chair. It takes the reader to India's burning strand, and familiarises him with the habits and customs of India's denizens, without the expense and danger of a sea voyage, or the pangs of sea-sickness. We are for the time in India, and not in England, and thus the object of the authoress is really accomplished, for she renders us in every way familiar with the state of society which she describes. A more amusing work has certainly never fallen into our hands." *Nottingham Review.*

Vol. 18 or Part 36—37.

The Wild Sports of the Highlands.

BY CHARLES ST. JOHN.

"Mr. St. John's book is very much better than a mere record of wild sports. His sketches of the Natural History of the Highlands are highly interesting, and abound in descriptions of the most graphic truthfulness. It is long since a work has appeared so likely to commend itself to the hearts of field naturalists. Mr. St. John has had every advantage in making himself acquainted with the habits of the animals and birds of the country. His ample leisure has enabled him to gratify his early fondness for the study of nature; and he considers himself now tolerably well acquainted with the domestic economy of most of our British feral nature, from the field-mouse and wheatear, which he stalked and trapped in the plains and downs of Wiltshire during his boyhood, to the red deer and eagle, whose territory he has invaded in later years, on the mountains of Scotland. His present residence is situated in the midst of a district inhabited by a great variety of animals and birds, into whose haunts his hunting excursions constantly take him; and the habits of the various species which his quick eye has detected, he recounts to his readers with a power of description rarely equalled. An additional charm about the book arises from the evidently unstudied character of its contents. Mr. St. John's words flow fast; and then, too, he paints the scenery of his favourite sport so beautifully, and tells of its attractions with such fulness and spirit, that when his journals become familiar to naturalists, we shall not be surprised if a visit to the rapid and glorious Findhorn, is thought not less interesting than a pilgrimage to Selborne."

Eclectic Review.

Vol. 19 or Part 38.

Some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas.

BY SIR F. B. HEAD, BART.

"This is a highly interesting volume. Many may be aware that the mining speculations in the provinces of the Rio de la Plata have turned out unfortunate, and that, too, as Sir Francis Head informs us, from ignorance of the character of the country. Sir Francis had received the charge of an association, the object of which was to work the gold and silver mines of these provinces. In pursuance of this task, he crossed and recrossed the Pampas; and the present work contains the rapid observations made in the course of his hasty journey. The pictures of that wild country and its savage inhabitants, are most graphic and exciting, and of a cast quite novel, and out of the beaten track. It is a charming work, both for those who love exciting narrative, and those who wish to extend their knowledge of men and things." *Edinburgh Weekly Register.*

"Sir Francis Head is an admirable delineator of the scenery in the vicinity of which he was a temporary sojourner. And among the happiest of his delineations of external life, we may instance his account of the Pampas Indians, the aboriginal inhabitants of South America." *Sun.*

Vol. 19 or Part 41.

The Two Sieges of Vienna by the Turks.

TRANSLATED BY LORD ELLESMERE.

"Few English readers, probably, are aware how terrible a scourge, not only to Eastern but also to Central Europe, were the invasions of the Turks—even down to the end of the seventeenth century, and how great the alarm and distress they spread over Germany. The present work exhibits an interesting picture of the two latest assaults by the Ottoman hordes on the capital of Austria, of the sufferings and bravery of the besieged, and of their final rescue by the valiant John Sobieski. Of the manner in which the Earl of Ellesmere has discharged the various duties of translator, editor, and author, we can speak in terms of high praise. His style is clear, nervous, rapid: and has the rare merit of combining the freedom and freshness of original composition, with the minute accuracy of German scholarship. The work is a valuable contribution to the history of an important period." *Athenæum.*

"The Sieges of Vienna, by the Turks, first in the year 1529, and again in 1683, form two very extraordinary episodes in modern history. Those who have not read them will find them combined, and wrought into a very pleasing narrative, partly translated from a German work, and partly drawn from other sources of Turkish and Polish history. Never could the romance of war be more picturesquely written than in this little volume before us."

Edinburgh Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. 20 or Parts 39—40.

Gatherings from Spain.

BY RICHARD FORD.

Although the original design of this work was merely to present in a more readable type, and in a form suited to the library, a series of entertaining extracts from the Hand-Book of Spain, the author has nearly re-written the whole in a more popular style, and has introduced a vast quantity of new matter. *Preface.*

"Mr. Ford has shown himself an adept in the art of literary *réchauffage*. His masterly and learned 'Hand-Book of Spain' having been found by some who love to run and read, too small in type, too grave in substance, he has skimmed its cream, thrown in many well-flavoured and agreeable condiments, and presented the result in one compact and delightful volume, equally adapted to amuse by an English fireside or to be useful on the Spanish highway." *Blackwood.*

"We have no doubt that the work (*Handbook of Spain*) is a capital HAND-BOOK—but it is not to be tried by that standard. *If the extraneous disquisitions were printed by themselves, we should have before us a first-rate library-book: and it is in this light chiefly that we regard it.*" *Quarterly Review.*

Vol. 21 or Parts 42 and 45.

Sketches of German Life,

WITH SCENES FROM THE WAR OF LIBERATION IN GERMANY.

TRANSLATED BY SIR ALEXR. DUFF GORDON, BART.

"This is a selection deserving of more than ordinary attention. Though the writer does not take a high rank among the authors of modern Germany, in right either of original talent, or any peculiar charm of style as a narrator, he is easy, circumstantial and trustworthy. He has lived, too, among distinguished people and in stirring times. His wife, the celebrated Rahel, was acknowledged as one of the intellectual queens of Germany: and her thoughts and opinions were eagerly courted by some of its most learned and most powerful men. It tells us how the writer held colloquy with Richter, took part in the battle of Aspern, and was mingled in the great world of Paris, shortly after the marriage of Napoleon to Maria-Louisa. We mention these passages somewhat disconnectedly, for the purpose of showing the wide range of the book." *Athenæum.*

"This autobiography is not without interest: for Von Ense is a remarkable man, who has mixed a good deal with society and authors, and who conveys shrewd and critical observations in a terse and lively style. The great value of the book, however, consists in the writer's observations upon public opinion, and his reminiscences of the events and men with which he was connected." *Spectator.*

Vol. 22 or Parts 43—44.

Omoo; Adventures in the South Seas.

BY HERMANN MELVILLE.

"We were much puzzled, a few weeks since, by a tantalising and unintelligible paragraph, pertinaciously reiterated in the London newspapers. Its brevity equalled its mystery: it consisted but of five words, the first and last in imposing majuscules. Thus it ran:—

'OMOO: By the Author of TYPEE.'

Having but an indifferent opinion of books ushered into existence by such charlatanical manœuvres, we thought no more of 'Omoo' until, musing the other day over our matutinal hyson, the volume itself was laid before us, and we suddenly found ourselves in the entertaining society of Marquesan Melville, the phœnix of modern voyagers, sprung, it would seem, from the mingled ashes of Captain Cook and Robinson Crusoe. The title is borrowed from the dialect of the Marquesas, and signifies a rover: the book is excellent, quite first-rate." *Blackwood*

Vol. 23 or Parts 46—47.

The True Story of the Battle of Waterloo.

FROM PUBLIC AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BY REV. G. R. GLEIG.

"The book is a very complete, painstaking, well-arranged, and interesting narrative, embracing all the collateral points of the subject as well as its main features. The arrangement, indeed, is its first excellence. There is a brief and rapid view of the state of Europe after the first downfall of Napoleon, and an equally condensed account of his evasion from Elba and march to Paris. The preliminary preparations for the campaign on each side are then described; the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras introduce the crowning triumph of Waterloo; and the contemporary march of Blucher and the attack of Grouchy upon Thielman at Wavre, fall into their proper places in point of time, and support the main story without interfering with it. The subsequent retreat of Grouchy, the entrance into France, the final abdication of Napoleon, and the convention of Paris complete the narrative. More striking accounts of Waterloo, and perhaps of the other battles, have appeared, because the author's fulness occasionally runs into over-detail on mere military matters; but we have never met with so complete and well-arranged a view of the Story of the Hundred Days."
Spectator.

"This seems to us, on the whole, the best connected narrative that we have seen of this world-famous battle. It is the most intelligible, and also, we should say, the most authentic. It is written in a singularly calm and impartial spirit; there is no straining after romantic adventure or individual exploit; and the result is a story of surpassing interest, in even the most popular sense of that word, conveyed with not a little of the weight and judicial emphasis of history. Mr. Gleig writes excellent English. His style is clear and lively, yet impressive."
Examiner.

Vol. 24 or Part 48.

A Voyage up the River Amazon,

INCLUDING A RESIDENCE AT PARA.

BY W. H. EDWARDS.

"Full of novelty; we can hardly open a page which has not its picture for the general observer, and its product for those, who like Sir Joseph Banks, look on the earth as one vast museum." *Athenæum.*

"This work is valuable for the information it gives on this very little known part of the world. It is likely to excite many adventurous young men to explore the Amazon. Variety for our travellers is now wanted, and a voyage up the Amazon, going back on the traces of Orellana, and crossing to the Pacific, may probably become, ere long, as familiar to our countrymen as a voyage up the Rhine or the Nile." *Economist.*

"The Voyage of the Amazon cannot fail to be exceedingly popular, since it abounds with adventure, narratives of danger and deliverance, of wild beasts and wilder men. Its natural history alone would render any volume highly valuable and justly popular. We particularly commend it to Young People as one of extraordinary interest." *Christian Witness.*

Vol. 24 or Part 49.

The Wayside Cross;

OR, THE RAID OF GOMEZ. A TALE OF THE CARLIST WAR.

BY CAPT. E. A. MILMAN.

This little tale is intended to depict the utter lawlessness and consequent misery of a naturally beautiful and gay country, such as Andalucia, under the bloodstained horrors of an unnatural civil war, and the poor control of a wretched, pusillanimous government (if indeed it can be so called). Crime produces crime, bloodshed familiarises men to murder, until man's life becomes of no more value than the reptile's which is crushed beneath the feet. And such was Spain then: and is it better now? It must not be supposed that this is altogether a work of fiction. Most of the characters, scenes, and incidents, happened either whilst I was at Gibraltar, or came under my personal experience whilst travelling in the southern part of Andalucia; and the descriptions are taken from nature. Some of my readers may perhaps recognise in Lope de la Vega the well-known contrabandista Frascito Martinez, of Ximeneh. I can see him now, splendidly dressed in the Majo costume, the best-looking, the proudest, the very personification of the haughty Spaniard, crossing with measured steps the crowded bull-ring of that singular and romantic city of the sierras, the indescribable yet lovely Ronda. *From the Preface.*

Vol. 25 or Part 50.

The Manners and Customs of India.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ANECDOTES.

BY REV. CHARLES ACLAND.

"Written in an easy unaffected style: and the sketches which it gives of European life and manners under an Eastern sun must interest all who have friends in India, and who would like to know how they pass their days."
The Theologian.

"This is a series of letters written by a clergyman to his children. Mr. Acland went out to India as a chaplain on the establishment, leaving the younger members of his family in England. His career was but brief. He soon fell a victim to the climate—assisted, we are afraid it must be added, by his own imprudence. He appears to have been a man of an amiable temperament—all things to all men; easy and affable; hospitable and courteous; not averse to society; and, for a clergyman, immoderately addicted to sporting. They who have never visited India may derive from Mr. Acland's letters some idea of the manner in which their expatriated brethren spend their lives; and they who have visited the land of the sun may, at all events, smile at the intense griffinism of the 'padre.' The very triviality of some of the matters discoursed upon gives a touch of novelty to the book; for Mr. Acland, writing to his children, tells them a number of things which graver men writing for the public press consider beneath their notice." *Atlas.*

Vol. 25 or Part 51.

The British Army at Washington & New Orleans,

BY REV. G. R. GLEIG.

"This graphic narrative is the production of one who served at the capture of Washington and at the attack upon New Orleans, and who made at the time memoranda of the chief incidents attending these enterprises; it is, therefore, faithful in its details, and deserving to be received as an authentic history of these operations. Some severe criticisms are passed upon the conduct of these expeditions, particularly upon that directed against New Orleans, and several suggestions are given that may be useful in future wars with the United States of America; these we merely refer to, leaving them for the consideration of military men and authorities." *Morning Post.*

"In this little volume, the Chaplain-General has presented the public with some recollections of his experience at a period when the country had the benefit of his services in a less peaceful vocation than that which he now professes, and the reader may be occasionally, perhaps, inclined to smile at the colours with which the old spirit of the soldier has insensibly tinged the narrative of the clergyman. It is, however, very fortunate that Mr. Gleig betook himself to this task, for the particular campaign which he describes, partly from its unpopular result, and partly from being eclipsed by greater events, has been hitherto but very imperfectly known, although its history is replete with salutary instruction, and with those peculiar warnings which should be the more carefully heeded that they are, happily, so seldom given." *Times.*

Vol. 26 or Parts 52—53.

Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.

BY GEORGE F. RUXTON.

"A capital book, alike attractive for its narrative of travel, with its hardships and incidents, for its pictures of scenery and society, for the direct information it imparts as to Mexico, and the incidental glimpses it gives us of the Americans and their armies in Mexico." *Spectator.*

"What the Author's errand was in these remarkable regions, or what talisman he procured to insure his safe passage—whether he was Mr. Murray's 'own correspondent'—whether he really discharged any political duty, or whether he merely selected this peculiar route for a summer trip—we cannot pretend to say. On critical occasions he produces passports and *cartas de securidad*, which create as reverential a consternation as Paul Jones's commission was to have done if ever he had displayed it. Cocked hats are doffed at the sight of them, alcaldes become upright, prefects civil, and generals polite; but as to the purport, source, or character of these magic documents, we are left entirely in the dark. This, however, is of no consequence. The Author did, beyond all question, make his way from Vera Cruz to Santa Fé, and his sketches of what he saw on the road are as clearly faithful as they are undeniably amusing. A book with less nonsense has seldom been written." *Times.*

Vol. 27 or Parts 54—55.

Portugal, Gallicia, & the Basque Provinces.

FROM NOTES MADE DURING A JOURNEY TO THOSE COUNTRIES.

BY THE LATE LORD CARNARVON.

"This is a very remarkable work. It is not only a graphic description of the face of the country, and an impartial and sagacious account of the moral and political condition of Spain and Portugal; but it relates also a series of personal adventures and perils, very unusual in modern Europe; and which, while they do honour to the spirit of him who sought information at such risks, exhibit more of the real state of the Iberian Peninsula than could have been obtained by a less ardent and less intrepid inquirer. The author is the Earl of Carnarvon, who seems to have combined the modern thirst for information with the adventurous spirit of the ancient Herberts, and who has the additional quality of being a very elegant and amusing writer." *Quarterly Review.*

Vol. 28 or Parts 56—57.

Life of Robert, The Great Lord Clive.

BY REV. G. R. GLEIG.

"While enough is told of the Company, and the state of Indian wars and politics before Clive culminated, to make his position and exploits clearly understood, history is never permitted to encroach upon biography; for in the foundation of our Indian empire Clive is the history itself, much more than was even the Conqueror in the Norman invasion. The facts of the life, and even the anecdotes, are accompanied by a spirit of commentary which preserves them from triteness even when well known: the narrative is clear, sustained, and solid; the estimate of Clive is in the main just, though rather severe, if not a little derogatory." *Spectator.*

"Mr. Gleig has shown most praiseworthy impartiality in discussing Clive's merits. He has kept none of his faults out of view, nor attempted to defend them at the expense of right and justice. He has also pointed out the great qualities which Clive possessed; but he has scarcely given him his due rank as an historical character. As regards the romantic daring of his enterprises, he falls little short of Cortes and Pizarro. In point of real greatness, and comprehensiveness of views, he stands far before them; and it must be remembered, in comparing his conquests with those of others, that he was trammelled by official superiors at a distance, who could neither enter into his plans, nor understand his motives, while the Spanish conquerors pursued their bloody path without fear either of God or man." *Guardian.*

Vol. 29 or Part 58.

Recollections of Bush Life in Australia,

DURING A RESIDENCE OF EIGHT YEARS IN THE INTERIOR.

BY H. W. HAYGARTH.

"Lively, graphic, descriptive of man, animals, nature, and society, such as society there is; and with sufficient incident to animate the narrative, it possesses the interest of romantic fiction. Moreover, it conveys more useful information to an intending settler than tables upon tables of statistics, or pages of historical and geographical compilation, that will never affect him one jot, or general gazetteer-like accounts of profits and prospects, that from some ulterior purpose or sheer incompleteness are likely to mislead him to his loss." *Spectator.*

"The library of Australia has recently received so many and various accessions, and the subjects of colonial life and policy have so frequently enjoyed our attention during the last few months, that we should not have been tempted to return to the topic by any less spirited and agreeable work than the one before us. Mr. Haygarth has had some years' experience of Australian life, and writes with a thorough comprehension of his subject. His work is not perfectly regular in its form—but this the general reader will find a great advantage. It has neither the shape of a treatise nor that of a journal; but is something between them—combining the compact information of the first, with the readable interest of the second." *Athenæum.*

Vol. 29 or Part 59.

Adventures on the Road to Paris during the Campaigns of 1813-14.

BY HENRY STEFFENS.

"The wish to place within the reach of English readers some interesting remarks on the state of feeling in Germany at the time of Napoleon's occupation of the country, as well as some graphic details of the war of liberation, has been the chief inducement to select passages from the life of Henry Steffens. The substance is culled from the memoirs published, in Breslau, in 1844." *Preface.*

"Compressed from voluminous German publications, this episode paints a long road, and one, certainly, not without some memorable turnings. It begins with the birth, parentage, and education of Steffens, who became a distinguished professor and poet, and who took a striking part in the revolution of Germany, which sealed the fate of Napoleon at the battle of Leipsic, and the consequent march to, and capture of, Paris. Well as the plan of this cheap series has been carried out, we have not met with one more original in its features, or more amusing in its style and conduct, than this." *Literary Gazette.*

Vol. 30 or Parts 60—61.

Tales of a Traveller.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

"It is with great pleasure we turn to the tale of Buckthorne, whose adventures with those of his friends occupy the second division of the tales. From the evidence of this tale, which abounds in point and incident, it seems probable to us that Mr. Irving might, as a novelist, prove no contemptible rival to Goldsmith, whose turn of mind he very much inherits, and of whose style he particularly reminds us. Like him, too, he possesses the art of setting ludicrous perplexities in the most irresistible point of view, and, we think, equals him in the variety, if not in the force, of his humour. The scenes in the cathedral town form a strong contrast to the broad farce of the strolling company, and the sorrows of the poor ex-columbine ; while the respective descriptions of the principal tragedian, and Iron John the miser's servant, are in as different taste from each other, as the broad flowing freedom of Rowlandson and the dark, worm-eaten, characteristic touches of Quintin Matsys." *Quarterly Review.*

Vol. 31 or Parts 62—63.

Short Lives of the British Poets,

WITH AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"This work is a reprint from 'Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets'—the *specimens* being omitted, so as to condense within the compass of 436 pages the biographical notices and preliminary essays given in that voluminous and standard publication. The notion of such a condensation is, to say the very least of it, felicitous, conveying, as the volume does, in one comprehensive glance, a complete conception of the rise, the advance, and the fluctuations of English poetry since the days of Gower and Chaucer down to the commencement of the present century, and the appearance of the contemporaries of the essayist. To quote the punning adaptation of a well-known line, the retrospect of Campbell turns alternately

'From Gray to Gay, from Little to Shakspere.'

Occasionally, it is true, the remarks of the illustrious poet are singularly superficial, though, when the extraordinary scope of his undertaking is taken into account, such an incidental result is by no meaus surprising. For this delightful volume we are again indebted to the critical niceness of selection which has hitherto characterised 'Murray's Home and Colonial Library ;' and which is a substantial guarantee for the worth and excellence of its continuation." *Sun.*

Vol. 32 or Parts 64—65.

Historical Essays,

SELECTED FROM CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

BY LORD MAHON.

JOAN OF ARC.
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.
FREDERICK THE SECOND.
MR. PITT AND DUKE OF RUTLAND.
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"A valuable addition to the Albemarle-street issue of cheap literature for all classes, consisting of articles from the 'Quarterly Review,' written by the noble lord whose name as a historian will give a value to their collection in this shape." *Guardian.*

"The reader who has already read in the 'Quarterly Review' the agreeable articles of Lord Mahon on Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots, Montrose, Frederick the Second, and Pitt's Irish Correspondence with the Duke of Rutland, may here renew his acquaintance in a more convenient form; while those who have yet to make it, have an instructive entertainment to come." *Spectator.*

Vol. 33 or Part 66.

Stokers & Pokers—Highways & Dryways;

OR, THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, AND THE BRITANNIA AND CONWAY TUBULAR BRIDGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BUBBLES."

"A republication of a recent dashing article in the 'Quarterly,' with occasional modification and *considerable additions by its author*, Sir Francis Head. It is a special contribution, we presume, to the popular Railway-Station literature of the day, and is not to be drawn into a precedent for similar republications from the pages of the great review. It is a very clever, rapid, graphic, and effective series of sketches descriptive of the difficulties attendant on the construction, maintenance, and working of a great railway, with illustrations from such scenes as may be witnessed daily on the line. We know nothing more wonderful than the wonders that people get so accustomed to as never to notice at all. This little book will add 'a precious seeing to the eye' of divers railway travellers who at present see nothing, and therefore we heartily approve of its re-appearance in this form, and anticipate an enormous sale for it at the Paternoster Rows of the North-Western, and every other Western, for it applies almost equally to all the lines. The most prominent and useful addition to it is an appendix of the management rules and regulations in force upon the North-Western, with illustrations of the various signals and their meaning." *Examiner.*

Vol. 33 or Part 67.

Adventures in the Lybian Desert.

BY BAYLE ST. JOHN.

"Mr. St. John and his companions are the second party of Englishmen who have ever penetrated so far in this direction into the sandy wastes of Africa. Europeans are very little acquainted with the route, and all our readers will not, perhaps, be even aware that the modern Siwah is identical with the more famous Oasis of Ammon—a name of note and mysterious interest in the ancient world. The enterprise must have needed no little nerve and hardihood to plan and carry into execution, and it seems to have been undertaken more for its own sake, and from a desire of encountering and overcoming the difficulties that it presented, than for any further object to be obtained on arrival. Mr. St. John is no antiquarian, and has little knowledge of architecture, but he is a man of observation and fond of travelling." *Guardian.*

"The difficulties of the journey across the desert are described in a most picturesque and agreeable manner; and those who purpose to follow the track of the author through the almost unknown regions he traversed, will find this book a most invaluable guide." *Morning Herald.*

"The style of this volume is easy, polished, and elegant, and its descriptions full of freshness and poetry. There is no redundancy. Every word used is introduced for a special purpose; and the reader when arrived at the end, wishes it were twice as long. This is praise which can be bestowed on very few books indeed, but the 'Adventures in the Libyan Desert' highly deserve it." *Tait's Magazine.*

Vol. 34 or Parts 68—69.

A Residence at Sierra Leone.

DESCRIBED FROM A JOURNAL KEPT ON THE SPOT, AND FROM LETTERS WRITTEN TO FRIENDS AT HOME.

BY A LADY. EDITED BY MRS. NORTON.

"A most animated and sprightly picture of the state of society at Sierra Leone, the point and cleverness of which is, we apprehend, to be placed to the credit of the talented editor, fully as much as to that of the original writer of the letters. The facility of recognising any portraiture of European men and things in a settlement in which there are so few white men, has restrained the author of the letters from dwelling upon that part of her subject, and she has accordingly confined herself to an account of life among the Africans. The picture is not as forbidding as the ill odour in which Sierra Leone is held might lead one to anticipate, though probably much of what is here related, was as annoying to experience as it is amusing to read. For a chatty book of foreign lands and outlandish manners, we have rarely known these two numbers equalled, even among the many entertaining books of which Mr. Murray's 'Home and Colonial Library' is composed." *John Bull.*

Vol. 35 or Parts 70—71.

Life of Sir Thomas Munro.

BY REV. G. R. GLEIG.

"Mr. Canning observed in Parliament—'that the population which he (*Sir Thomas Munro*) subjugated by arms, he managed with such address, equity, and wisdom, that he established an empire over their hearts and feelings.' . . . 'Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier.' The copious and highly interesting contents of Mr. Gleig's work supply us with the grounds of this splendid testimony. His private correspondence will be read with pleasure and instruction, as exhibiting the union of high moral worth with intellectual gifts of no ordinary stamp. It is no small honour to his memory, that he was the friend and correspondent of the Great Captain; and the number of letters addressed to him by Colonel Wellesley, constitute a feature of cardinal interest among the contents of the volume." *Quarterly Review.*

Vol. 36 or Parts 72—74.

Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

BY CHARLES BUXTON.

"One of the most thoroughly well-written pieces of biography that has issued from the modern press." *Evangelical Magazine.*

"This book has raised our estimate of Sir Fowell Buxton's talents, and introduced us to an acquaintance with graces of character which we might not have been likely to infer from the main circumstances of his public life. It affords some very curious pictures of manners,—and, let us add, an example of discretion and good taste in one of the most difficult of literary tasks. The Editor has been contented to rely as far as possible on the correspondence and diaries in his possession, and the anecdotes furnished by a few elder friends:—but both classes of material well deserved in this case the advantage of a neat setting, and have received it." *Quarterly Review.*

"Mr. Charles Buxton has presented to the world all that he deemed to be necessary for the elucidation of his father's character in one goodly volume, and we are right glad to congratulate him both on the spirit in which his work was conceived, and the manner in which it has been executed. The editor's pious labours have been the production of a mirror wherein we may recognise the *vera effigies*, both intellectual and physical, of one who for many years occupied a most exalted niche in the Legislature of this country."
Morning Chronicle.

Vol. 37 or Parts 75—76.

Oliver Goldsmith; a Biography.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The present volume is a republication of a former Biographical Sketch of Goldsmith by the same author, who says in his PREFACE—

I have again taken up the subject, and gone into it with more fulness than formerly, omitting none of the facts which I considered illustrative of the life and character of the poet, and giving them in as graphic a style as I could command.

"For popular readers this will be the Life of Goldsmith. Few writers are more penetrated with the spirit of Goldsmith than Washington Irving; for his own style was founded upon that of the gifted Irishman. His own genius was akin to Goldsmith. * * We think Mr. Irving exceedingly happy in bringing out the precise character of the stories with which any life of Goldsmith must of necessity be well sprinkled." *Spectator.*

"Mr. Washington Irving has presented an attractive subject in an attractive form; he never employed more worthily the graces of his style. The picture of Goldsmith is most distinct and individual." *Guardian.*

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"The only English translations which are recognised as authentic by the distinguished author. We commend them to the notice of all our readers." *Medical Gazette.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

"Mr. Murray's meritorious series." *Times.*

"We trust the enterprise by which Mr. Murray hopes to supply standard works at a cheap rate, and to give effect to the act for suppressing pirated editions of our authors, will meet with the encouragement to which the design and the execution are eminently entitled." *Morning Chronicle.*

"A series of established works unsurpassed for variety and cheapness." *Morning Post.*

"Mr. Murray's project of supplying Standard Literature at a price which renders it accessible to persons of limited means, at home and in the Colonies, has our warm approval." *Oxford Herald.*

"This singularly attractive and highly popular work." *Morning Herald.*

"This valuable and entertaining Library. Every article which has yet appeared in it is replete with interest, and the quantity of matter supplied for *Half-a-Crown* must secure for it a very extended sale, both at home and abroad." *Evangelical Magazine.*

"Mr. Murray's cheap and well-conducted Colonial Library." *Examiner.*

"The undertaking does honour to the enterprise and liberality of the Publisher. Mr. Murray holds many valuable copyright works, which it will be a great public benefit to place within reach of the millions." *Patriot.*

"The work does credit to the originator." *Christian Remembrancer.*

"The critical niceness of selection which has characterised Murray's Home and Colonial Library." *Sun.*

"The plan of this cheap series has been well carried out." *Literary Gazette.*

"Whether this series—cheap and valuable as it promises to be—will meet with a proper reception from our colonial brethren, is to our mind somewhat doubtful; that it will command a very large circulation in this country we cannot but anticipate. There have been numerous reprints of standard works issued in connection with original publications, at a very low rate; but none of these attempts to provide a cheap first-rate literature for the multitude can vie with the present undertaking of Mr. Murray." *Pictorial Times.*

"That really excellent serial, Murray's Colonial and Home Library." *Naval and Military Gazette.*

"Mr. Murray holds on his way in a manner for which the public were not unprepared. Volume succeeds to volume, and work to work, most of them instructive, all of them highly interesting, and sold at a price so insignificant as to bring them within the easy reach of even the lowest grade of the middle classes." *Christian Witness.*

"The many entertaining books of which Mr. Murray's Library is composed." *John Bull.*

"This most agreeable and judicious series is progressing with great success. Indeed, the variety, value, and nature of the books presented by Mr. Murray are such as to ensure the command of the great circulation which, we understand, they have obtained." *Dublin Evening Post.*

"Mr. Murray's most useful and excellent periodical." *Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

"This most agreeable and judicious series." *Dublin Evening Post.*

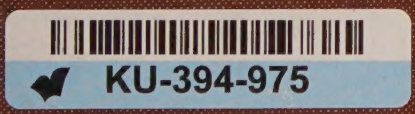
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—*Continued.*

"On recurring to the mere catalogue of the volumes comprised in the *Home and Colonial Library*, we are reminded very forcibly of the critical adroitness with which the different productions have been selected, and of the felicitous contrasts produced by the mere sequence of their publication. In each of the various departments of literary excellence we have obtained specimens worthy of preservation upon the bookshelves of the most fastidious bibliographers—effusions which, in numerous instances, may be regarded as masterpieces. Biographies, travels, and essays, vicissitudes of battle, and sports on the heather, adventures among the wilds of nature, and among the haunts of meek and beautiful barbarians, stories for the fireside, and narratives amongst the *parterres* and *quincunxes* of science have severally and in succession fallen to the lot of the subscribers—leading them an agreeable pilgrimage over the surface of both hemispheres, without requiring them to withdraw their wadded slippers from the ottoman, or to move their heads from the cushions of *fauteuil*. One while we have followed Heber to the Indies, at another Malcolm into Persia; we have been with Lewis among the Western Islands, with Hay in Morocco, with Borrow in Spain, with Head in the Pampas, with Ford in Andalusia, with Acland in Hindostan, with Melville in the Marquesas, with Ruxton in Mexico, with Carnarvon in Gallicia; and elsewhere with Steffens, and Irby and Mangles, touching alternately on the shores of the Baltic, or on those of Australia, penetrating the deserts of Algeria and the umbrageous wilds of Paraguay, roving through the streets of Madras or floating on the waters of the Amazon. We have pored with the greediest curiosity over the imaginative narratives of the 'Amber Witch,' of 'Bracebridge Hall,' of the 'Tales of a Traveller,' and of those of the 'Livonians.' We have listened to the anecdotes of glory and honour associated with the siege of Gibraltar, or the battle of Waterloo, or the Turkish bombardment of Vienna. We have gone on the voyage of the Naturalist with Darwin, and devoured the enthralling 'Memoirs of Father Ripa.' Lord Mahon has recounted to us the life of the Great Condé, and Gleig, the history of the Great Clive. We have perused also with proportionate interest the allusions made elsewhere to the existence and the characters of Drake, of Bunyan, and of Cromwell. Beyond this, it must be borne in recollection, that amongst the herd of writers who flood the reading public with the torrent of their lucubrations, the *Home and Colonial Library* of Mr. Murray has given to the world two authors of peculiar originality, who, writing in their different ways, are altogether inimitable. We allude to Herman Melville, the American sailor, and to Lieutenant George Frederick Ruxton, the late lamented traveller through the Prairies and Savannahs of the 'Far West.' From the pen of the latter young and enterprising Englishman, Mr. Murray has presented to his subscribers the admirable chapters called 'Adventures in Mexico'—chapters fraught with entertainment from the fresh and exhilarating manner with which every syllable is indited. From the hand of the former have emanated those two remarkable books 'Typee' and 'Omoo'—pearls of description ravished from the unknown depths of the Southern Ocean. Than 'Typee' there is scarcely a work of more exquisite fascination in the whole range of travels written since the days of Marco Polo. It is one of those bewitching volumes which, once read, haunt the imagination throughout life, like the recollection of Robinson Crusoe on the island of Juan Fernandez, or of Paul and Virginia on that of the Mauritius."

From the Sun.

MURRAY'S HOME & COLONIAL LIBRARY COMPLETE.

In concluding the "Home and Colonial Library," Mr. Murray begs to announce that in consideration of the large circulation of that series, and the continued demand for back numbers, he is convinced that there is an unabated desire on the part of the public for reading, at once cheap, popular, and instructive; he is therefore preparing speedily to put forth *a New Library*, which, though equally portable, shall be even more elegant in typography than the last, and shall surpass, or at least maintain, its literary value and general attraction.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